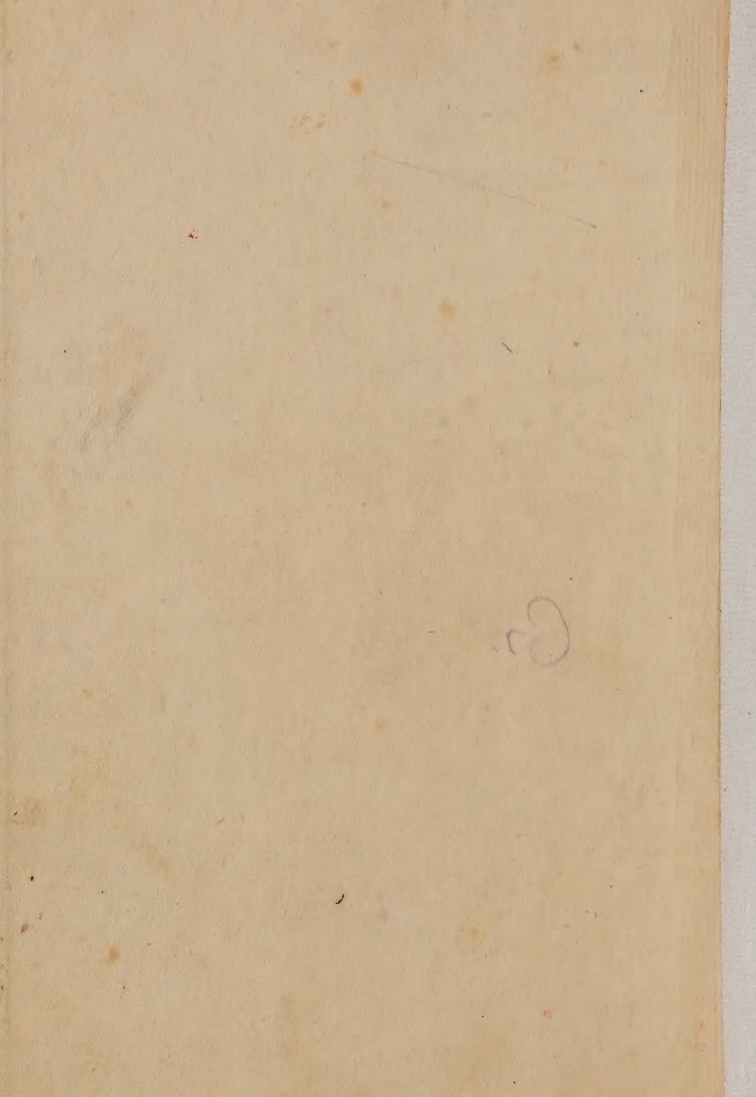




THE FIFTH READER



I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

BOBBS-MERRILL READERS

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THE FIFTH READER

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FOREWORD

THE MATERIALS

The Fifth Reader selections have been chosen first for their interest appeal to the boys and girls. The purpose has been to promote pleasure and ease in reading, to which end interest is the touchstone. At this age stories of the unfamiliar and far away, tales of magic and adventure, explorations and discoveries in the out-of-doors, heroic conduct in history and fiction possess a fascination that is scarcely equaled in any succeeding period of life. This reader has a wealth of materials which satisfy these interests.

The second basis of selection has been literary merit. Beauty of form and worthwhileness of content have been carefully observed as many masterpieces attest; for instance, *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, *The King of the Golden River*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Robin Hood*, and others of similar quality. Through such literary value and charm of material, the taste of the reader is unconsciously influenced until the best in literature is sought and enjoyed, with a corresponding elevation of standards and ideals of living.

The organization of the book provides seven sections,—“Magic and Wonder,” “Boys and Girls of Other Countries,” “Strange Voyages,” “Brave Americans,” “Stories Told and Sung,” “Tales of Laughter,” “All Out-of-Doors.” Under each heading is a wide variety of material through which runs a unifying theme. The sections offer interesting comparison and contrast, but are not mutually exclusive, as certain selections might well appear in either of two or three sections. Prose and poetry are delightfully inter-

mingled,—the prose often setting the mood for the poetry or the poetry creating the atmosphere for the prose to follow.

The authors represent a wide range of the old and new. We find not a few of the great classicists; for instance, Robert Browning, John Ruskin, Hans Christian Andersen, Daniel Defoe and William Wordsworth, and a well-chosen array of the new,—Raymond MacDonald Alden, James Whitcomb Riley, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Joaquin Miller, John Oxenham and David Starr Jordan. While the authorship is largely English and American, several other nations are represented. Many writers have made their appeal to generations of boys and girls through the prose and poetry printed here, but a goodly number of selections appear for the first time in a school reader.

The amount of material is large in order to stimulate rapid, extensive silent reading rather than slow, precise oral expression. There are many long selections like *The Little Lame Prince* and *The Porcelain Stove*, adapted to grip interest, encourage rapid silent reading, and to lead to the reading of complete books. Although many cuttings from longer stories are included, every selection is a literary whole and satisfies with its plot the immediate curiosity and story interest of the reader.

At the end of almost every selection one or more library references are given and at the close of each section a bibliography of the books referred to in that section is listed. Attention is called especially to illustrated editions of merit in order to encourage picture as well as literary interest and appreciation. The library habit is one of the most happy and useful habits a boy or girl can form, and the Fifth Reader as well as the other readers in the series definitely undertakes to promote it. Provision is made

throughout for the librarian to join with the teacher in promoting and guiding the child's interests in reading.

HELPS TO STUDY

Each section is introduced by a preface which sets forth the theme for the group of selections that follow, creates an atmosphere that stimulates the appropriate mood, and intrigues interest. The picture by the artist which in every instance precedes the preface plays no small part in this introduction. Many selections have also a brief introduction stating some interesting fact about the author or material which furnishes background or setting for the content. A number of delightful illustrations are scattered through the book,—enlivening interest and stimulating imagination.

The suggestions for study are carefully organized with appropriate side-headings. There is unusual variety of attack, which includes silent reading tests in telling the story, with occasional demand for factual detail; stress on reproduction of pictures from story or poem to develop imagery; problems for discussion provoking thought and judgment; and suggestions to stimulate appreciation. In the word lists which follow the selections and call for the use of the Glossary at the back of the book, there is ample provision for word study to enlarge and define vocabulary.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the following publishers for the use of copyright material: To Henry S. Canby for "Betty's Ride"; to the Century Company for "Ishmael," from *Gulliver the Great*, by Walter A. Dyer; to George H. Doran Company for "The Fairies Have Never a Penny to Spend," from *Fairies and Chimneys*, by Rose Fyleman, and for "A Little Prayer for the Man in the Air," from *The Fiery Cross*, by John Oxenham; to Harper and Brothers for "Quentin," from *Deeds of Heroism and Bravery*, by Elwyn A. Barron, copyright, 1920; to Harr, Wagner Publishing Company for "Columbus," by Joaquin Miller; to Henry Holt and Company for "Elizabeth Ann Fails," from *Understood Betsy*, by Dorothy Canfield Fisher; to Houghton Mifflin Company for "Robinson Crusoe's Story," from *Davy and the Goblins*, by Charles E. Carryl, for "Fairy Shipwreck," by Frank Dempster Sherman, for "Wild Geese," by Celia Thaxter, and for selections from Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, and John Greenleaf Whittier; to A. C. McClurg and Company for "Johnny Darter," from *Science Sketches*, by David Starr Jordan; to The Macmillan Company for "A Day with the Indians," from *The Magic Forest*, by Stewart Edward White; to G. P. Putnam's Sons for "Corporal Andrew Ramsay," from *Horse-Shoe Robinson*, by J. P. Kennedy; to *The Youth's Companion* and Mr. John Macy for "The Flag," by Arthur Macy.

Grateful acknowledgment is also given the following librarians who rendered valuable assistance in criticizing the list of contents and in suggesting supplementary reading for library and home use: Adah F. Whitcomb, Super-

visor of Schools Department, The Chicago Public Library; Edith C. Moon and Maude Chidester, The Evanston Public Library; Julia Baker, Woodlawn Branch of The Chicago Public Library; Ruth V. Peterson, Librarian National Elementary College.

THE AUTHORS.

SUGGESTIONS FOR USING THIS BOOK

Each of the seven sections in the Fifth Reader represents a somewhat different type of material. Although the sections may be transposed in any order desired, there is a certain value in reading the stories within any section consecutively. The pupil who reads at one time a number of stories of the same type has an excellent basis for comparison and evaluation. Poetry especially is often more enjoyed when the mood for it has been created by the previous prose selection. No organization, however, should prevent the class from choosing occasionally the story which fits the particular season. The poem *Columbus* will no doubt be read on Columbus Day; *Betty's Ride* is suitable for reading at a festival in honor of George Washington; *Tamlane* is a capital Hallowe'en story; *The Porcelain Stove* may be saved for a cold day in January, and *The Circus Day Parade* will certainly be appreciated during circus week.

While oral reading has a place in the school curriculum, silent reading is of vastly more importance during the intermediate grades, for then, if ever, good habits of silent reading must be formed. It is the plan of this book that all prose selections shall be read first silently. A rapid silent reading of the complete selection should be followed usually by some sort of reproduction of the story. The pupil may tell the story or incidents within it, may describe the "pictures" it has given him, or may answer a few questions dealing with the larger aspects of the story. This plan thus correlates well with language instruction. The aim of the first rapid reading is not to fix minor details, but to obtain a grasp of the selection as a whole. The first reading may be followed later by a critical re-reading of

the selection or of some part of it in order to make certain evaluations or to gain light on certain problems under discussion.

Passages that are especially rhythmic or beautiful or that contain lively dialogue may be chosen for oral reading. Some provision should be made also for oral reading in which there is a real audience situation. Individual pupils may frequently read aloud stories and poems that they have enjoyed at home or in the library, and which are new to the group. Much of the additional material suggested in the study notes may be used in this way.

The treatment of poetry differs somewhat from the treatment of prose. Very musical verse will often be read aloud by the teacher before the pupil's reading, in order that the first reaction may be one of delighted appreciation. A careful appreciative study may be followed by oral reading by the pupils and later by memorization. The poem that has been studied carefully for meaning and form is usually memorized with very little effort.

However rich the basic reading material, the course in reading is meager indeed unless it is supplemented by abundant use of the library. A school reading course is valuable in proportion as it leads to more extensive reading. Careful attention should be given to the reading suggestions at the end of each story and to the bibliographies that conclude each section. One period a week may well be set aside for oral reports on books and stories read at home. Brief written comments on books read are also valuable, to the pupil as a record of his achievement, and to the class as a guide for the future reading of its members.

In many schools it is expected that each grade shall during the year provide one or more dramatizations for the school assembly. More valuable than the ready-made play is the dramatization prepared by the class from some fa-

vorite story. Several stories in the Fifth Reader lend themselves well to dramatic use. *Corporal Andrew Ramsay* is well suited for a patriotic festival, its abundant dialogue and rapid action making it especially easy to dramatize. *The Pied Piper*, *The Knights of the Silver Shield* and *Handy Andy Goes for the Mail* are all stories suited for playing. The Robin Hood cycle also has great dramatic possibilities. When once the story has been chosen, the class may divide it into scenes, deciding what incidents can be used, and what must be omitted; list the characters, and plan the setting. If additional dialogue is needed, it may be composed as a group exercise, written upon the blackboard and copied. Several may be allowed to try the leading parts, the class deciding whose interpretation is best. Those who do not take part may aid in the preparation of the setting and the costumes. If the class is encouraged to criticize, each performance may be raised to a higher level.

DIAGNOSTIC TESTS

Progress in reading should be checked as definitely as progress in arithmetic. Many standardized reading tests are now available, which make it possible to compare the work of any grade with the work of the same grade in other schools. In addition to standardized tests, which may be used two or three times during the year, it is advisable that occasional tests be given from the material at hand, in order to aid in the correct grouping of pupils and in the location of individual weaknesses.

Standardized tests. Standardized tests have now been devised in *visual vocabulary*, *speed* and *comprehension*. Typical of the tests that measure visual vocabulary are Thorndike's *Visual Vocabulary Scales*, which consist of lists of words whose relative difficulty was determined by several thousand children, who attempted to define the words, in obedience to such instructions as these:

Write the letter F under every word that means a flower.

Write the letter G under every word that means a game.

By these scales and other similar tests the pupils may measure their visual vocabulary, comparing their score with the average for other children of the same grade.

Most of the comprehension tests consist of paragraphs of matter similar to that found in the various school textbooks, followed by questions that will test the child's comprehension of these paragraphs. The paragraphs and questions selected for the tests are given to thousands of school pupils and the average score for each grade computed. It is therefore easy to discover whether a child or a class is above, below or on a level with the corresponding grade average. Typical of such tests are those by E. L. Thorndike, W. S. Courtis and May A. Burgess.

Various attempts have been made to test the speed of reading for the different school grades. Since reading materials differ very greatly in the speed with which they may be read, it is impossible to fix a general standard of rate for any grade. About 170 words a minute is a standard for fifth grade, obtained by averaging the rates specified by Gray, Starch, Courtis and Monroe.

Approved tests may usually be procured through the cooperation of the Department of Education of the State University or the local Normal School.

Tests formulated from material at hand. In formulating tests for speed and comprehension it is well to bear in mind that there are different kinds of silent reading. Among the kinds of reading that have been distinguished are, (1) rapid reading for enjoyment and general information; (2) careful precise reading for gaining specific information; (3) serious critical reading for the purpose of evaluating what is read. The nature of the test will vary somewhat according to the kind of reading that is being measured.

If the aim is to measure speed, a selection is chosen which is new to all the pupils. They are asked to read silently in their usual manner. The pupils are given the signal to start when the second hand is at sixty. This point is considered zero in reckoning the time, which is recorded upon the blackboard by the teacher every fifteen seconds as the pupils read. As the pupil finishes the selection, he takes the time then upon the blackboard as his time. If desired, each pupil may calculate his own rate, in the number of words per minute. Following the silent reading, a test of comprehension is given. The pupil may tell briefly the story or incidents within it, or may answer a group of questions dealing with the larger aspects of the story.

In this reader any story may be chosen for measuring speed. The following stories are suggested for this pur-

pose as of convenient length. The number of words is listed after each title: *The Nightingale*, 2410 words; *Betty's Ride*, 1895 words; *The Miller of Mansfield*, 720 words; *Handy Andy Goes for the Mail*, 1210 words; *Johnny Darter*, 1145 words. After each of these stories will be found suggestions for an informal test of comprehension. The method of scoring, however, will in each case be determined by the teacher. An individual record may be kept by the pupil thus:

Date	Selections read	No. Words	Minutes Required to read	No. of words per minute	Comprehension
	<i>The Nightingale</i>	2410			

The interpretation of tests. No class and no pupil should become discouraged because of the result of any single test. In many schools each pupil keeps his own record, endeavoring to raise his score with each succeeding test. As far as possible these records should not emphasize comparisons between individuals in the class. Tests are valuable in grouping pupils in classes; but the pupil must not be rated by tests alone, particularly by any one test. Careful observation from week to week of the responses to various types of reading material is needed to supplement any test or any series of tests.

It is usually found that those who are slow in rate are weak also in comprehension and in visual vocabulary. When a boy works to increase his speed, he will probably secure at the same time a corresponding improvement in comprehension. Those who fall low in speed and comprehension are often helped by doing oral reading, with considerable attention to explanations of meanings. For these pupils also extensive silent reading of very easy material is recommended. A list of easy interesting books may be secured from the librarian and suggested to these pupils for home reading. If possible, a library hour for such reading should be included in the weekly program, with frequent oral or written reports on what is read.

Tests should be given as often as they are needed, to check results, but there is danger in an overemphasis of the test type of exercise. The interest of the pupil should be centered usually in the subject-matter read, rather than in his own accomplishment. Too frequent use of tests may result in a self-consciousness that will seriously limit appreciation.

Among many books available on the teaching of reading, the following will be found helpful:

Introduction to the Use of Standardized Tests, Denton L. Geyer.

Silent and Oral Reading, Clarence R. Stone.

Educational Tests and Measurements, Monroe, DeVoss and Kelly.

Essential Principles of Teaching Reading and Literature, Sterling Andrus Leonard.

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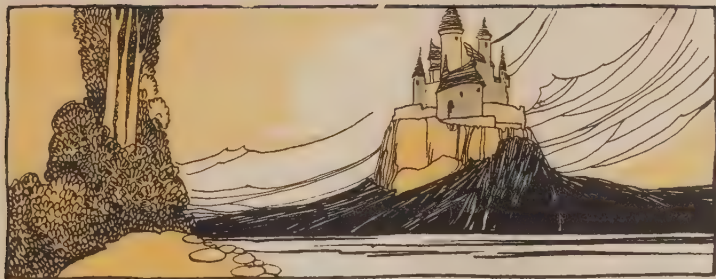
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THE FIFTH READER

MAGIC AND WONDER

In ancient times the people told wonderful tales and believed them. The world for them was inhabited by strange and marvelous creatures. There were nymphs in the waters and dryads in the trees; there were gnomes in the valleys and giants in the hills. And the marvelous tales of these marvelous creatures were never questioned.

Even to-day in many countries of the Old World the people still believe the old wonder tales. Soldiers march to battle, talking gravely of princesses in enchanted castles. Old women sit by the fireside, telling one another seriously of genii and magic rings.

In America we do not believe all the old wonderful tales, but we love to read them, nevertheless, and to imagine new marvels; for we know that in every great story, behind the magic and the wonder, there is some real and wonderful truth.

The stories that you are now going to read are some of them new, and some of them very old. All of them are wonderful, and all of them are true, if only you know how to find their truth.

KNIGHTS OF THE SILVER SHIELD

RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN

Beautiful stories have been written about the famous knights of the Middle Ages. In those days every boy wished to become a knight, and every young knight wished to win fame by some heroic deed. This fanciful story tells how Sir Roland won honor above all the knights who carried the silver shields.

I. *The Castle*

There was once a splendid castle in a forest, with great stone walls and a high gateway, and turrets that rose way above the tallest trees. The forest was dark and dangerous, and many cruel giants lived in it, but in the castle was a company of knights, who were kept there by the king of the country, to help travelers who might be in the forest, and to fight with the giants whenever they could.

Each of these knights wore a beautiful suit of armor and carried a long spear, while over his helmet there floated a great red plume that could be seen a long way off by any one in distress. But the most wonderful thing about the knights' armor was their shields. They were not like those of other knights, but had been made by a great magician who had lived in the castle many years before. They were made of silver, and sometimes shone in the sunlight

with dazzling brightness, but at other times the surface of the shield would be clouded as though by a mist, and one could not see his face reflected there as he could when they shone brightly.

5 Now, when each young knight received his spurs and his armor, a new shield was given him from among those that the magician had made, and when the shield was new its surface was always cloudy and dull. But as the knight began to do service against
15 the giants, or went on expeditions to help poor travelers in the forest, his shield grew brighter and brighter, so that he could see his face clearly reflected in it. But if he proved to be a lazy or cowardly knight, and let the giants get the better of him, or
16 did not care what became of the travelers, then the shield grew more and more cloudy, until the knight became ashamed to carry it.

But this was not all. When any one of the knights fought a particularly hard battle, and won the
20 victory, or when he went on some difficult errand for the lord of the castle, and was successful, not only did his silver shield grow brighter, but when one looked into the center of it he could see something like a golden star shining in its very heart. This was
25 the greatest honor that a knight could achieve, and the other knights always spoke of such a one as having "won his star." It was usually not till he was old and tried as a soldier that he could win it. At the time when this story begins, the lord of the castle

himself was the only one of the knights whose shield bore the golden star.

There came a time when the worst of the giants in the forest gathered themselves together to have a battle against the knights. They made a camp in a dark hollow not far from the castle, and gathered all their best warriors together, and all the knights made ready to fight them. The windows of the castle were closed and barred, the air was full of the noise of armor being made ready for use, and the knights were so excited that they could scarcely rest or eat.

Now there was a young knight in the castle, named Sir Roland, who was among those most eager for the battle. He was a splendid warrior, with eyes that shone like stars whenever there was anything to do in the way of knightly deeds. And although he was still quite young, his shield had begun to shine enough to show plainly that he had done bravely in some of his errands through the forest.

This battle, he thought, would be the great opportunity of his life. And on the morning of the day when they were to go forth to it, and all the knights assembled in the great hall of the castle to receive the commands of their leaders, Sir Roland hoped that he would be put in the most dangerous place of all so that he could show what knightly stuff he was made of.

But when the lord of the castle came to him, as he went about in full armor giving his commands, he

said, "One brave knight must stay behind and guard the gateway of the castle, and it is you, Sir Roland, being one of the youngest, whom I have chosen for this duty."

5 At these words Sir Roland was so disappointed that he bit his lip, and closed his helmet over his face so that the other knights might not see it. For a moment he felt as if he must reply angrily to the commander, and tell him that it was not right to
10 leave so sturdy a knight behind, when he was eager to fight. But he struggled against this feeling, and went quietly to look after his duties at the gate.

The gateway was high and narrow, and was reached from the outside by a high, narrow bridge
15 that crossed the moat, which surrounded the castle on every side. When an enemy approached, the knight on guard rang a great bell just inside of the gate, and the bridge was drawn up against the castle wall, so that no one could come across the moat. So
20 the giants had long ago given up trying to attack the castle itself.

To-day the battle was to be in the dark hollow in the forest, and it was not likely that there would be anything to do at the castle gate, except to watch it
25 like a common doorkeeper. It was not strange that Sir Roland thought some one else might have done this.

Presently all the other knights marched out in their flashing armor, their red plumes waving over

their heads, and their spears in their hands. The lord of the castle stopped only to tell Sir Roland to keep guard over the gate until they had all returned, and to let no one enter. Then they went into the shadows of the forest, and were soon lost to sight.

II. *The Test*

Sir Roland stood looking after them long after they had gone, thinking how happy he would be if he were on the way to battle with them. But after a little while he put this out of his mind, and tried to think of pleasanter things. It was a long time before anything happened, or any word came from the battle.

At last Sir Roland saw one of the knights come limping down the path to the castle, and he went out on the bridge to meet him. Now this knight was not a brave one, and he had been frightened away as soon as he was wounded.

"I have been hurt," he said, "so that I can not fight any more. But I could watch the gate for you, if you would like to go back in my place."

At first Sir Roland's heart leaped with joy at this, but then he remembered what the commander had told him on going away, and he said, "I should like to go, but a knight belongs where his commander has put him. My place is here at the gate, and I can not open it even for you. Your place is at the battle."

The knight was ashamed when he heard this, and

he presently turned about and went into the forest again.

So Sir Roland kept guard silently for another hour. Then there came an old beggar woman down the path to the castle, and asked Sir Roland if she might come in and have some food. He told her that no one could enter the castle that day, but that he would send a servant out to her with food, and that she might sit and rest as long as she wished.

10 "I have been past the hollow in the forest where the battle is going on," said the old woman, while she was waiting for her food.

"And how do you think it is going?" asked Sir Roland.

15 "Badly for the knights, I am afraid," said the old woman. "The giants are fighting as they have never fought before. I should think you had better go to help your friends."

"I should like to, indeed," said Sir Roland. "But I 20 am left to guard the gateway of the castle, and can not go."

"One fresh knight would make a great difference when they are all weary with fighting," said the old woman. "I should think that, while there are no 25 enemies about, you would be more useful there."

"You may well think so," said Sir Roland, "and so may I, but it is neither you nor I that is commander here."

"I suppose," said the old woman then, "that you

are a knight who likes to keep out of fighting. You are lucky to have so good an excuse for staying at home." And she laughed a thin and taunting laugh.

Then Sir Roland was very angry, and thought that if it were only a man instead of a woman, he would show that he liked fighting. But as it was a woman, he shut his lips and set his teeth hard together. Just then the servant came with the food he had sent for. He gave it to the old woman quickly, and shut the
10 gate that she might not talk to him.

It was not very long before he heard some one calling outside. Sir Roland opened the gate, and saw standing at the other end of the drawbridge a little old man in a long black cloak. "Why are you knock-
15 ing here?" he said. "The castle is closed to-day."

"Are you Sir Roland?" said the little old man.

"Yes," said Sir Roland.

"Then you ought not to be staying here when your commander and his knights are having so hard a
20 struggle with the giants, and when you have the chance to make of yourself the greatest knight in this kingdom. Listen to me! I have brought you a magic sword."

As he said this, the old man drew from under his
25 coat a wonderful sword that flashed in the sunlight as if it were covered with diamonds. "This is the sword of all swords," he said, "and it is for you, if you will leave your idling here by the castle gate, and carry it to the battle. Nothing can stand before it.

When you lift it the giants will fall back, your master will be saved, you will be crowned the victorious knight, the one who will soon take his commander's place as lord of the castle."

5 Now Sir Roland believed that it was a magician who was speaking to him, for it certainly appeared to be a magic sword. It seemed so wonderful that the sword should be brought to him, that he reached out his hand to take it, and the little old man came
10 forward, to cross the drawbridge into the castle. But as he did so, it came to Sir Roland's mind again that the bridge and the gateway had been intrusted to him, and he called out, "No!" so loudly that the old man stopped where he was standing. But he waved
15 the shining sword in the air again, and said, "It is for you! Take it, and win the victory!"

Sir Roland was really afraid that if he looked any longer at the sword, or listened to any more words of the old man, he would not be able to hold himself
20 within the castle. For this reason he struck the great bell at the gateway, which was the signal for the servants inside to pull in the chains of the drawbridge, and instantly they began to pull and the drawbridge came up, so that the old man could not
25 cross it to enter the castle, nor Sir Roland to go out.

Then, as he looked across the moat, Sir Roland saw a wonderful thing. The little old man threw off his black cloak, and as he did so he began to grow bigger and bigger, until in a minute more he was a

giant as tall as any in the forest. At first Sir Roland could scarcely believe his eyes. Then he realized that this must be one of their giant enemies, who had changed himself to a little old man through some magic power, that he might make his way into the castle while all the knights were away. Sir Roland shuddered to think what might have happened if he had taken the sword and left the gate unguarded. The giant shook his fist across the moat that lay
10 between them, and then, knowing that he could do nothing more, went angrily back into the forest.

III. *The Golden Star*

Sir Roland now resolved not to open the gate again, and to pay no attention to any other visitor. But it was not long before he heard a sound that made him
15 spring forward with joy. It was the bugle of the lord of the castle, and there came sounding after it the bugles of many of the knights that were with him, pealing so joyfully that Sir Roland was sure they were safe and happy. As they came nearer, he could
20 hear their shouts of victory. So he gave the signal to let down the drawbridge again, and went out to meet them. They were dusty, and bloodstained, and weary, but they had won the battle with the giants, and it had been such a great victory that there had
25 never been a happier home-coming.

Sir Roland greeted them all as they passed over the bridge, and then, when he had closed the gate and

fastened it, he followed them into the great hall of the castle. The lord of the castle took his place on the highest seat, with the other knights about him, and Sir Roland came forward with the key of the
5 gate, to give an account of what he had done in the place to which the commander had appointed him. The lord of the castle bowed to him as a sign for him to begin, but just as he opened his mouth to speak, one of the knights cried out:

10 "The shield! the shield! Sir Roland's shield!"

Every one turned and looked at the shield which Sir Roland carried on his left arm. He himself could see only the top of it, and did not know what they could mean. But what they saw was a golden star of
15 knighthood, shining brightly from the center of Sir Roland's shield. There had never been such amazement in the castle before.

Sir Roland knelt before the lord of the castle to receive his commands. He still did not know why
20 every one was looking at him so excitedly, and wondered if he had in some way done wrong.

"Speak, Sir Knight," said the commander, as soon as he could find his voice after his surprise, "and tell us all that has happened to-day at the castle. Have
25 you been attacked? Have any giants come hither? Did you fight them alone?"

"No, my Lord," said Sir Roland. "Only one giant has been here, and he went away silently when he found he could not enter."

Then he told all that had happened through the day.

When he had finished, the knights all looked at one another, but no one spoke a word. Then they looked again at Sir Roland's shield, to make sure that their eyes had not deceived them, and there the golden star was still shining.

After a little silence the lord of the castle spoke.

"Men make mistakes," he said, "but our silver shields are never mistaken. Sir Roland has fought and won the hardest battle of all to-day."

Then the others all rose and saluted Sir Roland, who was the youngest knight that ever carried the golden star.

THE STUDY OF THE STORY

Silent Reading and Story Telling. After you have read each section silently, you should be able to tell these stories:

I. The Castle. Tell about the armor of the knights. Tell how a great disappointment came to Sir Roland.

II. The Test. Tell three ways in which Sir Roland was tested and how he met each test.

III. The Golden Star. Tell of the home-coming of the victorious knights.

Questions to think about and discuss. 1. Why did Sir Roland think the task of guarding the castle unsuited for him? Do you think it was? 2. At what point in the story do you think Sir Roland was most eager to go to the forest? 3. What would have happened had he accepted the magic sword? 4. What would have happened had he left the castle in charge of the wounded knight? 5. Why were the

knights so greatly amazed at seeing the star in Sir Roland's shield? 6. What pictures of the story stand out most clearly in your mind?

Word Study. In the back of this book you will find a Glossary, or Little Dictionary, which gives the meaning and the pronunciation of all the difficult words in the book.

Find how many of these words you can pronounce readily and use correctly. Look in the Glossary for those you do not know:

I. turrets, plume, expeditions, successful, warrior, sturdy, opportunity, moat.

II. taunting, drawbridge, intrusted.

III. bugles, amazement, attacked, resolved, appointed.

Library hour. Two beautiful stories by the same author are *Why the Chimes Rang* and *The Hunt for the Beautiful*. Perhaps two of the class will read these stories in the Library and tell them to the others. Delightful stories are found also in *Fanciful Tales*, by Frank R. Stockton.

Book Reports. We like to be able to talk with other people about the books we have read, and to discover if we agree in our interests. Plan to keep a record of all the books or stories that you read this year at home or in the Library. Insert in your record the title of the book and the author, and tell whether or not you like the book and why. Perhaps your class can set aside a period each week for book reports. Then those who have finished an interesting book may tell the others about it, so that they will know what to read.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

JOHN RUSKIN

One of the most charming of modern fairy tales is *The King of the Golden River*. As you read, try to see the changing pictures, some of them beautiful, some amusing, some terrible.

I. *The Visit of the South Wind*

In a mountainous part of Styria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks which were always covered
5 with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in waterfalls. One of these fell westward over a crag so high that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall so that it
10 looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of the neighborhood, the Golden River. The clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burned up, there was still rain
15 in the little valley. Its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers called Schwartz, Hans and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you could not see into them, and always fancied they saw very far into you.

They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds because they picked the fruit; and killed the hedgehogs lest they should hurt the cows. They worked their servants without any wages till they would not work any more, and then quarreled with them and turned them out-of-doors without paying them. They kept their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sold it for twice its value. They had heaps of gold lying about on the floors; yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity. They were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed to his seniors as possibly could be imagined. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree very well with his brothers, or rather, they did not agree with him. He was usually

appointed to the office of turnspit, when there was anything to roast. At other times he used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, getting what was left on them to eat.

5 Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country around. The hay had hardly been got in, when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by a flood; the vines were cut to
10 pieces with the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight. Only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm. The
15 Black Brothers asked what they liked and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg.

It was winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the
20 roast, that he was to let nobody in and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a
25 pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure when they have such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

As he spoke, there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock.

5 “It must be the wind,” said Gluck; “nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door.”

No, it wasn't the wind; there it came again very hard. The knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck
10 went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who was there.

It was the most extraordinary-looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, and his cheeks were very round and very red.
15 His eyes twinkled merrily through long, silky eyelashes, his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, fell far over his shoulders. He was about four-feet-six in height, and
20 on his head was a pointed cap almost as tall, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. He wore an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house,
25 carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

The old gentleman, having performed another concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of



Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with his mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hello!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door. I'm wet; let me in."

5 To do the little gentleman justice, he was wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets and out again like a mill stream.

10 "I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck; "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir—I can't indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a

15 thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, petulantly. "I want fire and shelter; and there's your great fire there, blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want

20 to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head so long out of the window by this time that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, his heart melted

25 within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look very wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind

through the house that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

5 "Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

10 "Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck; "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high
15 for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck; and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did not dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed, and
20 sputtered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable. Never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after watching for a quarter of an hour the water spreading in long, quicksilver-like streams over the floor;
25 "may I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"But—sir—I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly; "but—really, sir—you're—putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor, dryly.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string for another five minutes.

10 "That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman; "I've had nothing to eat yesterday or to-day. They
15 surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so very sad a tone that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.
20 Then Gluck warmed a plate, and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had
25 suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his um-

brella in Gluck's face. "Aye! what for, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering a box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

5 "Bless my soul!" said Schwartz, when he opened the door.

"Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing.

10 "Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck, in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

15 "My dear brother," said Gluck, "he was so very wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but at the instant, the old gentleman held out his cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the
20 water out of it all over the room. The rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the farther end of the room.

25 "Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I am a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through

the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen without making it a drying-house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs."

"Yes!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

10 "I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

15 "Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly. "Out with you!"

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen—"

20 "Off, and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round till he fell into the corner on the top of it. Then Schwartz was very
25 angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him when he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round in the opposite direction; continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him; clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), and replied with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again. That is the last visit I shall ever pay you."

10 "If ever I catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming, half frightened, out of the corner—but before he could finish his sentence the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang; and there drove past the window, at the same instant, a ragged cloud, that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes; turning over and over in the air and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said 20 Schwartz. "Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again—bless me, why, the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and 25 going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal-cellar till I call you."

Gluck left the room sad enough. The brothers ate

as much mutton as they could and locked the rest in the cupboard.

Such a night as it was! The brothers put up all the shutters and barred the door, before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in bed.

10 "Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up on their bolster, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water; and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see in
15 the midst of it an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which sat the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

"Sorry to disturb you," said their visitor. "I'm
20 afraid your beds are damp; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room; I've left the ceiling on there."

They rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

25 "You will find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the last visit."

"Pray Heaven it may!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin. The flood had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left in their 5stead a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-stricken into the kitchen.

The water had filled the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing, had been swept 10away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were written the words:

SOUTHWEST WIND, ESQUIRE

II. *The Golden Mug*

Southwest Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. He entered the Treasure Valley no more; and what 15was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom became a shifting heap of 20red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, had to seek some means of gaining a livelihood in the city. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious, old-fashioned pieces of gold plate.

25 "Suppose we turn goldsmiths?" said Schwartz to

Hans, as they entered the large city. "It is a good knave's trade. We can put a great deal of copper into the gold without any one's finding it out."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one. 5 They hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But two things affected their trade: the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever they had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the 10 furnace, and go drink out the money in the alehouse next door. So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large mug, which an uncle had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of.

15 The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, and these wreaths were mixed with a beard and whiskers of the same fine workmanship, which surrounded a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold 20 imaginable, right in the front of the mug. It was impossible to drink from the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of those eyes; and Schwartz said that once he had seen them wink!

When it came to the mug's turn to be made into 25 spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart. But the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot, and staggered out to the alehouse, leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone. Nothing remained but the red nose and the sparkling eyes, which looked more fierce than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way."

He went to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air, and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a view of the mountains which overhung the Treasure Valley, and of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day; and when Gluck sat down at the window he saw the rocks of the mountain tops all crimson and purple with the sunset.

There were bright tongues of fiery clouds burning about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell in a waving column of pure gold from rock to rock, with the arch of a broad, purple rainbow stretched across it.

"Ah!" said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear voice, close at his ear.

"Bless me! what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room and under the table and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there,

and he sat down again at the window. This time he did not speak, but he could not help thinking again that it would be very fine if the river were really all gold.

5 "Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what is that?" He looked again into all the corners and cupboards, and then began turning round and round as fast as he
10 could in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily, "Lala-lira-la"; no words, only a soft, running melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck
15 looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs, and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time and clearer notes every moment, "Lala-lira-la."

All at once it struck Gluck that the voice sounded
20 louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening and looked in; yes, it seemed to be coming not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room
25 for a minute or two with his hands up and his mouth open, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear and distinct.

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo, Gluck, my boy!" said the pot again.

Gluck walked straight up to the pot, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface as smooth as a river; but instead of reflecting little Gluck's head as he looked in, he saw, meeting his glance from beneath the gold, the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

10 "Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again; "I'm all right; pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice, rather gruffly. Still Gluck couldn't move.

15 "Will you pour me out?" said the voice. "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the pot, and sloped it so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat-tails, then a pair of arms stuck akimbo, and finally, the well-known head of his friend, the mug. Uniting as they rolled out, they stood up on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf about 20 a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs, and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes without stopping. He was dressed

in a slashed doublet of spun gold, and over this brilliant doublet his hair and beard fell full half-way to the ground in waving curls. The dwarf turned his small, sharp eyes full on Gluck and stared at him for 5 a minute or two. "No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly.

"No," said the dwarf. "No, it wouldn't." And with that the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his 10 brows, and took two turns, of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs up very high and setting them down very hard. This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little, and seeing no great reason to view his visitor with dread, he 15 ventured to ask a question.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, "were you my mug?"

The little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden 20 River," whereupon he turned about again, and took two more turns some six feet long. Then he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment.

Gluck determined to say something at all events. 25 "I hope your Majesty is very well," said Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man. "I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this in-

stant freed me. What I have seen of you and your conduct toward your wicked brothers renders me willing to serve you. Therefore, attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that
5 mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first can succeed in a second attempt; and if any one
10 shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone."

So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away and walked into the center of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, daz-
15 zling—a blaze of intense light—rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him; "oh, dear, dear, dear me! My
20 mug! my mug! my mug!"

III. *The Quest of the Black Brothers*

The King of the Golden River had hardly made his exit before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house very savagely drunk. Gluck told them his story, of which, of course, they did not believe a
25 word. They beat him till their arms were tired, and staggered to bed. In the morning, however, they began to think his story might be true. After

wrangling a long time on the question, which of them should try his fortune first, they drew their swords and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbors, who sent for the constable.

5 Hans contrived to escape, and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, and fined for breaking the peace. Having drunk out his last penny the evening before, he was thrown into prison till he should pay.

10 When Hans heard this, he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to church for the first time in his life, stole a cupful and returned home in triumph.

15 Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some bread in a basket. He slung them over his back, took his staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

20 On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars.

“Good morning, brother,” said Hans; “have
25 you any message for the King of the Golden River?”

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and shook the bottle of holy water in

Schwartz's face, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

The Golden River was now nearly in shadow. On this object, and on this alone, Hans's eyes and
5 thoughts were fixed. Forgetting the distance he had to go, he set off at a rapid rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised to find that a large glacier lay between
10 him and the source of the Golden River. The ice was very slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water. The glacier crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet; tottering
15 his path. It was with a feeling of panic that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to throw down his basket of food, and had now no means of refreshing himself
20 but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst, and after an hour's rest he resumed his journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare, red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or a
25 projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path. Thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted; glance after glance he cast at the flask of

water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may at least cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment, and the high, hill air, instead of refreshing him seemed to throw his blood into a fever. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty, but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long, snake-like shadows crept up along the mountainsides. Hans struggled on. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused

for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a gray-haired old man extended
5 on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale. "Water!" he cried feebly. "Water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans; "you have had your share of life." He strode over the prostrate body
10 and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the East, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans's ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which
15 it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset. Shuddering, he drew the flask from his girdle and hurled it into the center of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs; he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed
20 over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over THE BLACK STONE.

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house for Hans's return. Finding he did not
25 come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened.

Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must have been turned into a black stone,

and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night.

When he got up in the morning, there was no bread in the house, nor any money; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith. He worked so hard and so neatly and so long every day that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine. He went then and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased and said Gluck should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a deed might not be considered right by the King of the Golden River, and he determined to manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money, and went to a priest, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz was sure that everything was quite right. He got up early in the morning before the sun rose, took some bread and wine in a basket, put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains.

Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. As Schwartz climbed the steep rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw

the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water.

"Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on. As he went, he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the West. When he had climbed for another hour, the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying on the path, and moaning for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and behold, a mist had come over the sun.

10 Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned. As he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and, as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him, and cried for
20 water. "Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, "are you there? Remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed—do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for you!" And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of
25 mockery about the lips. When he had gone a few yards farther he looked back; but the figure was not there.

A sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear,

and he rushed on. When Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black, like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below and the thunder above met
 5 as he cast the flask into the stream. As he did so, the lightning glared into his eyes, the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over THE TWO BLACK STONES.

IV. *Gluck's Quest*

10 When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry and did not know what to do. He had no money, so he was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard and gave him very little money. After a
 15 month or two Gluck grew tired and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some
 20 holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had caused a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who
 25 was neither so strong nor so practiced on the mountains. He had several bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange

noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had crossed over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day.

- When he had climbed for an hour, he became
5 dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink as his brothers had done, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble, and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some of that water."
10 Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water. "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and
15 Gluck went on again merrily. The path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it; some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it, and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.
- 20 Then he went on for another hour, and his thirst increased so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But as he raised the flask he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Gluck determined to bear the thirst
25 a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank all but a few drops. Having done this, it smiled on him, and got up, and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it till it became as small as a little star. He then turned and began climbing

again. And behold, there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks. Crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light that Gluck had never felt
5 so happy in his life.

Yet after he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became terrible again; and when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink.
10 But just as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath—precisely as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above
15 him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt. He tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and he stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it."
20 Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully that he could not stand it.

"Confound the king and his gold, too," said Gluck; and he opened the flask and poured all the
25 water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared; its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red; its eyes became very twinkling. In three seconds the dog was gone,

and, before Gluck, stood his old friend, the king of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened; it's all right. Why didn't you come before instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make, too."

"Oh, dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

10 "Cruel!" said the dwarf; "they poured unholy water into my stream; do you suppose I'm going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir—your Majesty, I mean—they got the water out of the church font."

15 "Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but"—and his face grew stern as he spoke—"the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in Heaven."

20 So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. And the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the
25 other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed."

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became dim. The colors of his robe formed themselves into a mist of dewy light; he stood for an instant veiled with

them as with a belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint; the mist rose into the air; the monarch had evaporated.

Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River. Its waves were as clear as crystal and as brilliant as the sun. When he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains toward the Treasure Valley; and as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. Now, when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

As Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew and climbed among the soil. Flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening. Thickets of myrtle and tendrils of vine cast shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again.

Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor

were never driven from his door; so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. For him the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

5 And to this day the people of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract
10 of the Golden River are still to be seen Two Black Stones, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called by the people of the valley The Black Brothers.

THE STUDY OF THE STORY

Mind pictures. Many people in reading a story see each scene almost as clearly as if it were acted before them. After you have read each section silently, describe the scenes as you see them:

I. The Visit of the South Wind. Describe Treasure Valley. Describe the queer little gentleman who came to the house of the Black Brothers one wet night. Tell the story of his first visit; of his second visit.

II. The Golden Mug. Tell the story of the melting of the golden mug. Describe the little golden dwarf. What marvelous secret does he tell to Gluck?

III. The Quest of the Black Brothers. Tell the story of Hans's journey up the mountain. Describe the changing sky. How was the quest of Swartz different?

IV. Gluck's Quest. Tell the story of Gluck's journey up the mountain. How was the mountain changed after Gluck's quest? The valley?

Questions to discuss. Did Gluck do right when he disobeyed his brothers and gave shelter to the stranger from the storm? What would have happened had he continued to refuse shelter to the little man?

What did the golden dwarf expect would happen when he told Gluck the secret of the Golden River? In what different disguises did he appear to the brothers? What caused the holy water that Hans carried to become unholy?

What part of the story do you think most amusing? What part is most terrible? What part is most beautiful?

Words for Study. Find in the Glossary the meaning of those words that are new to you:

I. fertility, consequences, concerto, petulantly, humility, hesitatingly, inconveniently, vagabond, esquire.

II. adverse, akimbo, doublet, malice.

III. magistrate, glacier, spurned, prostrate.

IV. diminished, quantity, cleft, innumerable, myrtle, cataract.

Phrases to find. In this story the pictures are made more vivid by many delightful phrases. Find and make a list of others besides these: enormous black glossy-looking cloak; the beautiful fire rustling and roaring; water spreading in long quicksilver-like streams; bright tongues of fiery cloud.

The author. John Ruskin was one of the great English writers of his century. He wrote *The King of the Golden River*, while he was still in the university, for a little girl that he knew. He was for a long time a professor of art, and is famous for his writings about pictures and nature. He spent the last years of his life in working for better living conditions among the poor.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

ROBERT BROWNING

The Pied Piper is at once an interesting story and a delightful poem. It is rich in pictures for the eye and ear. Listen as you read for the weird noises of the rats, and the wonderful music of the Piper.

I

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser deep and wide
Washes its wall on the southern side;
5 A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

10 Rats!

They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheese out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
15 Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking

With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking.

5 “ ’Tis clear,” cried they, “our Mayor’s a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can’t and won’t determine
What’s best to rid us of our vermin!
10 Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we’re lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we’ll send you packing!”
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

15 An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:
“For a guilder I’d my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It’s easy to bid one rack one’s brain—
20 I’m sure my poor head aches again,
I’ve scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!”
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
25 “Bless us,” cried the Mayor; “what’s that?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!”

“Come in!” the Mayor cried, looking bigger;
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
5 And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes each like a pin,
And light, loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in.
10 There was no guessing his kith or kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.

He advanced to the council table;
And, “Please, your honors,” said he, “I’m able,
15 By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
20 On creatures that do people harm—
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper—
And people call me the Pied Piper.”
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
25 To match with his coat of the selfsame check;

And at the scarf’s end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying

As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
“Yet,” said he, “poor piper as I am,
5 In Tartary I freed the Cham
Last June from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats;
And as for what your brain bewilders,
10 If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?”
“One? fifty thousand!” was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
15 Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
20 And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
25 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling—
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,

Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails, and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
5 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped, advancing,
And step for step they followed, dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
10 Wherein all plunged and perished!

II

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
“Go,” cried the Mayor, “and get long poles!
Poke out the nests, and block up the holes!
15 Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!” When suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a “First, if you please, my thousand guilders!”
20 A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
“Beside,” quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
25 “Our business was done at the river’s brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,

And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
5 But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! come, take fifty!"

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
10 "No trifling! I can't wait! Besides,
I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdad, and accept the prime
Of the head cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left in the caliph's kitchen,
15 Of a nest of scorpions no survivor.
With him I proved no bargain-driver;
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."
20 "How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst;
25 Blow your pipe there till you burst."

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again

Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane;

And ere he blew three notes (such sweet,
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning

Never gave the enraptured air),

5 There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering;
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scatter-
ing,

10 Out came the children running.

All the little boys and girls

With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls

And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,

Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after

15 The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood

As if they were changed into blocks of wood,

Unable to move a step, or cry

To the children merrily skipping by—

20 Could only follow with the eye

That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.

But how the Mayor was on the rack,

And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,

As the Piper turned from the High Street

25 To where the Weser rolled its waters

Right in the way of their sons and daughters!

However, he turned from south to west,



And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.

"He never can cross that mighty top;

5 He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"

When, lo! as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;

10 And the Piper advanced, and the children followed;
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.

Did I say all? No! One was lame

And could not dance the whole of the way;

15 And in after years, if you would blame

His sadness, he was used to say:

"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!

I can't forget that I am bereft

Of all the pleasant sights they see,

20 Which the Piper also promised me;

For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,

Joining the town and just at hand,

Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew

And flowers put forth a fairer hue,

25 And everything was strange and new;

The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,

And their dogs outran our fallow-deer,

And honey-bees had lost their stings,

And horses were born with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
5 And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before
And never hear of that country more!"

Alas! alas for Hamelin!

10 The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south
To offer the Piper by word of mouth—

Wherever it was men's lot to find him—
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went

15 And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,

They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted

20 The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away—
And there it stands to this very day.

THE STUDY OF THE POEM

The place. Where is Brunswick? Find on your map Hanover City and the River Weser.

Mind pictures. Your enjoyment of stories and poems is much greater, if, as you read, you form vivid mind pictures. Do you see clearly these pictures in Hamelin Town:

1. The rats, scampering over tables and into kegs; what mischief do they do?

2. The angry people flocking into the Town Hall; how do they threaten the Mayor and the Corporation?

3. The Piper as he enters the assembly; how does he look? What bargain does he make with the Mayor?

This story is as rich in pictures for the ear as for the eye. Are you able to hear these sounds:

1. The shrill notes of the Piper as he summons the rats; the muttering and grumbling of the mighty army of rats; when do these sounds end?

2. The bells ringing in Hamelin Town; what is the cause? How is the Piper rewarded?

3. The sweet soft notes with which the Piper summons the children; the pattering of small feet and the chattering of little tongues: to what wonderful place does the Piper take them?

Word study. There are in this poem many unusual words. How many of these are you able to use correctly? Look in the Glossary for those that you do not know:

I. pied, ditty, vermin, sprats, noddy, Corporation, ermine, dolts, quaked, consternation, guilder, swarthy, mole, newt, brawny, tawny.

II. caliph, scorpions, ribald, enraptured, fallow-deer.

Phrase study. Explain the meaning of these unusual phrases:

I. sat in council, kith or kin, quaint attire, vesture so old-fangled, vampire-bats, musical adept.

II. bate a stiver, vesture piebald, on the rack, his steps addressed, wondrous portal, lost endeavor.

The poem. Part of the jollity of this poem is due to the abundant and merry rhymes. How many words rhyme with *rats*? With *thin*?

When a word of two syllables rhymes with another word of two syllables as *flocking*, *shocking*, we call it a double rhyme. Find three such words rhyming together.

Prepare to read aloud the paragraph that you think most delightful. The poem is funnier if read rapidly.

The poet. Robert Browning is one of the great English poets of the nineteenth century. When he was a child he was very fond of pets and had enough of them to make a menagerie, including magpies, monkeys, eagles, hedgehogs and snakes. He was all his life a lover of music and poetry. As a boy, he was a great reader, and very early began to make rhymes. He had a liking for odd rhymes, and used to challenge any one to name a word that he could not find a rhyme for. His skill in rhyming is shown in no poem more delightfully than in *The Pied Piper*. This poem, which was written to amuse a sick child, has always been very popular.

The Pied Piper in art. One edition of *The Pied Piper* has delightful pictures in color by Hope Dunlap. Ask at the Library for this beautiful book. *The Pied Piper* has been set to music in a cantata for children's voices by Sir Charles Hubert Hastings Parry. Have you heard it?

A similar poem. Many good stories in verse are found in *The Children's Second Book of Poetry*, by Emilie Kip Baker. A poem similar to *The Pied Piper*, but more terrible, is *The Legend of Bishop Hatto*, by Robert Southey.

THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE

DINAH MULOCH CRAIK

The Little Lame Prince is the favorite story of many boys and girls. The life of the little prince is sad and joyous and lonely and thrilling by turns. The story is very different from most other fairy tales.

I. *The Christening*

Yes, he was the most beautiful prince that ever was born!

Of course, being a prince, people said this; but it was true besides. His nose, although there was not
5 much of it, seemed well shaped. His complexion was a charming, healthy red. He was round, fat and straight-limbed—in fact, a splendid baby, and everybody was exceedingly proud of him, especially his father and mother, the king and queen of Nomans-
10 land.

The only person who was not quite happy was the king's brother who would have been king one day had the baby not been born. But as his majesty was very kind to him, and even gave him a dukedom
15 almost as big as a county—the crown prince, as he was called, tried to seem pleased.

The prince's christening was to be a grand affair. According to the custom of the country, there were chosen for him four-and-twenty godfathers and god-

mothers. Each had to give him a name and a promise to do the utmost for him. When he came of age, he himself had to choose the name—and the godfather or godmother—that he liked best, for the rest
5 of his days.

Meantime all was rejoicing. The palace was turned upside down with the preparations that were going on. The only quiet place was the room which the queen never quitted. Nobody said the queen was
10 ill, however—and she said nothing about it herself. She lay pale and quiet, giving no trouble to anybody, and nobody thought much about her. All the world was busy in admiring the baby.

The christening day came at last, and it was as
15 lovely as the prince himself. All the people in the palace were lovely, too—or thought they were. They were dressed in the elegant new clothes which the queen had taken care to give them, from the ladies in waiting down to the poor little kitchen maid, who
20 looked at herself in her pink cotton gown, and thought that there never was such a pretty girl as she was.

By six in the morning all the royal household had dressed itself in its very best; and then the little
25 prince was dressed in his best. His royal highness did not like it at all, but kicked and screamed like any common baby. When he had calmed down a little, they carried him in to be looked at by the queen, his mother.

She admired her baby very much. She kissed and blessed him, and lay looking at him, as she sometimes did for hours. Then she gave him up with a gentle smile, saying she hoped he would be very good and that it would be a very nice christening, and all the guests would enjoy themselves.

Everything went on exactly as if she had been present. Even the king himself had grown used to her absence; for she was not strong, and for years had not joined in any gaieties. She always did her royal duties, but as to pleasures, they could go on well enough without her.

The company arrived, great and notable persons in this and neighboring countries, also the four-and-twenty godfathers and godmothers, who had been chosen with great care. They came walking two and two, with their coronets on their heads—being dukes and duchesses, princes and princesses, or the like.

They all kissed the child and pronounced the name which each had given him. Then the four-and-twenty names were shouted out with great energy by six heralds, one after the other, and afterward written down in the state records. Soon the ceremony was over, and everybody seemed satisfied; except, perhaps, the little prince himself, who moaned faintly under his christening robes, which nearly smothered him.

The truth was, though very few knew it, the prince in coming to the chapel had met with a slight dis-

aster. His nurse, an elegant and fashionable young lady of rank, whose duty it was to carry him to and from the chapel, had been so occupied in arranging her train with one hand, while she held the baby with the other, that she stumbled and let him fall, just at the foot of the marble staircase. To be sure, she picked him up again the next minute; and the accident was so slight it seemed hardly worth speaking of. Consequently nobody did speak of it.

10 The baby had turned deadly pale, but did not cry; so no one could discover anything wrong. Even if he had moaned, the silver trumpets were loud enough to drown his voice. It would have been a pity to let anything trouble such a joyous day.

15 So, after a minute's pause, the procession had moved on. Such a procession! Heralds in blue and silver; pages in crimson and gold; and a troop of little girls in dazzling white, carrying baskets of flowers, which they strewed all the way before the nurse and the child. Finally came the four-and-
20 twenty godfathers and godmothers as proud as possible and so splendid to look at that they quite extinguished their small godson.

Thus they stood, with the sun shining on them
25 through the painted windows. The king and his train were on one side, the prince and his attendants on the other. It was as pretty a sight as ever was seen out of fairyland.

"It's just like fairyland," whispered the oldest

little girl to the next oldest, as she shook the last rose out of her basket; "and I think the only thing the prince wants now is a fairy godmother."

"Does he?" said a shrill but soft and not unpleasant voice behind them. Then among the group of children there was seen somebody—not a child, yet no bigger than a child—somebody whom nobody had seen before, and who certainly had not been invited, for she had no christening clothes.

10 She was a little old woman dressed all in gray. She had a gray gown, gray hooded cloak of fine material and of a tint that seemed always changing, like the gray of an evening sky. Her hair was gray, and her eyes also—even her complexion had a soft
15 gray shadow over it. But there was nothing unpleasant about her, and her smile was as sweet and childlike as the prince's own.

"Take care! Don't let the baby fall again," said she.

20 The grand young nurse started and said angrily, "Who spoke to me? How did anybody know? I mean, what business has anybody to speak about it?" She was frightened, but added in a sharp tone, "Old woman, you will be kind enough not to say 'baby' but
25 'the prince.' Keep away! His royal highness is just going to sleep."

"Nevertheless I must kiss him. I am his godmother," said she.

"You!" cried the elegant lady nurse.

"You!" cried all the gentlemen and ladies in waiting.

"You!" echoed the heralds and the pages and they began to blow their silver trumpets to stop further conversation.

The prince's procession formed itself for returning, and on the topmost step of the marble stairs stood the little old woman. She stretched herself on tiptoe and gave the little prince three kisses.

10 "This is intolerable," cried the nurse, wiping the kisses off with her lace handkerchief. "Take yourself away, old woman, or the king shall be told immediately."

15 "The king knows nothing of me," replied the old woman. "My friend in the palace is the king's wife."

"King's wives are called queens," said the nurse with a haughty air.

20 "You are right," replied the old woman. "I know her majesty well, and I love her and the child. Since you dropped the prince on the marble stairs, I shall be his fairy godmother, ready to help him whenever he needs me."

"You help him!" cried all the group, breaking into shouts of laughter.

25 But the old woman only stood on tiptoe again and kissed the little prince as she said, "Be Prince Dolor, in memory of your mother, Dolorez."

"In memory of!" Everybody started at the words. Just then the great bell of the palace—the bell which

was heard only on the death of one of the royal family, and for as many times as he or she was years old—began to toll. The people counted: “One—two—three—four”—up to twenty-nine—just the queen’s
5 age.

It was indeed the queen. Her majesty was dead! Sending away all her women to see the procession, she had turned her face to the window from which she could just see the tops of the distant mountains
10—the Beautiful Mountains, as they were called—where she was born. So gazing, she had quietly died.

When the little prince was carried back to his mother’s room, there was no mother to kiss him. And although he did not know it, there would be for
15 him no mother’s kiss any more.

As for his godmother—the little old woman in gray who called herself so—whether she melted into air, or whether she flew out of the chapel window, or slipped through the doorway among the bewil-
20 dered crowd, nobody knew—nobody ever thought about her.

II. *The New King*

Everybody was very kind to the poor little prince. He had a fine nursery and many attendants, and was treated with great respect; but somehow after his
25 mother died everything seemed to go wrong with him. From a beautiful baby he became sickly and pale and seemed to have almost ceased growing, es-

pecially his legs, which had been so fat and strong. But after the day of his christening they withered and shrank. He no longer kicked them out either in anger or play, and when he was nearly a year old, his nurse tried to make him stand upon them, but he only tumbled down.

This happened so many times that at last people began to talk about it. A prince, and not able to stand on his own legs! What a dreadful thing! What a misfortune for the country!

After a while his health revived, and the old bright look came back to his sweet little face, and his body grew larger and stronger, although his legs still remained the same, but people continued to speak of him in whispers, with grave shakes of the head. Everybody knew, although nobody said it, that something was not quite right with the poor little prince.

Of course, nobody hinted this to the king, for it does not do to tell great people anything unpleasant. And besides, his majesty took very little notice of his son, or of his other affairs, for he was ill and sad. Not long after the king died as suddenly and quietly as the queen had done. So Prince Dolor was left without either father or mother—as sad a thing as could happen, even to a prince.

He was more than that now, though. He was a king. In Nomansland, as in other countries, the people were full of grief one day and happy the next. "The king is dead—long live the king!" was the cry

that rang through the nation, and almost before his late majesty had been laid beside the queen in their splendid tomb, crowds came thronging from all parts to the royal palace to see the new monarch.

5 They did see him—the prince regent took care that they should—sitting on the floor of the council-chamber, sucking his thumb! And when one of the gentlemen in waiting lifted him up and carried him to the chair of state, and put the crown on his head, he
10 shook it off again, for it was heavy and uncomfortable. Sliding down to the foot of the throne, he began playing with the golden lions that supported it, stroking their paws and putting his tiny fingers into their eyes, and laughing as if he had at last
15 found something to amuse him.

“There’s a fine king for you!” said the first lord in waiting, a friend of the prince regent’s. “What a king! He can never stand to receive his subjects, but to the last day of his life will have to be carried
20 about like a baby. Very unfortunate!”

“Exceedingly unfortunate,” repeated the second lord. “It is always bad for a nation when its king is a child.”

“I swear,” said the crown prince, coming forward
25 and kissing the hilt of his sword—“I swear to perform my duties as regent, to take care of his majesty. And I will do my best to govern the country.”

So the king and queen slept together in peace, and

Prince Dolor reigned over the land—that is, his uncle did. Everybody said what a fortunate thing it was for the poor little prince to have such a clever uncle to take care of him. All things went on as usual, indeed, rather better than usual, for after the regent had brought his wife and her seven sons and established them in the palace, they gave such splendid entertainments and made the capital so lively that the country was said to be more flourishing than it
10 had been for a century.

As for Prince Dolor—for somehow people soon ceased to call him his majesty, which seemed such a ridiculous title for a poor little helpless cripple, with only head and trunk, and no legs to speak of—he was
15 very seldom seen by anybody. Sometimes people daring enough to peer over the high wall of the palace garden noticed there, carried in a footman's arms, or drawn in a chair, or left to play on the grass, often with nobody to mind him, a pretty little
20 boy, with a bright, intelligent face and large solemn eyes.

One day the regent went to the council chamber and informed the ministers and the country at large that the young king was in failing health, and that
25 it would be advisable to send him for a time to the Beautiful Mountains. And soon after, when he had obtained an order from the council to send the king away, the nation learned, without much surprise, that the poor little prince—nobody ever called him

king now—had gone on a much longer journey than to the Beautiful Mountains.

He had fallen ill on the road and had died within a few hours; at least so said the physician and the nurse who had been sent to take care of him. They brought his coffin back in great state, and buried it in the tomb with his parents.

So Prince Dolor was seen no more. The country went into deep mourning for him, and then forgot him, and his uncle reigned in his stead.

III. *The Round Tower*

And what of the little lame prince, whom everybody seemed so easily to have forgotten?

Not everybody. There were a few kind souls, who had heard his sad story, and some servants about the palace, who had been familiar with his sweet ways, often sighed and said, "Poor Prince Dolor!"

They did not know—indeed, hardly anybody did know—that beyond the mountains, between them and the sea, lay a tract of country, barren, level, bare, except for short, stunted grass, and here and there a patch of tiny flowers. Not a bush—not a tree—not a resting-place for bird or beast was in that dreary plain.

It was not a pleasant place to live in—and nobody did live there, apparently. The only sign that human creatures had ever been near the spot was one large round tower which rose up in the center of the plain,

and might be seen all over it—if there had been anybody to see. It was circular, of very firm brick-work, with neither doors nor windows, until near the top, when you could see some slits in the wall through which one might possibly creep in or look out.

Within twenty feet of the top some cunning architect had planned a perfect little house, divided into four rooms. With skylights, and a few slits in the walls for windows, and a peaked roof which was hidden by the walls, here was a dwelling eighty feet from the ground, and as hard to reach as a bird's nest on the top of a tree.

It was a charming place to live in, if you once got up there, and never wanted to come down again. Inside it was furnished with all the comfort imaginable; with lots of books and toys, and everything that the heart of a child could desire. For its only inhabitant, except a nurse, was a poor little lonely child.

One winter night, when all the plain was white with moonlight, there was seen crossing it a tall black horse, ridden by a man also big and equally black, carrying before him on the saddle a woman and a child. The woman had a sad, fierce look, and no wonder, for she was a criminal under sentence of death, but her sentence had been changed to almost as severe a punishment. She was to inhabit the lonely tower with the child, and was allowed to

live as long as the child lived—no longer. The little forlorn boy was Prince Dolor.

He had not been dead at all—or buried either. His grand funeral had been a mere pretense. A wax figure had been put in the coffin, while he himself was sent away under charge of these two, the condemned woman and the black man. The latter was deaf and dumb so that he could neither tell nor repeat anything.

10 When they reached the foot of the tower, there was light enough to see a huge chain dangling from the wall, but dangling only half-way. The deaf-mute took from his saddle a sort of ladder, arranged in pieces like a puzzle, fitted it together, and lifted it up
15 to meet the chain. Then he mounted to the top of the tower, and lowered from it a kind of chair, in which the woman and the child placed themselves and were drawn up, never to come down again as long as they lived. Leaving them there, the man de-
20 scended the ladder, took it to pieces again and packed it in his pack, mounted the horse, and disappeared across the plain.

Every month they used to watch for him, appearing like a speck in the distance. He fastened his
25 horse to the foot of the tower, and climbed it, as before, bringing provisions and many other things. He always saw the prince, so as to make sure that the child was alive and well, and then went away until the following month.

While his first childhood lasted, Prince Dolor was happy enough. He had every luxury that even a prince could need. He played about from room to room—there were four rooms, parlor, kitchen, his nurse's bedroom and his own—learned to crawl like a fly, and to jump like a frog, and to run about on all fours almost as fast as a puppy.

By and by he began to learn lessons—not that his nurse had been ordered to teach him, but she did it partly to amuse herself. She was not a stupid woman, and Prince Dolor was by no means a stupid boy; so they got on very well. It was a dull life, but he had never known any other, and he did not pity himself at all, till he became quite a big boy and could read easily. Then he suddenly took to books, which the deaf-mute brought him from time to time.

From this time a change came over the boy. He began to look sad and thin, and to shut himself up for hours without speaking. His nurse seldom spoke, and whatever questions he asked beyond their ordinary daily life she never answered. She had, indeed, been forbidden on pain of death, to tell him anything about himself—who he was, or what he might have been. He knew he was Prince Dolor, because she always addressed him as "My Prince," but what a prince was he had not the least idea. He had no idea of anything in the world, except what he found in his books.

He sat one day surrounded by them, having built

them up around him like a little castle wall. He had been reading them half the day, but feeling all the while that to read about things which you never can see is like hearing about a beautiful dinner while you
5 are starving.

At last he said, "I wish I had somebody to tell me things; a real live person, who would be fond of me and kind to me. Oh, I want somebody—dreadfully, dreadfully!"

10 As he spoke, there sounded behind him a slight tap-tap-tap, as of a stick or a cane. He turned himself around, and what do you think he saw?

It was a little old woman, no bigger than he might himself have been had his legs grown like those of
15 other children; but she was not a child—she was an old woman. Her hair was gray, and her dress was gray, and there was a gray shadow over her wherever she moved. But she had the sweetest smile and the softest voice imaginable.

20 "My dear little boy," said she, "I could not come to you until you had said you wanted me; but now I am here."

"And you are very welcome, madam," replied the prince, trying to speak politely. "May I ask who
25 you are? I am a prince and my name is Dolor."

The little old woman laughed like a chime of silver bells.

"I have no name—or, rather, I have so many names that I don't know which to choose," said she. "How-

ever, it was I who gave you yours, and you will belong to me all your days. I am your godmother."

"Hurrah!" cried the little prince; "I am glad I belong to you, for I like you very much. Will you come and play with me?"

So they sat down together and played. By and by they began to talk.

"Are you very dull here?" asked the little old woman.

10 "Not very, thank you, godmother," said the prince. "I have plenty to eat and drink, and my lessons to do and my books to read—lots of books, but I have no one to play with. Promise me that you will never go away."

15 "I must go, but I will leave a present behind me—something that will take you wherever you wish to go, and show you all that you wish to see."

"What is it?"

"A traveling cloak."

20 The prince's smile faded. "I don't want a cloak," said he, "for I never go out. Sometimes nurse takes me to the roof, and carries me around by the wall, but that is all. I can not walk, you know, as she does."

25 "The more reason why you should ride," answered the godmother; "besides, this traveling cloak——"

"Hush!—she's coming," whispered the prince.

Outside the door there was the sound of a heavy step and a rattle of plates and dishes. In an instant

the fairy godmother had melted away just like the rainbow out of the sky. A little bundle lay on the floor. The prince picked it up, and pushed it into his pocket. It was, though he did not know it, his wonderful traveling cloak.

 IV. *The Traveling Cloak*

And what of the traveling cloak? What kind of a cloak was it, and what good did it do the prince?

Outside it was the commonest looking bundle imaginable—shabby and small. The instant Prince Dolor touched it, it grew smaller still, till he could put it in his trousers pocket, like a handkerchief rolled up into a ball. He did this at once, for fear his nurse should see it, and kept it there all day and all night, too. Till after his next morning's lessons, he had no opportunity of examining his treasure.

When he did, it seemed no treasure at all; but a mere piece of cloth—circular in form and dark green in color.

Prince Dolor had never seen anything like it. In spite of his disappointment, he examined it curiously. He spread it out on the floor and then threw it over his shoulders. It felt very warm and comfortable; but it was so very shabby—the only shabby thing that the prince had ever seen in his life.

“Of what use will it be to me?” said he, sadly. “I have no need of outdoor clothes, as I never go out.

Why was this given to me, I wonder? What in the world am I to do with it?"

Because his godmother had given him the cloak, he folded it carefully and hid it in a safe corner of his toy cupboard, which his nurse never meddled with. He did not want her to find it or to laugh at it or at his godmother—as he felt sure she would, if she knew.

One day he sat at the window watching the birds, the only living creatures that ever crossed the lonely plain.

"How nice it must be to be a bird!" said he. "If legs are no good, why can not one have wings? People have wings when they die. I wish I were dead, I am so tired, so tired; and nobody cares for me. Nobody ever did care for me except, perhaps, my godmother. Godmother, dear, have you quite forsaken me?" As he said that, he felt some one touch him, and turning he saw again the little old woman in gray.

How glad he was to see her! How he looked into her kind eyes and felt her hands, to see if she were real.

"Where is your traveling cloak?" she asked.

The prince hung his head. "I—I put it away in the cupboard. I suppose it is there still."

"Bring it out and shake the dust off it," said she. "Spread it on the floor, and wait till the edges turn up like a rim around it. Then go and open the sky-

light and set yourself down in the middle of the cloak like a frog on a water-lily leaf. Say, 'Abracadabra—dum—dum—dum,' and see what will happen!"

The prince burst into a fit of laughing. It all seemed so exceedingly silly. He wondered that a wise old woman like his godmother should talk such nonsense.

"Believe me or not, it doesn't matter," said she. "Here is the cloak. When you want to go traveling, say, 'Abracadabra—dum—dum—dum!' When you want to come back again, say 'Abracadabra—tum—tum—tum.' That's all; good-by."

A puff of pleasant air passed by him, and his godmother was gone.

When Prince Dolor had patiently untied all the knots of the traveling cloak, a remarkable thing happened. The cloak began to undo itself. It laid itself down on the carpet, as flat as if it had been ironed, and the rim turned up all around till it was breast-high. Meantime the cloak had grown and grown until it had become large enough for one person to sit in it as comfortably as in a boat.

With one of his leaps the prince sprang right into the middle of the cloak, where he squatted down, wrapping his arms tight around his knees. There he sat, waiting to see what might happen next.

Nothing did happen, and he began to think nothing would, and to feel rather disappointed, when he

recalled the words he had been told to repeat—
“Abracadabra—dum—dum—dum!”

He repeated them, laughing all the while, they seemed such nonsense; but the cloak rose, slowly and
5 steadily, till it nearly touched the skylight. Prince Dolor’s head actually bumped against the glass, or would have done so had he not crouched down, crying, “Oh, please don’t hurt me!” in a most sad voice.

Then he suddenly remembered his godmother’s
10 words—“Open the skylight!”

Without a moment’s delay he lifted up his head and began searching for the bolt. The minute the window was opened, the traveling cloak sailed right out into the clear, fresh air, with nothing between
15 it and the blue sky.

What was the happiness of the little lame prince when he found himself for the first time in the pure open air, with the sky above him and the earth below!

20 True, there was nothing but earth and sky; no houses, no trees, no rivers, no mountains, no seas—not a beast on the ground or a bird in the air. But to him even the level plain looked beautiful; and then there was the glorious arch of the sky, with a new
25 moon in the west like a queen. And the evening breeze was so sweet and fresh, and by and by a few stars came out.

By this time, however, the cool breeze had become cold; and, as he had no outdoor clothes, poor Prince

Dolor was not very comfortable. The dews fell damp on his curls and he began to shiver.

"Perhaps I had better go home," thought he.

But how? In his excitement the other words which his godmother had told him to use had slipped from his memory. They were only a little different from the first, but that slight difference made all the difference in the world.

The poor little prince began to feel frightened. What if his wonderful traveling cloak should keep on traveling to the world's end, carrying with it a poor, tired, hungry boy, who, after all, was beginning to think there was something very pleasant in supper and bed?

"Dear godmother," he cried pitifully, "do help me! Tell me just this once and I'll never forget again."

Instantly the words came rushing into his head—"Abracadabra—tum—tum—tum!" Was that it? Ah! yes—for the cloak began to turn slowly. He repeated the charm again, more distinctly and firmly, and the cloak immediately started back, as fast as ever, in the direction of the tower.

Prince Dolor reached the skylight, which he found exactly as he had left it, and slipped in, cloak and all, as easily as he had gone out. He had scarcely reached the floor, and was still sitting in the middle of his traveling-cloak—like a frog on a water-lily leaf, as his godmother had said—when he heard his nurse's voice outside.

“Bless us! where has your royal highness been all this time?” said she. “To sit stupidly here at the window till it is quite dark, and leave the skylight open, too. Prince, what can you be thinking of?”
5 You are the silliest boy I ever knew.”

Shutting the skylight with an angry bang, she brought in the supper and lit the candles. But Prince Dolor hardly saw it. He only saw in the corner where nobody else would see it, his wonderful
10 traveling-cloak. And although his supper was not very nice, he ate it heartily, scarcely hearing a word of his nurse’s grumbling.

When he was left alone at last, and crept into his little bed, where he lay awake a good while, his chief
15 thought was—“I must be up very early to-morrow morning, and finish my lessons, and then I’ll go traveling all over the world on my beautiful cloak.”

From this time the happy little prince was often away from the tower, floating in the air on his magic
20 cloak, and seeing all sorts of wonderful things—or they seemed wonderful to him, who had hitherto seen nothing at all.

First, there were the flowers that grew on the plain, which he strained his eyes to look at. They
25 were tiny, but very beautiful—white daisies and yellow lotus, and ground-thistles, purple and bright. There were long black wavy lines in the sky, which he discovered as he drew near them, were strings of swallows, flying seaward.



There were groves of trees, which seemed to him, as he floated over them, the most curious sight imaginable. And there was the long fertile valley, made up of cornfields and lanes and hedges and brooks and ponds. In it were many living creatures, wild and tame. Cows and horses, lambs and sheep, fed in the meadows. Pigs and fowls walked about the farmyards; and in lonelier places, hares scudded, rabbits burrowed, and beautiful birds inhabited the fields and woods.

One day, as he flew along, a shrill whistle startled him, and looking downward, he saw something spring forward from behind a low bush. It was neither a sheep nor a horse nor a cow—nothing upon four legs. This creature had only two; but they were long and straight and strong. It had an active body, and a curly head of black hair set upon its shoulders. It was a boy, a shepherd boy, about the prince's own age—but, oh! so different.

His dog, a rough collie, who had been guarding the sheep, began to jump upon him, barking with delight. They started off together, boy and dog—shouting and barking, till it was doubtful which made the more noise or ran the faster. How that boy skimmed along over the ground—his cheeks glowing, and his hair flying, and his legs—oh, what a pair of legs he had!

Prince Dolor watched him intently for a while. "How nice it must be to run like that!" he said softly,

thinking that never—no, never in this world—would he be able to do the same.

V. *A Secret Revealed*

After that day the prince seemed to care less for his traveling-cloak. His desire to see the world had somehow faded away. He wondered a great deal about himself, whether he had had a father and mother as other boys had, what they had been like, and why he had never seen them.

In his history lessons, of course, he read about kings and princes, and the governments of different countries, and the events that happened there. He perplexed his nurse with questions, to which she returned sharp and mysterious answers, which only set him thinking the more.

“Nurse,” he said one day, “the princes I read about generally turn into kings. Tell me, shall I ever be a king?”

The woman stood, perplexed beyond expression. The idea came to her—what harm would it be, even if he did know his own history? Perhaps he ought to know it. Something might happen—who could tell? Changes might occur. Possibly a crown would even yet be set upon those pretty fair curls.

She sat down, considering whether her promise, never to “say a word” to Prince Dolor about himself, would be broken, if she were to take a pencil and write what was to be told.

After long doubt, and with great terror, she put her fingers to her lips, and taking the prince's slate, she wrote, "You are a king."

Prince Dolor started. His face grew pale, and then flushed; his eyes glistened; he held himself erect.

"Hush!" said his nurse, as he was beginning to speak. And then, terribly frightened all the while, she wrote down in a few hurried sentences his history; how his parents had died, his uncle had usurped the throne, and sent him to end his days in this lonely tower.

"I too," she wrote, "shall die in this desolate place, unless you can get out into the world and fight for your rights like a man."

The prince scarcely slept that night, for things very serious and important had taken possession of his mind. He determined that he would go out into the world of active people and see if there was anything for him to do.

In the morning, as soon as he was dressed, he leaped to the corner where lay his traveling-cloak and untied it. He watched it unroll itself, and then jumped into the middle of it, and was out through the skylight immediately.

As the cloak hung motionless in air, he suddenly remembered that he had not determined where to go. Indeed, he did not know, and there was nobody to tell him.

"Godmother," he cried in much perplexity, "you

know what I want. Take me where I ought to go. Show me whatever I ought to see."

At once the cloak started off, traveling faster than he had ever known it to do—through sky-land and cloud-land, over freezing mountain-tops and barren stretches of forest.

After some time he heard a murmur in the distance, increasing more and more till it grew like the hum of a gigantic hive of bees. And stretching his chin over the rim of his cloak, Prince Dolor saw—far, far below, a great city, with its network of streets, its crowds of people, its tall rows of houses. There were grand public buildings and churches and squares; and there were also miserable little back alleys, where dirty children played in gutters all day and half the night.

The prince gazed down on the city below him, and then put his hand over his eyes. "I don't understand it," he said, "and there is nobody to tell me about it. I wish I had somebody to speak to."

"Do you? Then pray speak to me," he heard a voice say, and a great black and white bird flew into the cloak, and began walking round and round on the edge. "I am a magpie," said she, "and I shall be happy to tell you everything you want to know; for I know a great deal, and I enjoy talking."

She settled herself at his elbow, and began to chatter away, pointing out with her skinny claw every object of interest. There were many things which

surprised Prince Dolor, and, as he had said, he could not understand them at all. One-half the people seemed so happy and busy, hurrying up and down the full streets, or driving lazily along the parks in
5 their grand carriages, while the other half were so wretched and miserable.

"Can't the world be made a little more level?" he asked. "I would try to do it if I were king."

"I'm not here to explain things," said the magpie,
10 "only to show them. Shall I show you the royal palace?"

It was a very magnificent palace. It had terraces and gardens, battlements and towers. It extended over acres of ground and its windows looked in all
15 directions.

"I should like to see the king," said Prince Dolor.

"Ah!" said the magpie, "the king is ill, though his majesty does not wish it to be generally known. He can't see you, but perhaps you might go and take a
20 look at him.

The prince was now too much excited to talk. Was he not going to see the king, his uncle, who had succeeded his father, and dethroned himself? What was he like, this great, bad, clever man? Had he got
25 all the things he wanted, which another ought to have had? And did he enjoy them?

The traveling-cloak flew down close to the palace roof, and settled near one of the windows. The prince gazed eagerly into a large room, the largest

he had ever beheld, with furniture and hangings grander than anything he could have ever imagined.

"Where is the king?" asked the puzzled boy.

"There," said the magpie, pointing with one
5 wrinkled claw to a magnificent bed, large enough to contain six people. In the center of it, just visible under the silken counterpane, quite straight and still, lay a small figure, something like waxwork, fast asleep, very fast asleep!

10 The prince had been angry, furiously angry, ever since he knew how his uncle had taken the crown, and sent him, a poor little helpless child, to be shut up for life. Many times the boy had felt as if he should like to strike him, this great, strong, wicked
15 man.

Why, you might as well have struck a baby. How helpless he lay, with his eyes shut, and his hands folded! They had no more work to do, good or bad.

"What is the matter with him?" asked the prince.

20 "He is dead," said the magpie with a croak.

No, there was not the least use in being angry with him now. On the contrary, the prince felt almost sorry for him. He sat in the center of his traveling-cloak, silent and thoughtful, as it floated away over
25 the city.

As soon as the cathedral bell began to toll, and the guns to fire, announcing to the kingdom that it was without a king, the people gathered in crowds, stopping at street corners to talk together. The murmur

now and then rose into a shout, and the shout into a roar.

"The King is dead—down with the King!" "Down with the crown and the King, too!" "Hurrah for
5 no government at all!"

Such were the shouts that traveled up to the traveling-cloak! And then began—oh, what a scene! Soldiers were shooting people down by hundreds in the streets, houses were burning, and heads were
10 dropping off.

Prince Dolor saw it all. Things happened so fast after one another that they quite confused his senses. "Oh, let me go home," he cried at last, stopping his ears and shutting his eyes; "only let me go
15 home."

"Good-by, then," said the magpie, flapping her wings. "You don't know me, but I know you. We may meet again sometime."

She looked at him with clear piercing eyes, sharp
20 enough to see through anything, and it seemed as if they changed from bird's eyes to human eyes, the very eyes of his godmother, whom he had not seen for ever so long. But the minute afterward she became only a bird, and with a screech she spread her
25 wings and flew away.

The prince fell into a kind of swoon, of bewilderment and weariness, and, when he awoke, he found himself in his own room, alone and quiet, with the dawn just breaking.

VI. *The Empty Tower*

When Prince Dolor sat up in bed, trying to remember where he was, and what he had seen the day before, he perceived that the room was empty. Usually his nurse rather worried him by breaking his
5 slumbers, coming in and "setting things to rights," as she called it. Now, the dust lay thick upon chairs and tables. He heard the clock strike ten, and still no nurse was to be seen.

The prince began to call again and again, but no-
10 body answered. A great fear came upon the poor boy. Lonely as his life had been, he had never before been alone in the tower. He jumped up and looked out of the window.

At first he saw only the broad, bleak sunshiny
15 plain. But, by-and-by, in the circle of mud that surrounded the base of the tower he perceived distinctly the marks of a horse's feet, and near at hand lay the remains of a bundle of hay and a feed of corn.

"Yes, that's it," said the prince to himself. "The
20 deaf-mute has come and gone, taking nurse away with him."

At first Prince Dolor was filled with indignation at her cruelty, at the cruelty of all the world toward him—a poor little helpless boy. Then he deter-
25 mined, forsaken as he was, to try to hold on to the last, and not to die as long as he could possibly help it.

For five days the little prince lived alone in the

tower. All that time he got up in the morning and went to bed at night without having spoken to a single creature; or indeed, heard a single sound.

On the sixth day, Prince Dolor had a strange com-
5 posure in his look; but he was very grave and thin and white. He had nearly come to the end of his provisions, and what was to happen next? Even if he flung himself down and by miraculous chance came alive to the foot of the tower, how could he
10 run away, and where could he go?

He collected all his pretty things around him: his favorite pictures, which he thought he should like to have near him when he could no longer move about; and his books.

15 A tear came into the boy's eyes, and he listened intently through the dead silence for some hopeful sound. Was there one? Yes, it was really something—something which came nearer and nearer, so that there was no mistaking it. It was the sound
20 of a trumpet, one of the great silver trumpets of Nomansland.

What had happened was this: The poor condemned woman had not been such a wicked woman after all, for she had done a very heroic thing. As
25 soon as she heard of the death and burial of the king, and of the changes that were taking place in the country, a daring idea came into her head—to set upon the throne of Nomansland its rightful heir. She persuaded the deaf-mute to take her away with

him, and they galloped like the wind from city to city, spreading everywhere the news that Prince Dolor's death had been an invention of his wicked uncle, that the boy was alive and well, and the noblest young prince that ever was born.

The country, weary of the late king's harsh rule, and yet glad to save itself from the horrors of no rule at all, jumped at the idea of this prince as their ruler, since he was the son of their former good king and the beloved Queen Dolorez.

No sooner was the late king laid in his grave than the people pronounced him to have been a usurper, turned all of his family out of the palace, and left it empty for the reception of a new sovereign, whom they went to fetch with great rejoicing.

A great body of lords, gentlemen and soldiers traveled night and day in solemn procession through the country, until they reached Hopeless Tower. There they found the prince, sitting calmly on the floor, resolved, if he had to die, to die courageously, like a prince and a king.

But when they hailed him as a prince and a king, and explained to him how matters stood, and went down on their knees before him, offering the crown on a velvet cushion, there came such a glow into his face, small though he was and lame, that he became beautiful, king-like.

"Yes," he said, "if you desire it, I will be your king. And I will do my best to make my people happy."

Then there arose, from inside and outside the tower, such a shout as never yet was heard across the lonely plain.

So Prince Dolor quitted his tower, which he had entered so mournfully, as a little helpless baby carried in the deaf-mute's arms—quitted it as the great king of Nomansland.

The only thing he took away with him was something so insignificant that none of the lords, gentlemen and soldiers who escorted him with such splendor, could possibly notice it—a tiny bundle, which he found lying in a corner. He thrust it secretly into his bosom, where it dwindled into such small proportions that it might easily have been taken for an old pocket-handkerchief! It was his traveling-cloak.

Abridged.

THE STUDY OF THE STORY

Questions to discuss after silent reading. We like this story partly because of its mystery. It presents many interesting problems for discussion:

I. *The Christening.* What sort of an occasion was the christening? Why was the crown prince unhappy at the ceremony? What two tragedies happened on that day? What in the conduct of the nurse was very wrong? Why was she so rude to the little old woman in gray?

II. *The New King.* When did the little prince become a king? Why did the prince regent take care that the peo-

ple should see their new king sitting on the floor? What was his real reason for sending the little king away?

III. *The Round Tower.* For what purpose do you think the lonely tower had been built in the desert? Why was the condemned woman told that she could live only as long as the child lived? What provision was made for the comfort of Prince Dolor? Why was the nurse forbidden to tell the boy about his parents?

IV. *The Traveling-Cloak.* How do we know at once that the traveling-cloak was a magic cloak? What surprising things did it do? What surprising things did the little prince see in his journeys? Would any of these things have surprised you?

V. *A Secret Revealed.* Why did the little prince cease to care for his traveling-cloak? What caused him to decide to take another journey? Who do you think the magpie was? What terrible scenes did she show the prince? How do you explain the madness of these people after the death of their ruler?

VI. *The Empty Tower.* For five days the little prince lived alone in the deserted tower. Why did he not soar away in his traveling-cloak? How did he become a true king at last? Do you think he made a good king? Why?

Words to study. Look in your Glossary for any of these words that you do not understand:

I. dukedom, notable, coronet, duchess, disaster, consequently, intolerable.

II. attendants, regent, exceedingly, hilt, established.

III. architect, inhabitant, pretense, imaginable, circular.

IV. distinctly, lotus, scudded, burrowed.

V. usurped, desolate, miserable, magnificent, counterpane, visible, cathedral, swoon, bewilderment.

VI. indignation, forsaken, composure, invention, sov-

THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE



ereign, resolved, courageously, insignificant, dwindled, proportions.

The story. *The Little Lame Prince* is a fairy story, and yet it is really no fairy story at all, for you, too, have a little gray godmother. If you have learned to use your wonderful traveling-cloak, then you, like the little prince, have floated far over the wide earth and over the land of enchantment as well, and have seen marvelous things. Though you should become lame or sick or imprisoned in a tower, you would still be able to soar away in your magic cloak to delightful lands. Can you tell the name of the little gray godmother?

The author. Dinah Muloch Craik lived in England. When she was only a girl, she supported her invalid mother and ten younger brothers by writing for magazines. She afterward published forty-six works—novels, poetry and essays. Two favorite books of children everywhere are *The Little Lame Prince* and *The Adventures of a Brownie*.

Illustrations. *The Little Lame Prince*, like *The Pied Piper*, has been illustrated by Hope Dunlap. The many beautiful pictures in color add much to the charm of the story. Ask the librarian about this book.

THE FAIRIES HAVE NEVER A PENNY TO SPEND

ROSE FYLEMAN

The Fairies have never a penny to spend,
They haven't a thing put by,
But theirs is the dower of bird and of flower
And theirs are the earth and the sky.
5 And though you should live in a palace of gold
Or sleep in a dried-up ditch,
You could never be poor as the Fairies are,
And never as rich.

Since ever and ever the world began
10 They have danced like a ribbon of flame,
They have sung their song through the centuries
long
And yet it is never the same.
And though you be foolish or though you be wise,
With hair of silver or gold,
15 You could never be young as the Fairies are,
And never as old.

THE STUDY OF THE POEM

Something to think about. Since the world began people have loved to tell stories of fairies. As you have seen fairies in fancy, have they seemed to you rich or poor? Have they seemed young or old? Why can you never be rich as the fairies are? Why can you never be as young?

Words to explain: dower, centuries.

The poem. Read the poem aloud, and note the swinging movement. Some lines are longer and some shorter. Which are shortest of all?

Which stanza do you think most beautiful? Which line do you think the most beautiful? This poem you will like to memorize.

Other poems. *The Fairies Have Never a Penny to Spend* is taken from a little book of fairy poems called *Fairies and Chimneys*, by Rose Fyleman.

FAIRY SONG

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;

In a cowslip's bell I lie;

There I couch when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly

After summer merrily:

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

THE NIGHTINGALE

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

Long ago the palace of the Emperor of China was the most splendid in the world. It was made entirely of porcelain, very costly, but so delicate and brittle that one had to take care how one touched it. In
5 the garden were to be seen the most wonderful flowers, and to them silver bells were tied, which sounded, so that nobody should pass by without noticing the flowers. The garden extended so far that the gardener himself did not know where the end
10 was. If a man went on and on, he came into a great forest with high trees and deep lakes. The wood extended straight down to the sea, which was blue and deep, and great ships could sail beneath the branches of the trees. In the trees lived a Nightingale, which
15 sang so splendidly that even the poor fisherman stopped still and listened, when he had gone out at night to throw out his nets.

"How beautiful that is!" he would say.

From all the countries of the world travelers came
20 to the city of the Emperor, and admired it, and the palace and the garden. But when they heard the Nightingale, they said, "That is the best of all!"

The travelers told of it when they came home; and the learned men wrote many books about the town,

the palace, and the garden. But they did not forget the Nightingale, which was placed highest of all.

The books went through all the world, and a few of them once came to the Emperor. He sat in his golden chair, and read, and read. "But the Nightingale is the best of all," he saw written there.

"What's that?" exclaimed the Emperor. "I don't know the Nightingale at all! Is there such a bird in my empire, and even in my garden? I've never heard of it. To think that I should have to learn such a thing for the first time from books!"

And hereupon he called his minister, who was a very grand person.

"There is said to be a wonderful bird here called a Nightingale," said the Emperor. "They say it is the best thing in all my great empire. I command that he shall appear this evening, and sing before me."

"I have never heard him mentioned," said the minister. "I will seek for him."

But where was he to be found? The minister ran up and down all the staircases, through halls and passages, but no one that he met had heard of the Nightingale. And the minister ran back to the Emperor, and said that it must be a fable invented by the writers of books.

"But the book in which I read this," said the Emperor, "was sent to me by the high and mighty Emperor of Japan and therefore it can not be false. I

will hear the Nightingale! It must be here this evening! If it does not come, all the Court shall be trampled upon immediately after supper!"

Then the minister again ran up and down all the staircases, and through all the halls and corridors; and half the Court ran with him, for the courtiers did not like being trampled upon.

At last they met with a poor little girl in the kitchen, who said:

10 "The Nightingale? I know it well; yes, it can sing gloriously. Every evening I get leave to carry my poor sick mother the scraps from the table. She lives down by the shore, and when I get back and am tired, and rest in the wood, then I hear the Night-
15 ingale sing."

"Little kitchen girl," said the minister, "I will get you a place in the Court kitchen, with permission to see the Emperor dine, if you will but lead us to the Nightingale."

20 So they all went out into the wood where the Nightingale was accustomed to sing; half the Court went forth. When they were in the midst of their journey a cow began to low.

"Oh!" cried the Court pages, "now we have it!
25 That shows a wonderful power in so small a creature! I have certainly heard it before."

"No, those are cows lowing," said the little kitchen girl. "We are a long way from the place yet."

Now the frogs began to croak in the marsh.

"Glorious!" said the Chinese Court preacher. "Now I hear it—it sounds just like little church bells."

"No, those are frogs," said the little kitchen maid.
5 "But now I think we shall soon hear it."

And then the Nightingale began to sing.

"That is it!" exclaimed the little girl. "Listen, listen! yonder it sits."

And she pointed to a little gray bird up in the
10 boughs.

"Is it possible?" cried the minister. "I should never have thought it looked like that! How simple it looks! It must certainly have lost its color at seeing such grand people around."

15 "Little Nightingale!" called the little kitchen maid, quite loudly, "our gracious Emperor wishes you to sing before him."

"With the greatest pleasure!" replied the Nightingale, and began to sing most delightfully.

20 "It sounds just like glass bells!" said the minister. "It's strange that we should never have heard it before. That bird will be a great success at Court."

"Shall I sing once more before the Emperor?" inquired the Nightingale, for he thought the Emperor
25 was present.

"My excellent little Nightingale," said the minister, "I have great pleasure in inviting you to a Court festival this evening, when you shall charm his Imperial Majesty with your beautiful singing."

“My song sounds best in the green wood,” replied the Nightingale; still he came willingly when he heard that the Emperor wished it.

The palace was gayly adorned for the coming of the Nightingale. In the midst of the great hall, where the Emperor sat, a golden perch had been placed, on which the Nightingale was to sit. The whole Court was there, and the little kitchen maid had got leave to stand behind the door. All were in full dress, and all looked at the little gray bird, to which the Emperor nodded.

And the Nightingale sang so gloriously that the tears came into the Emperor’s eyes, and the tears ran down over his cheeks. The Emperor was so much pleased that he said the Nightingale should have his golden slipper to wear round its neck. But the Nightingale declined this with thanks.

“I have seen tears in the Emperor’s eyes—that is the real treasure to me. I am rewarded enough!” And then he sang again with a sweet, glorious voice.

The Nightingale was now to remain at Court in a fine cage, with liberty to go out twice every day and once at night. Twelve servants were appointed when the Nightingale went out, each of whom had a silken string fastened to the bird’s legs, which they held very tight. There was really no pleasure in an excursion of that kind.

One day the Emperor received a large parcel, on which was written, “The Nightingale.”

"There we have a new book about this celebrated bird," said the Emperor.

It was not a book, however, but a little work of art, contained in a box—a toy nightingale, which could sing like a living one, and was brilliantly ornamented with diamonds, sapphires, and rubies. So soon as the toy bird was wound up, he sang a little song, and then his tail moved up and down, and shone with silver and gold.

10 "Now, the birds must sing together." "What a duet that will be!" cried the courtiers.

And so the two birds had to sing together; but the duet did not sound very well, for the real Nightingale sang its own way, and the toy bird sang as it had
15 been made to sing.

Now the toy bird was to sing alone. It had just as much success as the real one, and then it was much handsomer to look at—it shone like bracelets and breastpins.

20 Three and thirty times over did it sing the same piece, and yet was not tired. The people would gladly have heard it again, but the Emperor said that the living Nightingale ought to sing something now. But where was he? No one had noticed that
25 he had flown away out of the open window, back to the green wood.

But the courtiers were well content.

"We have the best bird after all," said they.

And so the toy bird had to sing again, and that

was the thirty-fourth time that they listened to the same piece. And the playmaster praised the bird particularly; yes, he declared that it was better than a real nightingale, not only with regard to its ⁵plumage and the many beautiful diamonds, but inside as well.

The real Nightingale was banished from the country and empire. The toy bird had its place on a silken cushion close to the Emperor's bed and all ¹⁰the presents it had received, gold and precious stones, were ranged about it.

So a whole year went by. The Emperor, the Court, and all the other Chinese knew every little twitter in the toy bird's song by heart. But just for ¹⁵that reason it pleased them best—they could sing with it themselves, and they did so.

But one evening, when the toy bird was singing its best, and the Emperor lay in bed listening to it, something inside the bird said, "Whizz!" Something ²⁰cracked. "Whir-r-r!" All the wheels ran round, and then the music stopped.

The Emperor immediately sprang out of bed, and caused his physician to be called; but what could *he* do? Then they sent for a watchmaker, and after a ²⁵while the bird was put into something like order, but the watchmaker said that it must be carefully treated, for the works were worn. Only once in the year could the bird be allowed to sing, and that was almost too much.

Now five years had gone by, and a real grief came upon the whole nation. The Chinese were really fond of their Emperor, and now he was ill, and could not, it was said, live much longer.

5 Cold and pale lay the Emperor in his great, gorgeous bed. All about, in the halls and passages, cloth had been laid down so that no footstep could be heard, and therefore it was quiet there, very quiet. But the Emperor was not dead yet; stiff and pale he
10 lay on the gorgeous bed, with the long velvet curtains and the heavy gold tassels; high up, a window stood open, and the moon shone in upon the Emperor and the toy bird.

The poor Emperor could scarcely breathe; it was
15 just as if something lay upon his chest. He opened his eyes, and then he saw that it was Death who sat upon his chest, and had put on his golden crown. He held in one hand the Emperor's sword, in the other his beautiful banner. And all around, from
20 among the folds of the splendid velvet curtains, strange heads peered forth; a few very ugly, the rest quite lovely and mild.

These were all the Emperor's bad and good deeds, that stood before him now that Death sat upon his
25 heart.

"Do you remember this?" whispered one to the other. "Do you remember that?" and then they told him so much that the perspiration ran from his forehead.

"Music! music! the great Chinese drum!" the Emperor cried, "so that I need not hear all they say!"

The voices continued speaking, and Death nodded to all they said.

5 "Music! music!" cried the Emperor. "You little precious golden bird, sing, sing! I have given you gold and costly presents; I have even hung my golden slipper around your neck—sing now, sing!"

But the bird stood still; no one was there to wind
10 him up, and he could not sing without that; but Death continued to stare at the Emperor with his great, hollow eyes, and it was quiet, fearfully quiet.

Then there sounded from the window, suddenly, the most lovely song. It was the little live Nightin-
15 gale, that sat outside on a spray. It had heard of the Emperor's sad plight, and had come to sing to him of comfort and hope. As it sang the specters grew paler and paler; the blood ran quickly and more quickly through the Emperor's weak limbs;
20 and even Death listened, and said:

"Go on, little Nightingale, go on!"

"But will you give me that splendid golden sword? Will you give me that rich banner? Will you give me the Emperor's crown?"

25 And Death gave up each of these treasures for a song. And the Nightingale sang on and on; and it sang of the quiet churchyard where the white roses grow, and where the elder blossoms smell sweet. Then Death felt a longing to see his garden, and

floated out at the window in the form of a cold white mist.

"Thanks! thanks!" said the Emperor. "You heavenly little bird; I know you well. I banished you
5 from my country and empire, and yet you have charmed away the evil faces from my coach, and banished Death from my heart! How can I reward you?"

"You have rewarded me!" replied the Nightingale.

10 "I have drawn tears from your eyes, when I sang the first time—I shall never forget that. Those are the jewels that rejoice a singer's heart. But now sleep, and grow fresh and strong again. I will sing you something."

15 He then sang, and the Emperor fell into a sweet slumber. Ah! how mild and refreshing that sleep was! The sun shone upon him through the windows when he awoke refreshed and restored. Not one of his servants had yet returned, for they all thought
20 he was dead; only the Nightingale still sat beside him and sang.

"You must always stay with me," said the Emperor. "You shall sing as you please; and I'll break the toy bird into a thousand pieces."

25 "Not so," replied the Nightingale. "It did well as long as it could; keep it as you have done till now. I can not build my nest in the palace to dwell in it, but let me come when I feel the wish. Then I will sit in the evening on the spray yonder by the win-

dow, and sing you something, so that you may be glad and thoughtful at once. I will sing of good and of evil that remains hidden round about you. The little singing bird flies far around, to the poor fisherman, to the peasant's roof, to every one who dwells far away from you and from your Court. I will come and sing to you—but one thing you must promise me.”

“Everything!” said the Emperor; and he stood there in his imperial robes, which he had put on himself, and pressed the sword which was heavy with gold to his heart.

“One thing I beg of you: tell no one that you have a little bird who tells you everything. Then it will go all the better.”

And the Nightingale flew away.

The servants came in to look at their dead Emperor, and—yes, there he stood, and the Emperor said, “Good morning!”

THE STUDY OF THE STORY

Silent reading and story telling. After you have read the story silently, you should be able to tell these stories:

1. How the Nightingale came to live at the palace.
2. How the Nightingale was banished from the empire.
3. How the Nightingale returned.

Questions to think about. In many of Andersen's tales we know that behind the story he is really laughing at somebody. Whom is he laughing at in this story? Why had the Emperor and his Court never heard the voice of

the wild Nightingale? Who had long known and loved the Nightingale?

Why did the courtiers like the toy bird better? What did the real Nightingale do at last that no toy bird could ever have done?

Do you think the author himself would prefer to live at court or in the country? In which place would you prefer to live?

Word study. Look in the Glossary for those words that you can not explain: porcelain, brittle, permission, accustomed, festival, imperial, celebrated, brilliantly, sapphires, plumage, banished, peerèd, specters, refreshed.

Oral reading. Prepare to read aloud the part of the story that you think most amusing; the part that you think most gruesome.

Library hour. Andersen seemed to like very much to write amusing stories at the expense of the king and the Court. Three that are especially delightful are *The Emperor's New Clothes*, *The Princess and the Swineherd*, and *The Tinder Box*.

Perhaps three of the class can prepare to tell these stories to the others. Let the class decide which is the best story.

One edition of Andersen's *Fairy Tales* is illustrated by Walker and another by Robinson. Ask at the Library for these two volumes, and decide which pictures you like best.

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

James Whitcomb Riley has written many delightful poems about children in the country. Most of them are written in dialect just as some of the small children who lived about Riley's home in Indiana were accustomed to talk. Of all his poems *Little Orphant Annie* is perhaps the best known.

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups and saucers up, an' brush the
 crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the
 hearth, an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her
 board-an'-keep;
5 An' all us other childern, when the supper things is
 done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest
 fun
A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

Wunst they was a little boy wouldn't say his pray-
 ers,—

An' when he went to bed at night, away up-stairs,

His Mammy heerd him holler, an' his Daddy heerd
him bawl,

An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wuzn't
there at all!

An' they seeked him in the rafter room, an' cubby-
hole, an' press,

An' seeked him up the chimbly flue, an' ever'wheres,
I guess;

5 But all they ever found wuz thist his pants an' round-
about!

An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

10

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever' one, an' all her blood-an'-kin;
An' wunst, when they was "company," an' ole folks
wuz there,

She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't
care!

15 An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run
an' hide,

They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by
her side,

An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she
knowed what she's about!

An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

- 5 An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes *woo-oo!*
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away,
You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond
an' dear,
10 An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's
tear,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Er the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

THE STUDY OF THE POEM

The Words. When a poem is written in dialect the spelling of the words is made to agree with the spoken sound. Is there any word or phrase in the poem that you do not understand? Perhaps the class can help you to find out its meaning. What are some of the words in the poem that you could not find in any dictionary?

Stories to tell. Can you see Little Orphant Annie telling all the children about the "gobble-uns"? How old do you think she is? How does she spend her time?

What two dreadful stories does she tell? What good advice does she give to the children?

Oral reading. Prepare to read aloud the stanza that you like best. Who can make the dialect sound the most natural?

Library hour. Three poems by Riley are found in the *Bobbs-Merrill Fourth Reader*. Is any one of them at all like this poem?

A delightful book of poems by Riley is called *Riley Fairy Tales*. It has pictures in color by Will Vawter.

EXTREMES

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

A little boy once played so loud
That the Thunder, up in a thunder-cloud,
Said, "Since I can't be heard, why, then
I'll never, never thunder again!"

5 And a little girl once kept so still
That she heard a fly on the window-sill
Whisper and say to a lady-bird,—
"She's the stillest child I ever heard!"

PERSEPHONE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

The ancient Greeks believed that every process of nature was controlled by a different god or goddess. Phœbus was the shining god of the Sun. Pluto was the king of Darkness, who dwelt in the underworld. Mother Ceres was the goddess of Earth, whose duty it was to care for all the green things. This beautiful story explains why Ceres allows the earth to become bare and brown for half of every year.

I. *Persephone Is Stolen Away*

Mother Ceres had the care of the wheat and the Indian corn and the rye and the barley, and in short the crops of every kind, all over the earth. As the season had been very backward, it was necessary to
5 make the harvest ripen more speedily than usual. So she put a wreath of poppies on her head and got into her car, which was drawn by a pair of winged dragons, and was just ready to set off.

"Dear Mother," said her daughter Persephone, "I
10 shall be very lonely while you are away. May I not run down to the shore and ask some of the sea-nymphs to come out of the waves and play with me?"

"Yes, child," answered Ceres. "The sea-nymphs are good creatures, and will never lead you into any
15 harm. But you must take care not to stray away

from them, nor go wandering about the fields by yourself."

The child promised to be as careful as if she were a grown-up woman. By the time the winged dragons had whirled the car out of sight, she was already on the shore, calling to the sea-nymphs to come and play with her. They knew Persephone's voice, and were not long in showing their glistening faces and sea-green hair above the water.

10 They brought with them a great many beautiful shells; and sitting down on the moist sand, where the surf broke over them, they busied themselves in making a necklace, which they hung around Persephone's neck. Then the child begged them to go a
15 little way into the fields with her, so that they might gather wild flowers, with which she would make each of them a wreath to wear.

"Oh, no, dear Persephone," cried the sea-nymphs; "we dare not go with you upon the dry land. Don't
20 you see how careful we are to let the surf break over us every moment or two, to keep ourselves moist? If it were not for that, we should soon look like bunches of dried sea-weed."

"It is a great pity," said Persephone. "But you
25 just wait for me here, and I will run and gather my apron full of flowers, and be back again before the waves have broken over you ten times. I long to make you some wreaths that shall be as lovely as this necklace of colored shells."



“We will wait, then,” answered the sea-nymphs. “But while you are gone, we may as well lie down on a bank of soft sponge, under the water. We will pop up our heads every few minutes to see if you are coming.”

Persephone ran quickly to a spot where, only the day before, she had seen a great many flowers. These, however, were withered a little, and wishing to give her friends the loveliest blossoms, she strayed farther into the fields, and found some that made

her scream with delight. Never had she seen such wonderful flowers before!

Persephone's apron was soon filled and brimming over with the delightful blossoms. She was on the point of turning back to rejoin the sea-nymphs, and sit with them on the moist sands; but a little farther on, what should she behold? It was a large shrub, completely covered with the most beautiful flowers in the world.

10 "The darlings!" cried Persephone; and then she thought to herself, "I was looking at that spot only a moment ago. How strange it is that I did not see the flowers!"

The nearer she approached the shrub, the more 15 attractive it looked, until she came quite close to it. Then, although its beauty was richer than words can tell, she hardly knew whether she liked it or not. It bore about a hundred flowers of the most brilliant hues, but there was a deep glossy luster on the leaves 20 of the shrub, and on the petals of the flowers, that made Persephone doubt whether they might not be poisonous.

"What a silly child I am!" thought she, taking courage. "It is really the most beautiful shrub that 25 ever came out of the earth. I will pull it up by the roots, and carry it home, and plant it in my mother's garden."

Holding up her apron full of flowers with her left hand, Persephone seized the large shrub with the

other, and pulled and pulled. Then she observed that the earth began to stir and crack to some distance around the stem. She gave another pull, but relaxed her hold, fancying that there was a rumbling sound
5 right beneath her feet. Did the roots extend down into some enchanted cavern? Then laughing at herself for so childish a notion, she made another effort. Up came the shrub, and Persephone staggered back, holding the stem in her hand, and gaz-
10 ing at the deep hole which its roots had left in the soil.

Much to her astonishment, this hole kept spreading wider and wider, and growing deeper and deeper, until it really seemed to have no bottom. All the
15 while, there came a rumbling sound out of its depths, louder and louder, and nearer and nearer, like the tramp of horses' hoofs and the rattling of wheels. Soon she saw a team of four black horses, tearing their way out of the earth with a splendid golden
20 chariot at their heels. They leaped out of the bottomless hole, chariot and all; and there they were, tossing their black manes, close by the spot where Persephone stood.

In the chariot sat a man richly dressed, with a
25 crown on his head, all flaming with diamonds. He was rather handsome, but looked sullen and discontented; and he kept rubbing his eyes and shading them with his hand, as if he did not live enough in the sunshine to be fond of its light.

As soon as this person saw the frightened Persephone, he beckoned her to come a little nearer.

"Do not be afraid," said he, with as cheerful a smile as he knew how to put on. "Come! Would you not like to ride a way with me in my chariot?"

Persephone was so alarmed that she wished for nothing but to get out of his reach. And no wonder. The stranger did not look remarkably good-natured, in spite of his smile; and as for his voice, its tones were deep and stern, and sounded as much like the rumbling of an earthquake as anything else.

Persephone's first thought was to call for her mother.

"Mother! Mother Ceres!" she cried. "Come quickly and save me!"

But Ceres was then a thousand miles off, making the corn grow in some far-distant country. No sooner did Persephone begin to cry out, than the stranger leaped to the ground, caught the child in his arms, mounted the chariot, and shouted to the four black horses to set off. They immediately broke into so swift a gallop that it seemed rather like flying through the air than running along the earth.

As they rode, the stranger did his best to soothe Persephone. "Why are you so frightened, my pretty child?" said he trying to soften his rough voice. "I promise not to do you any harm. Wait till we come to my palace, and I will give you a garden full of prettier flowers than those, all made of pearls and

diamonds and rubies. They call my name Pluto, and I am king of diamonds and all other precious stones. Do you see this splendid crown upon my head? You may have it for a plaything. Oh, we shall be very
5 good friends, and you will find me more agreeable than you expect, when once we get out of this troublesome sunshine."

"Let me go home!" cried Persephone. "Let me go home!"

10 "My home is better than your mother's," answered King Pluto. "It is a palace, all made of gold, with crystal windows. You never saw anything half so magnificent as my throne. If you like, you may sit down on it, and be my little queen, and I will sit on
15 the footstool."

"I don't care for golden palaces and thrones," sobbed Persephone. "Oh, my mother, my mother! Carry me back to my mother!"

But King Pluto only shouted to his steeds to go
20 faster. "Pray, do not be foolish, Persephone," said he. "I offer you my palace and my crown, and all the riches that are under the earth. The one thing which my palace needs is a merry little maid, to run upstairs and down, and cheer up the rooms
25 with her smile. And that is what you must do for me."

"Never!" answered Persephone. "I shall never smile again till you set me down at my mother's door." But she might just as well have talked to

the wind, for Pluto urged on his horses, and went faster than ever.

King Pluto had taken a road which now began to grow exceedingly gloomy. It was bordered on each side by rocks and precipices, between which the chariot wheels rattled with a noise like rolling thunder. But the darker it grew, the more did Pluto's face have a look of satisfaction.

"Ah, this twilight is truly refreshing," said King Pluto, "after being so tormented with that ugly glare of the sun. It will be a wonderful sight when we get to my palace."

"Is it much farther?" asked Persephone. "And will you carry me back home when I have seen it?"

"We will talk of that by-and-by," answered Pluto. "Do you see that tall gateway before us? When we pass those gates, we are at home. And there lies my faithful mastiff at the threshold. Cerberus! Cerberus! Come hither, my good dog!"

So saying, Pluto pulled at the reins, and stopped the chariot right between the tall, massive pillars of the gateway. The mastiff got up from the threshold, and stood on his hind legs, so as to put his fore paws on the chariot wheel. But what a strange dog it was.

Why, he was a big, rough, ugly-looking monster with three separate heads, and each of them fiercer than the other two; but, fierce as they were, King

Pluto patted all of them. He seemed as fond of his three-headed dog as if it had been a sweet little spaniel with silken ears and curly hair. Cerberus, on the other hand, was glad to see his master, and showed his joy, as other dogs do, by wagging his tail at a great rate.

"Will the dog bite me?" asked Persephone, shrinking closer to Pluto. "What an ugly creature he is!"

"Oh, never fear," answered her companion. "He never harms people unless they try to enter my kingdom without being sent for, or to get away when I wish to keep them here. Down, Cerberus! Now my pretty Persephone, we will drive on."

On went the chariot, and King Pluto seemed greatly pleased to find himself once more in his own kingdom. He drew Persephone's attention to the rich veins of gold there were to be seen among the rocks, and pointed to several places where one stroke of a pickaxe would loosen a bushel of diamonds. All along the road, indeed, there were sparkling gems, which would have been of untold value above ground, but which here were hardly worth a beggar's stooping for.

Not far from the gateway, they came to a bridge, which seemed to be built of iron. Pluto stopped the chariot, and bade Persephone look at the stream which was gliding so lazily beneath it. Never in her life had she beheld such a black, muddy-looking stream. Its waters reflected no images of anything

that was on the banks, and it moved as sluggishly as if it had quite forgotten which way it ought to flow, and had rather stay still than flow either one way or the other.

5 “This is the river Lethe,” observed King Pluto. “Is it not a very pleasant stream?”

“I think it is a very dismal one,” said Persephone.

“It suits my taste, however,” answered Pluto, who was apt to be sullen when anybody disagreed with
10 him. “At all events, its water has one excellent quality; for a single draught of it makes people forget every care and sorrow. Only a little sip of it, my dear Persephone, and you will instantly cease to grieve for your mother. I will send for some, in
15 a golden goblet the moment we arrive.”

“Oh, no, no, no!” cried Persephone, weeping afresh. “I had a thousand times rather be miserable with remembering my mother than be happy in forgetting her. My dear, dear mother! I never, never
20 will forget her!”

“We shall see,” said King Pluto. “You do not know what fine times we shall have in my palace. Here we are just at the entrance. These pillars are solid gold, I assure you.”

25 He alighted from the chariot, and taking Persephone in his arms, carried her up a lofty flight of steps into the great hall of the palace. It was splendidly lighted by means of large precious stones of various hues, which seemed to burn like so many

lamps and glowed with radiance all through the vast apartment. And yet there was a kind of gloom in the midst of the light; nor was there a single object in the hall that was agreeable to behold, except the
5 little Persephone herself, with one earthly flower which she had not let fall from her hand. It is my opinion that even King Pluto had never been happy in his palace, and this was the reason why he had stolen Persephone, in order that he might have some-
10 thing to love, instead of cheating his heart any longer with his tiresome riches.

Pluto now summoned his servants and bade them lose no time in preparing a most sumptuous banquet and, above all things, not to fail of setting a golden
15 goblet of the water of Lethe by Persephone's plate.

"I will neither drink that nor anything else," said Persephone. "Nor will I taste a morsel of food, even if you keep me forever in your palace."

"I should be sorry for that," replied King Pluto,
20 "but when you see the nice things which my cook will make for you, your appetite will quickly come again."

Then, sending for the head cook, he gave strict orders that all sorts of delicacies should be set before Persephone. He had a secret motive in this; for,
25 when persons are carried off to the land of magic, if they once taste any food there, they can never get back to their friends.

II. *Ceres Goes on a Journey*

When Mother Ceres alighted at the door of her

home that evening she found it empty. Knowing, however, that the child was fond of sporting on the seashore, she hastened thither as fast as she could, and there beheld the wet faces of the poor sea-nymphs peeping over a wave. All this while the good creatures had been waiting on the bank of sponge and, once every half minute or so, had popped up their heads above water, to see if their playmate were yet coming back.

10 When they saw Mother Ceres, they sat down on the crest of the surf wave, and let it toss them ashore at her feet.

"Where is Persephone?" cried Ceres. "Where is my child? Tell me, you naughty sea-nymphs, have
15 you enticed her under the sea?"

"Oh, no, good Mother Ceres," said the sea-nymphs, tossing back their green ringlets and looking her in the face. "We never should dream of such a thing. Persephone has been playing with us, it is true, but
20 she left us a long while ago to run a little way upon the dry land and gather some flowers for a wreath. This was early in the day, and we have seen nothing of her since."

Ceres scarcely waited to hear what the nymphs
25 had to say, before she hurried off to make inquiries all through the neighborhood. But nobody told her anything that could enable the poor mother to guess what had become of Persephone. A fisherman, it is true, had noticed her little footprints in the sand, as

he went homeward along the beach with a basket of fish.

A farmer had seen the child stooping to gather flowers; several persons had heard either the rattling of chariot wheels or the rumbling of distant thunder; and one old woman, while picking catnip, had heard a scream, but supposed it to be some childish nonsense, and therefore did not take the trouble to look up. It was dark before Mother Ceres found
10 out that she must seek her daughter elsewhere. So she lighted a torch, and set out, resolving never to come back until Persephone was found.

She had not gone far before she found one of the wonderful flowers which grew on the shrub that
15 Persephone had pulled up.

"Ha!" thought Mother Ceres, examining it by torchlight. "Here is mischief in this flower! The earth did not produce it by any help of mine. It is the work of enchantment, and is therefore poison-
20 ous; and perhaps it has poisoned my poor child."

All night long, at the door of every cottage and farmhouse, Ceres knocked, and called up the weary laborers to inquire if they had seen the child. At the portal of every palace, too, she made so loud a summons that the guards hurried to throw open the gate.
25 But nobody had seen Persephone, nor could give Mother Ceres the least hint which way to seek her.

And thus Mother Ceres went wandering about for nine long days and nights, finding no trace of Per-

sephone. All day she traveled onward through the hot sun; and at night, again, the flame of the torch would redden and gleam along the pathway, and then she would continue her search by its light, without ever sitting down to rest.

At last, as she traveled along, a thought struck Ceres. "There is one person," she exclaimed, "who must have seen my poor child, and can doubtless tell what has become of her. Why did I not think of him before? It is Phœbus."

By-and-by, after a long journey, she arrived at the sunniest spot in the whole world. There she beheld a beautiful young man, with long ringlets, which seemed to be made of golden sunbeams. His garments were light summer clouds; and his face was so exceedingly bright that Ceres held her hands before her eyes.

As Ceres approached him, Phœbus smiled on her cheerfully, but Ceres was too earnest in her grief either to know or care whether Phœbus smiled or frowned.

"Phœbus," exclaimed she, "I am in very great trouble, and have come to you for help. Can you tell me what has become of my dear child, Persephone?"

"Persephone! Persephone, did you call her name?" answered Phœbus. "Ah, yes, I remember her now. I am happy to tell you, my dear madam, that I did see the little Persephone not many days ago. You

may make yourself perfectly easy about her. She is safe and in excellent hands."

- "Oh, where is my dear child?" cried Ceres, clasping her hands and flinging herself at his feet.

5 "Why," said Phœbus, "as the little damsel was gathering flowers, she was suddenly snatched up by King Pluto, and carried off to his dominions. I have never been in that part of the universe; but the royal palace, I am told, is built of the most splendid materials. Gold, diamonds, pearls, and all manner of
10 precious stones will be your daughter's playthings. In spite of the lack of sunshine, she will lead a very happy life."

"Hush! Say not such a word!" answered Ceres.
15 "What are the splendors you speak of without love? I must have her back again. Will you go with me to demand my daughter of this wicked Pluto?"

"Pray excuse me," replied Phœbus. "I am not upon the best of terms with King Pluto. To tell the
20 truth, his three-headed mastiff would never let me pass the gateway; for I should be compelled to take a sheaf of sunbeams along with me, and those, you know, are forbidden in Pluto's kingdom."

Mother Ceres had now found out what had become
25 of her daughter, but she was not a whit happier than before. Her case, on the contrary, looked more desperate than ever. As long as Persephone was above ground there might have been hopes of regaining her. But now that the poor child was shut up within

the iron gates of the king of the mines, there seemed no possibility of her ever making her escape.

Poor Mother Ceres! It is sad to think of her, pursuing her toilsome way all alone, and holding up the
5 never-dying torch, the flame of which seemed an emblem of the grief and hope that burned together in her heart. She suffered so much that, although her appearance had been quite youthful when her troubles began, she grew to look like an elderly per-
10 son in a very brief time. She cared not how she was dressed, nor had she ever thought of flinging away the wreath of withered poppies, which she put on the morning of Persephone's disappearance. She roamed about in so wild a way, and with her hair so
15 unkempt, that people took her for some distracted creature, and never dreamed that this was Mother Ceres, who had the oversight of every seed that the husbandman planted.

Nowadays, however, she gave herself no trouble
20 about seed-time nor harvest, but left the crops to fade or flourish, as the case might be. The farmers ploughed and planted as usual; but there lay the rich black furrows, all as barren as a desert of sand. The pastures looked as brown in the sweet month of June
25 as they ever did in chill November. The rich man's broad acres and the cottager's small garden patch were equally blighted. Every little girl's flower bed was filled with dry stalks.

The old people shook their white heads and said

that the earth had grown aged like themselves and was no longer capable of wearing the warm smile of summer on its face. It was really piteous to see the poor, starving cattle and sheep, how they followed
5 behind Ceres, lowing and bleating, as if they expected help from her; and everybody that knew her power besought her to have mercy on the human race and to let the grass grow.

"Never!" said she. "If the earth is ever again to
10 see any verdure, it must first grow along the path which my daughter will tread in coming back to me."

III. *Mercury Finds Persephone*

Finally the messenger, Mercury, was sent to King Pluto, in hopes that he might be persuaded to undo the mischief he had done, by giving up Persephone.
15 Mercury made his way to the great gate, took a flying leap right over the three-headed mastiff and stood at the door of the palace in a remarkably short time.

The servants knew him by his face and cloak, and
20 his winged cap and shoes, for they had often seen him in times gone by. Pluto, who heard his voice from the top of the stairs, and who loved to refresh himself with Mercury's merry talk, called out to him to come up.

25 Persephone had declared, as you remember, that she would not taste a mouthful of food as long as she was compelled to remain in King Pluto's palace.

It was now six months since she left the outside of the earth; and not a morsel had yet passed between her teeth.

All this time the little damsel was not quite so unhappy as you may have supposed. The immense palace had a thousand rooms, and was full of beautiful and wonderful objects. There was a never-ceasing gloom, it is true, but wherever the girl went among those gilded halls and chambers it seemed as if she scattered sunshine and dewy blossoms on her right hand and on her left.

"My own little Persephone," Pluto used to say, "I wish you could like me a little better. If you would only stay with me of your own accord, it would make me happier than a hundred such palaces as this."

"Ah," said Persephone, "you should have tried to make me like you before carrying me off. And the best thing you can do now is to let me go again. Then I might remember you sometimes, and think that you were as kind as you knew how to be. Perhaps, too, one day or other, I might come back and pay you a visit."

"No, no," answered Pluto, with his gloomy smile, "I will not trust you for that. You are too fond of living in the broad daylight, and gathering flowers. What an idle and childish taste that is! Are not these gems prettier than violets?"

"Not half so pretty," said Persephone, snatching

the gems from Pluto's hand and flinging them to the other end of the hall. "Oh, my sweet violets, shall I never see you again?"

And then she burst into tears. But when she turned about and beheld this great king standing in his splendid hall and looking so grand and so lonesome, she was filled with a kindly pity. She ran to him and, for the first time in all her life, put her small soft hand in his.

10 "I love you a little," whispered she, looking up in his face.

"Do you, indeed, my dear child?" cried Pluto, bending his dark face down to kiss her; but Persephone shrank away from the kiss, for though his 15 features were noble, they were very dusky and grim.

"Well, I have not deserved it of you, after keeping you a prisoner for so many months, and starving you besides. Are you not terribly hungry? Is 20 there nothing which I can get you to eat?"

"No, indeed," said Persephone. "I have no appetite for anything in the world, unless it were a slice of bread of my mother's own baking, or a little fruit out of her garden."

25 Wondering that he had never thought of it before, the king now sent one of his trusty attendants, with a large basket to get some of the finest and juiciest pears, peaches and plums which could be found anywhere in the upper world. Unfortunately, however,

this was during the time when Ceres had forbidden any fruits or vegetables to grow; and, after seeking all over the earth, King Pluto's servant found only a single pomegranate, and that so dried up as to be not
5 worth eating. Nevertheless, since there was no better to be had, he brought this dry, old withered pomegranate home to the palace, put it on a golden salver and carried it to Persephone. Now it happened, curiously enough, that just as the servant
10 was bringing the pomegranate in the back door of the palace, our friend Mercury had gone up the front steps, on his errand to get Persephone away from King Pluto.

As soon as Persephone saw the pomegranate on
15 the golden salver, she told the servant he had better take it away again.

"I shall not touch it, I assure you," said she. "If I were ever so hungry, I should never think of eating such a miserable dry pomegranate as that."

20 "It is the only one in the world," said the servant. He set down the golden salver, with the shriveled pomegranate upon it, and left the room. When he had gone, Persephone could not help coming close to the table and looking at this poor dried fruit. This
25 was the first fruit she had seen there, and the last she was ever likely to see; and unless she ate it up immediately, it would grow dryer than it already was.

"At least, I may smell it," thought Persephone.

So she took up the pomegranate and held it to her nose. Before Persephone knew what she was about, her teeth had actually bitten it of their own accord.

5 Just as this fatal deed was done, the door of the apartment opened, and in came King Pluto, followed by Mercury, who had been urging him to let his little prisoner go.

"Persephone," said the king, "here is Mercury, 10 who tells me that a great many misfortunes have befallen innocent people on account of my keeping you in my kingdom. I hoped you would take my crown for a plaything, but I can see plainly enough that you think my palace a prison, and me the iron-hearted 15 keeper of it. An iron heart I should surely have if I could detain you here any longer, my poor child, when it is now six months since you tasted food. I give you your liberty. Go with Mercury. Hasten home to your dear mother."

20 "Come along quickly," whispered Mercury in her ear, "or his majesty may change his mind. And take care, above all things, that you say nothing of what was brought you on the golden salver."

In a very short time they had passed the great 25 gateway (leaving the three-headed Cerberus, barking and yelping and growling, with threefold din, behind them) and came out upon the surface of the earth.

It was delightful to behold, as Persephone has-

tened along, how the path grew green behind and on either side of her. Wherever she set her foot, there was at once a dewy flower. The violets gushed up along the wayside. The grass and the grain began
5 to sprout. The starved cattle immediately set to work grazing, after their long fast, and ate all day, and got up at midnight to eat more. All the birds in the whole world hopped about upon the blossoming trees, and sang together in a transport
10 of joy.

Mother Ceres had returned to her deserted home, and was sitting sadly on the doorstep, with her torch burning in her hand. She had been watching the flame for some moments, when all at once it flickered
15 and went out.

"What does this mean?" thought she. "It is an enchanted torch and should keep burning till my child comes back."

Lifting her eyes, she was surprised to see a sudden
20 verdure springing in the brown and barren fields.

"Does the earth disobey me?" exclaimed Mother Ceres. "Does it presume to be green, when I have bidden it be barren until my daughter shall be re-
25 stored to me?"

"Then open your arms, dear mother," cried a well-known voice, "and take your little daughter into them."

And Persephone came running and flung herself

upon her mother's bosom. The grief of their separation had caused both of them to shed a great many tears; and now they shed a great many more, because their joy could not so well express itself in
5 any other way.

When their hearts had grown a little more quiet, Mother Ceres looked at Persephone for a moment and said:

"My child, did you taste any food while you were
10 in King Pluto's palace?"

"Dearest mother," answered Persephone, "I will tell you the whole truth. Until this very morning, not a morsel of food had passed my lips. But to-day they brought me a pomegranate. It was a very dry
15 one and all shriveled up till there was little left of it but seeds and skin, but having seen no fruit for so long a time, I was tempted to bite it. The instant I tasted it, King Pluto and Mercury came into the room. I had not swallowed a morsel; and, dear
20 mother, I hope there was no harm in it, but six of the pomegranate seeds, I am afraid, remained in my mouth."

"Ah, unfortunate child!" exclaimed Ceres. "For each of those six pomegranate seeds you must spend
25 one month of every year in King Pluto's palace. You are but half restored to your mother. Only six months with me, and six months with the King of Darkness!"

"Poor King Pluto," said Persephone. "I really

think I can bear to spend six months in his palace, if he will only let me spend the other six with you. He certainly did very wrong to carry me off; but then, as he says, it was a dismal sort of life for him in that great gloomy place, all alone; and it has made a wonderful change in his spirits to have a little girl to run up-stairs and down. There is some comfort in making him happy; and so, upon the whole, dearest mother, let us be thankful that he is not to keep me the whole year through."

THE STUDY OF THE STORY

Pictures to see from your silent reading. The story of Persephone presents many unusual pictures. After you have read each section silently, try to create pictures in your mind:

I. Persephone Is Stolen Away. Let us follow in imagination little Persephone:

1. As she plays with the sea-nymphs—how do they amuse themselves?

2. As she gathers flowers—what is marvelous about the flowering shrub? How do you think it came to be there?

3. As she rides away in the golden chariot—what about the horses and the driver frightens her?

4. As she enters King Pluto's kingdom—what is strange about the road? the dog? the river? the palace? How is Persephone treated?

II. Ceres Goes on a Journey. Let us follow Ceres in her search for Persephone:

1. By the seashore—what does she learn from the nymphs? from the peasants?

2. Through the night—what lights her path? Where does she go?

3. To Phœbus—how does he look? Why will he give her no help?

4. Over the earth—how does Ceres change because of her grief? What changes take place in the earth?

III. Mercury Finds Persephone. Let us follow Mercury in his errand of helpfulness:

1. To the palace of Pluto—how do the servants know him? Why is he welcome?

2. To the apartment of Persephone—what is she doing as he enters? Why is this deed fatal?

3. To the home of Ceres—what are the signs that precede the return of Persephone? What is henceforth to happen each year to Persephone? What is to happen each year to the earth?

Words to use. Use these words in sentences. Look in the Glossary for those you do not know:

I. sea-nymphs, luster, staggered, rumbling, beckoned, chariot, soothe.

II. precipices, mastiff, threshold, glare, massive, sumptuous, banquet.

III. surf, catnip, portal, dominions, desperate, furrows, blighted, verdure, pomegranate, fatal, befallen, innocent, salver, transport, presume, shriveled, dismal.

Words to pronounce. The Glossary will help you to pronounce these names: Pluto, Ceres, Phœbus, Persephone, Lethe, Cerberus, Mercury.

Library hour. Many of the old Greek tales have been beautifully retold by Nathaniel Hawthorne in the *Wonderbook* and in *Tanglewood Tales*. How many of these stories do you know: *The Gorgon's Head*; *The Golden Touch*; *The Three Golden Apples*; *The Miraculous Pitcher*; *The Winged Horse*; *The Golden Fleece*?

There is a beautiful edition of the *Wonder-book* with colored pictures by Walter Crane. Perhaps you can find this book at the Library.



DAINTY LITTLE MAIDEN

ALFRED TENNYSON

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander?

Whither from this pretty home, the home where
mother dwells?

“Far and far away,” said the dainty little maiden,

“All among the gardens, auriculas, anemones,

5 Roses and lilies and Canterbury bells.”

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander?

Whither from this pretty house, this city house of
ours?

“Far and far away,” said the dainty little maiden,

“All among the meadows, the clover and the cle-
matis,

10 Daisies and kingcups and honeysuckle flowers.”

WONDERFUL BOOKS FOR HOME READING

Old, old wonder tales of Greece, Arabia, Japan and the northern countries are listed below. How many of these books do you know?

<i>In the Days of Giants</i>	Brown
<i>Wonder-book</i>	Hawthorne
<i>Tanglewood Tales</i>	Hawthorne
<i>The Heroes</i>	Kingsley
<i>Arabian Nights' Entertainment</i>	Wiggin
<i>Blue Fairy Book</i>	Lang
<i>Yellow Fairy Book</i>	Lang
<i>Japanese Fairy Tales</i>	Williston
<i>Household Stories</i>	Grimm
<i>Fairy Tales</i>	Andersen

Some delightful books of modern wonder tales are these:

<i>The Princess and the Goblin</i>	MacDonald
<i>Wonderful Adventures of Nils</i>	Lagerlof
<i>Just-So Stories</i>	Kipling
<i>Wonder Clock</i>	Pyle
<i>Brownies and Other Tales</i>	Ewing
<i>The Rose and the Ring</i>	Thackeray
<i>Granny's Wonderful Chair</i>	Browne

The following books contain interesting fanciful poems:

<i>A Child's Second Book of Poetry</i>	Baker
<i>Posy Ring</i>	Wiggin and Smith
<i>Riley Fairy Tales</i>	Riley
<i>Fairies and Chimneys</i>	Fyleman
<i>With Trumpet and Drum</i>	Field

Two books of fairy plays for acting are these:

<i>Fairy Tale Plays</i>	Bell
<i>Four Plays for Children</i>	Sidgwick



BOYS AND GIRLS OF MANY COUNTRIES

You shall read here of boys and girls in many countries,—some of them in America and others far across the ocean in Europe: of Jimmy Ferris, who found himself alone with the Indians in the “Magic Forest” up in Canada; of Hiawatha, who built the Birch Canoe by the rushing Taquamenaw; of Lucy Gray, the English maid, who was lost in a snow-storm; of August Strehla, the Austrian boy, who traveled in a porcelain stove.

Some of these boys and girls have lived only in the fancy of the author; others have lived in fact. But all of them, from Longfellow’s little daughters, “grave Alice, laughing Allegra and Edith with golden hair,” to Elizabeth Ann, who fails in an examination, are real boys and girls who think and feel and act much as you would under the same circumstances.

A DAY WITH THE INDIANS¹

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Jimmy Ferris, although he did not know it, was a sleep walker. One cold night, as he was traveling with his parents from New York to California by the Canadian Pacific Railway, the engine paused for a moment on the slippery rails; and Jimmy, dreaming that he was on his way to discover the North Pole, stepped from the sleeping car.

When he awoke, he found himself on the banks of a swift stream surrounded by trees white with snow. Little Jimmy at once concluded that he was living a fairy-tale, and that this must be the Magic Forest. This story is from the book called *The Magic Forest*.

I. *Shooting the Rapids*

Above the little stone beach on which he stood, the river boiled and tumbled and whirled down a slope strewn with big and little boulders. The water was broken into foam, slid in a smooth green apron, 5 twisted in savage eddies. The pool before him was filled with white froth. And Jimmy was a very lonesome little boy in a great, strange place.

Suddenly at the extremity of the vista something sprang into view and came shooting down the hurried waters. It stopped abruptly, worked jerkingly 10

¹ Reprinted from *The Magic Forest*, by Stewart Edward White, by special arrangement with the Macmillan Company.

sideways, to slant with terrific impetus across the smooth apron. Jimmy's eyes made out a canoe, a birch-bark canoe of bright yellow with up-curved bows, of the sort he had seen pictures of in his father's Parkman. It contained two men.

As the canoe leaped nearer and nearer, the men came more plainly into view. Their bold, copper-colored faces were set in rigid lines, their beady black eyes were fixed on the difficulties of the descent, their sinewy brown hands wielded long paddles whose blades were colored red. Both wore their hair long about their necks and over their ears, and bound it in place by bands about their foreheads.

Even before the boy's eyes had sensed these things, the craft had reached a spot where the current divided about a great boulder to tumble over a sunken ledge in a cataract. The men rose to their knees and thrust at their paddles in one superhuman effort. The canoe quivered, jumped sideways, shot forward just to clear the boulder, and rushed on the cataract.

"Ae! hi, hi, hi-yah!" shrieked the men in an ecstasy.

The craft leaped directly out in the air. A smother of spray arose. It floated peacefully in the eddy of the pool.

Another canoe appeared, another, then two, all rushing down the current, all taking the leap. The air was full of shoutings, of laughter. Some set to work at once bailing water, others looked eagerly

up-stream to watch their successors shoot the rapids. Almost instantly, as it seemed, the empty place was alive.

And the little boy, shivering in the shadow of the
5 wood, shivered still more with mingled terror and
delight; for now he saw that these were Indians, the
wild Indians of the woods, of a hundred years ago,
whose wigwams had given place to the New York
he knew, about whom his father had read to him in
10 Cooper—come back from the mysterious past to
traverse the Magic Forest. He was frightened, and
yet he was glad. They were Indians, and yet they
looked kind. He did not know whether to flee or
whether to reveal himself and ask for aid.

15 The trouble of a decision was saved him, however.
The keen eyes of the savages did not long overlook
him. Instantly he was surrounded by a curious
group, eager to know the meaning of his appearance.

The strange, handsome men in moccasins talked
20 to one another in beautiful singing syllables; then an
old man knelt before him.

"You get los'?" he asked.

Jimmy only stared. You see he really did not
know himself.

25 "Where you liv'?"

"New York," replied Jimmy.

"New Yo'k," they repeated to one another, puzzled. They thought they knew the place, for far up
on the shores of the Hudson Bay is a fur-trading

post called York Factory. But how did this child come to be here?

"You go dere now?" inquired the old Indian after a moment. Then he spoke swiftly to his companions.

5 "You wan' go to York?" he asked.

"Yes! Yes!" cried Jimmy.

"A' right," replied the Indian.

"Is it far?" asked Jimmy.

"Ver' far."

10 In the meantime a little fire had been built, over which already a tin pail was bubbling. After a moment the Indian gave Jimmy a tin cup.

"Drink him," said he.

It was tea, coal-black, red-hot, without sugar and
15 cream. Jimmy had never been allowed to drink tea at home, but he gulped this down, almost scalding his throat in the process, and at once felt better. While thus engaged, other Indians came through the woods, bearing heavy packs by means of straps
20 passed across their foreheads. Other canoes, managed no less skilfully by women, shot the rapids. Children, half-grown youths, girls, dogs, joined the group. A soft lisp of excited conversation arose.

Old Makwa, the Indian who had questioned
25 Jimmy, told them what he had learned. It was surmised that the boy had become homesick and had started for York Factory on foot, ignorant of the length of the journey; or perhaps that he had been lost from a party already well on its way toward that

distant post. The band had just been in to trade its furs at Chapleau. It could not return south.

Makwa cut the discussion short. There was occasion for haste. He bundled thinly-clad little Jimmy in a robe and placed him gently in the waist of his canoe. The boy was well with them. Later, perhaps, when they returned to Chapleau in the fall—

He thrust the canoe strongly into the current. It shot away. Ah-kik, the bowsman, headed it down-stream. The paddles dipped.

And now indeed, although he did not for a moment suspect the fact, little Jimmy Ferris was setting out on the Long Trail.

II. *Shooting the Deer*

The rabbit skin was very light and warm and soft. Jimmy snuggled down in it, and half dreamily watched the banks of the river slip past. The tea had made him sleepy. He saw the Magic Forest through a haze, and the great trees and the little trooped by solemnly like an army with banners. Before him the lithe bowsman swung his paddle tirelessly. The whispering swish, swish of the water lulled him. At this early moment in a strange adventure little Jimmy might have fallen sound asleep had not a diversion aroused him.

The leading canoe suddenly stopped short, worked noiselessly sideways, and came to rest against the bank. The other canoes joined it. No word was

spoken, and Jimmy was warned by an expressive gesture to keep silent. After a moment Ah-kik, the bowsman, drew from a long greasy case a musket bound in brass. The canoe crept forward around
5 the bend.

Not a drip of water broke the stillness. Makwa, although Jimmy could not see him, was still paddling without raising the paddle from the water. To the little boy's imagination the craft seemed suddenly
10 like a wind vane he had watched from his windows—turning to right, to left, swimming across the cloud-strewn ether as though guided by a will of its own.

Something exciting was going on. He did not know what it was, but his eyes grew large and bright,
15 and he held himself so still as hardly to breathe.

Now it became evident that the canoe was quietly but steadily approaching a certain point on the shore where a little sandy beach and a grass plot interposed between the forest and river. A broad maple
20 tree rose just outside the edge of the woods, under which lay a deep shadow backed by the dusk of the forest. Nearer and nearer the canoe crept. And then suddenly, as though it had been evoked by the wave of a magician's wand, Jimmy saw that the
25 deep maple shadow had a living tenant.

And even then he could not realize that he looked on a deer. This had the graceful shape of the creature, to be sure, but it was so exactly the color of the maple shadow that it seemed to be the ghost of a

deer, as though one could see through it as through a clouded glass.

The excitement in Jimmy's little breast was intense. His heart thumped, his breath caught in his throat, and in spite of his best efforts he trembled all over as though with a violent chill. Each moment he expected to see the deer run away. But still the canoe slipped silently forward as idly as a leaf wafted thither by the wind. Then all at once, when
10 the prow was actually within a few feet of the bank, Jimmy was conscious of a violent trembling. Makwa had thrust his paddle down to stop the headway. Ah-kik, without abrupt motions, raised the brass-bound musket.

15 A sudden roar broke forth, a cloud of white smoke enveloped the bow, the canoe leaped backward like a spirited horse.

Makwa dropped the paddle aboard with a clatter and stretched his arms. Ah-kik called back something in his natural voice. From around the bend
20 streamed a flotilla of canoes.

Jimmy leaped ashore with his companions, fully prepared to exult over a dead deer. What was his disappointment to discover only four deep, sharp
25 footprints where the animal had leaped. Evidently the shot had failed.

But Jimmy had still a long way to go before his woodcraft should be complete. He did not know that Ah-kik could tell by the way the deer carried its tail

whether or not the animal was wounded, and how badly. And so he was much surprised when two of the young men returned after some minutes carrying the venison.

5 In the bustle of making camp Jimmy was for some time unnoticed. Certain of the men cut up dry wood. Old women swiftly built little fires of birch, touchwood, bark, and twigs. Even the little children busily collected and carried in the wood chopped by
10 the men. The deer was quickly skinned and cut up. Pots bubbled and steamed over little fires. Dogs yelped with delight as bits of flesh were tossed them.

Then when the first tasks were over, he was surrounded. The younger children stared at him wide-
15 eyed, the older teased him; but as he did not understand what they said, this did not worry him in the least. One handsome little fellow slightly older than himself smiled at him, and when Jimmy smiled back, he promptly drove the others away. Then he squat-
20 ted on his heels at Jimmy's side.

"Minne-qua-gun," said he, picking up a tin cup. And so Jimmy learned his first Indian word.

This was a new and delightful occupation. To speak real Indian words was an art which Jimmy
25 would have revered in another. And here was a chance to learn for himself. He memorized "tschimon," the canoe; and "ah-boo-e," the paddle; and "ah-gah-quit," the axe. Then he resolved to find out something useful to himself. He hugged his arms

close about his chest, shivering violently, and looked inquiringly toward his companion, whose name was Taw-kwo.

"Kss ina," said Taw-kwo at once.

5 Jimmy immediately ran to old Makwa, who was smoking a pipe on a fallen tree.

"Kss ina," said he, pointing to his thin night-dress and his bare shins. "Kss ina, kss ina!"

Makwa laughed, his fine old face wrinkling in a
10 hundred deep little lines. He called sharply. An old woman came forward. Makwa spoke a few words to her, whereupon she went away for some moments, only to return bearing a bundle wrapped in canvas which she laid at Makwa's feet.

15 The bundle when opened was found to contain a variety of things. Makwa picked out a little deer-skin shirt, a pair of blue leggings made of stroud, two squares of blanketlike material, and a pair of deerskin moccasins.

20 The squares he wrapped about Jimmy's feet in place of socks, the leggings he bound with a pair of heavily beaded garters, the deerskin shirt he slipped on deftly, and fastened with a worsted sash. When arrayed in them, the little boy was too happy
25 to sit still.

But now the meal was cooked, Jimmy discovered that he was very hungry. He sat with a group of women and children, and accepted thankfully his share of venison, fish, and tea. A little girl sat next

to him, a pretty little brown thing with big, soft eyes. She gazed at him solemnly during the meal.

At last he nodded and smiled at her, whereupon she showed all her teeth in the prettiest fashion in the world. Jimmy, with a full stomach, began to feel very contented. The sun was warm, the people about him looked on him kindly, this open-air meal under the greenwood trees was thrilling to his young imagination.

III. *The Evening Camp*

10 That afternoon he was given a short paddle and set to work. Nor was the paddling a matter of play merely. When his wrists and shoulders became very tired, old Makwa sternly forbade him to rest. He was compelled to keep on, although his arms at times
15 seemed ready to drop off, and his efforts could certainly have added little to the speed of the canoe.

All the afternoon the canoes floated down the river. The shores glided by silently. Jimmy many times forgot the ache of his shoulders in the excitement of a swiftly vanishing wing, the mysterious
20 withdrawal of some brown spot that, in this manner only, proclaimed itself a forest creature.

Once a mink bobbed up for a moment on a piece of driftwood, and paused, its forefeet under its chin,
25 to stare at them as they glided by. Often the muskrats would be seen swimming in arrow-shaped ripples.

Once a slim, graceful animal of some size slipped from a rock ledge ahead. This the Indians thought important enough to discuss, gathering their canoes into one idly drifting bunch. For it was ni-gig, the otter, and the value of his pelt in the winter won him consideration.

Often squirrels crossed the river, steering themselves with their bushy tails. Makwa, noting the interest of the boy, good-naturedly extended his paddle to one of the little animals, whereupon, to Jimmy's vast delight, it scrambled up the paddle to the gunwale within two feet of his hand, where it sat resting for a moment, and then plunged into the water again.

About the middle of the afternoon the women's canoes were permitted to go ahead for the purpose of making camp, so that by the time the sun was low the men were enabled to draw ashore for the night. A number of little birch-bark shelters were already in place, the tiny fires were winking bravely, the dogs were squatted in a semicircle just at the edge of the brush awaiting their share of the meal.

Jimmy had never been so hungry in his life. He ate and ate until he could not cram down another mouthful, and he was almost too lazy to move over to the larger fire, or to hang up before the blaze his moccasins as did the others.

The flames leaped, making shadows on the Magic Forest. Over in its depths a night-bird began to

moan whip-poor-will. The dogs sat on their haunches blinking their eyes. Men smoked and laughed and talked. Women conversed in low voices. Little May-may-gwan sat beside him and held his hand.

5 After a long time Taw-kwo led him to a shelter in which was spread six inches of balsam browse. The Indian boy laid out the rabbit-skin robe. The balsam smelled good to Jimmy. His eyes grew heavier and heavier.

10 But he was not to sleep yet. Suddenly a tremendous row brought him to his feet. The dogs were clamoring, excited figures were running past the firelight. Jimmy thrust his feet into his moccasins and followed.

15 Down through the tangled forest the chase went pell-mell, the dogs always in the lead. Some of the Indians had snatched up torches. Stumbling, shouting, clambering, breathless, the multitude streamed through the silent dark. Then it bunched at a slim
20 tree about which the dogs were leaping frantically. Jimmy could distinguish a fierce-eyed dark animal, about the size of a dog, crouched in the branches. The little boy was still half asleep.

What followed was much confused. Something
25 dislodged the beast. It fell among the dogs. Immediately there was a great fight, in which the Indians seemed to be trying desperately to deliver a telling blow. Then it was all over. Two of the dogs were dead; from others blood was streaming. One

of the Indians was tying a bandage around the calf of his leg.

Back through the ancient forest filed the convoy with its prey. At the fireside Jimmy saw that the ⁵beast was powerful, blunt-nosed, with long claws. "Swing-wadge," replied Makwa to his look of inquiry.

Many years after Jimmy again saw one of them stuffed at the Sportsman's Show, and so knew that ¹⁰he had assisted at the killing of a carcajou, the fiercest fighting animal for its size in America. And thus closed what he always thought of afterward as his Wonderful Day.

THE STUDY OF THE STORY

Mind pictures after silent reading. Imagine yourself in the place of Jimmy Ferris, and try to see all that he saw.

I. Shooting the Rapids. As Jimmy stands alone on the stone beach and looks up the tumbling, whirling river, what suddenly springs into view? What bright colors does he see? Describe the shooting of the rapids.

How do the voices of the Indians sound as the canoe takes the leap? As they talk to one another about little Jimmy? What do they decide to do with him?

II. Shooting the Deer. How does little Jimmy feel as he slips down the river wrapped in rabbit skin? What soft sound lulls him? When do all sounds cease? How is the extreme silence broken?

What sounds do you distinguish in the bustle of preparing the noonday meal? What new words does Jimmy learn? Describe his Indian costume.

III. The Evening Camp. What strange creatures does Jimmy see from the canoe? Describe the evening camp. What soft sounds does Jimmy hear as he sits in the fire-light? Tell of the fierce fight that closed this wonderful day.

Words and phrases to study. The Glossary will help you to understand any of these words and phrases that you may not know:

I. boulders, extremity of the vista, terrific impetus, sinewy brown hands, cataract, super-human effort, in an ecstasy, traverse, shoot the rapids, surmised.

II. lithe bowsman, diversion, expressive gesture, cloud-strewn ether, interposed, wafted, flotilla of canoes, deftly.

III. pelt, gunwale, distinguish, convoy, carcajou, balsam browse.

Something to tell. Have you ever camped in a deep forest, and had an experience similar to one that Jimmy had? If you have, tell the class about it.

Something to write. Write the story of one adventure of Jimmy's day as you think he might have told it later to his mother and father.

More about Jimmy Ferris. Jimmy traveled with the Indians down the river to their summer camp, where through the long bright months the men fished and hunted and the women gathered berries. His many adventures with the red men and his return at last to the railroad, where he left his Indian friends as mysteriously as he had joined them, you may read about in the book from which this story comes, *The Magic Forest*.

Other stories about Indians. Other interesting stories about Indians are *Jack among the Indians*, by Grinnell; *The Childhood of Ji-Shib*, by Jenks; *Sinopah, the Indian Boy*, by Schultz; and *Two Arrows*, by Stoddard.

THE BUILDING OF THE CANOE

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

You have no doubt read the story of little Hiawatha who lived in the wigwam of Nokomis by the shining Big-Sea-Water. When Hiawatha grew to be a young hunter, he wished like every Indian youth to build a canoe. How the canoe was built, with the help of every tree in the forest you may read in these picturesque lines.

“Give me of your bark, O Birch-Tree,
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!

5 I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!

10 “Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!”

15 Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,
While the birds were singing gayly,

In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, "Behold me!
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!"

5 And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

 With his knife the tree he girdled;
10 Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
15 With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
20 **Make** more strong and firm beneath me!"

 Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
25 "Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"

 Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,

Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree!
3 My canoe to bind together.

So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the larch with all its fibres,
10 Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"

From the earth he tore the fibres,
15 Tore the tough roots of the Larch-Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
20 So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
25 Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"



And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.

5 "Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog;
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!"

10 From the hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,

15 "Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"
From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;
20 Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
25 In the valley by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;

And the forest's life was in it,
 All its mystery and its magic,
 All the lightness of the birch-tree,
 All the toughness of the cedar,
 5 All the larch's supple sinews;
 And it floated on the river
 Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
 Like a yellow water-lily.

THE STUDY OF THE POEM

Mind pictures from silent reading. Do you see Hiawatha at work on the canoe? Where is he? What sounds do you hear in the forest?

What help does Hiawatha get from the Birch, the Cedar, the Larch, the Fir, the Hedgehog?

Are you able to see the canoe floating on the river? Give three words that describe it. To what does the poet compare it?

Words to pronounce. The Glossary will help you to pronounce these Indian words: Cheemaun, Taquamenaw, Geezis, Kagh.

Words to explain. The Glossary gives the meaning of these words. Look for those you do not know: solitary, asunder, pliant, fibrous, resin, sombre, fissure, wrought, resplendent.

The poem. Prepare to read the poem aloud so as to make the class see Hiawatha in the forest. This poem has no rhyme, and yet there is a similarity in the ending of the lines. In what way are all these words alike: arrows, yellow, berries, girdle, necklace, river, forest, magic, cedar, autumn, lily?

Library hour. The complete poem of *Hiawatha* is very long, weaving into one story all the old and charming legends of Hiawatha's tribe. A thrilling story is the tale of Hiawatha's fishing, when he, in his birch canoe, meets Nahma, the King of Fishes. Perhaps some one in your class will find this amazing tale at the Library, and read or tell it to the class.

Three books that contain interesting legends and myths of the Indians are *Basket Woman*, by Mrs. Austin; *Wigwam Evenings*, by Eastman; and *Red Indian Fairy Book*, by Olcott.

The poet. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow lived in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Besides several very long story-telling poems, he has written many shorter songs. The poem, *The Children's Hour*, included in this section, was written about his own three little daughters. He is often called "The Children's Poet" because he loved children and wrote many poems that children like. His birthday on February 27 is a favorite memorial in the public schools of the country.

A volume called *The Children's Hour and Other Poems* contains many of Longfellow's simpler poems. Among the most popular of these are *Hiawatha*, *The Village Blacksmith*, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, *The Windmill*, *The Arrow and the Song*, *Daybreak*. *Daybreak* also is included in this volume.

THE PORCELAIN STOVE

LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE

Before the days of electric light and steam heat, the center of every household was the great stove. Modeled and carved by famous potters, the huge porcelain stoves of Europe were sometimes worth thousands of dollars. Such a stove belonged to the family of Karl Strehla, and was called by the children "Hirschvogel" from the great potter who designed it.

I. *The Household Idol*

In the little town of Hall in Austria there lived a few years ago a boy by the name of August Strehla. He had rosy cheeks and hazel eyes and nut-brown hair. His mother was dead, and his father was
5 very poor. There were other children in the home and the winters were long and cold so that it was hard to fill all the hungry mouths.

August was walking home one terribly cold night, carrying a jug with his numb red hands. The snow-
10 white mountains were beautiful with the star light shining upon them, but August was half frozen and very frightened. He kept saying over and over to cheer himself, "Soon I shall be home with dear Hirschvogel."

15 At last he came to his father's house. At his knock, the solid oak door, four centuries old if one,

flew open, and the boy darted in and shouted, "Oh, dear Hirschvogel, but for the thought of you I should have died!"

It was a large barren room into which he rushed
5 with so much pleasure, and the bricks were bare and uneven; but at the center of the room was a tower of porcelain, burnished with all the hues of a king's peacock and a queen's jewels, and surmounted with armed figures, and shields, and flowers of heraldry,
10 and a great golden crown at the summit of all.

It was a stove of 1532, and on it were the letters H. R. H., for it was the handwork of the great potter of Nurnberg, Augustin Hirschvogel. The stove no doubt had stood in palaces and been made for
15 princes. Yet perhaps it had never been more useful than it was now in this poor desolate room, sending down heat and comfort into the troop of children tumbled on a wolf-skin at its feet, who received frozen August among them with loud shouts of joy.
20 "Oh, dear Hirschvogel, I am so cold, so cold!" said August. "Is father not in, Dorothea?"

"No, dear. He is late."

Dorothea was a girl of seventeen, dark-haired and serious, and with a sweet sad face, for she had many
25 cares laid on her shoulders, even while still a mere baby. She was the eldest of the Strehla family, and there were ten of them in all. Next to her came three big lads gaining a little for their own living; and then came August, who went up in the summer



to the high Alps with the farmers' cattle, but in the winter could do nothing to fill his own little platter and pot; and then all the little ones who could only open their mouths to be filled like young birds, and last of all little three-year-old Ermengilda.

"Father says we are never to wait for him: we will have supper, now you have come home, August," said Dorothea, who, however she might fret in secret as she knitted their hose and mended their shirts, never cast a gloom over the children. Only to August she did speak a little sometimes because he was so thoughtful and tender of her always, and knew as well as she did that there were troubles about the money.

Supper was a huge bowl of soup, with big slices of brown bread swimming in it and some onions bobbing up and down. The bowl was soon emptied by ten wooden spoons, and the three eldest boys slipped off to bed, and Dorothea drew her spinning wheel by the stove and set it whirring. The little ones got August down on the old worn wolf-skin and begged him for a picture or a story, for August was the artist of the family.

He had a piece of planed deal that his father had given him, and some sticks of charcoal, and he would draw a hundred things he had seen in the day sweeping each out with his elbow when the children had seen enough of it and sketching another in its stead—faces and dogs' heads, and men in sledges and old

women in their furs, and pine-trees, and cocks and hens, and all sorts of animals, and now and then—very reverently—a madonna and child. It was all very rough for there was no one to teach him anything. But it was all life-like, and kept the whole troop of children shrieking with laughter, or watching breathless, with wide-open, wondering eyes.

“Tell us a story, August,” they cried, in chorus, when they had seen charcoal pictures till they were tired; and August did as he did every night, looked up at the stove and told them what he imagined of the many adventures and joys and sorrows of the being who figured on the panels.

To the children the stove was a household idol. In summer they laid a mat of fresh moss all round it, and dressed it up with green boughs and the numberless beautiful wild flowers of the Tyrol country. In winter all their joys centered in it, and scampering home from school over the ice and snow they were happy, knowing that they would soon be cracking nuts or roasting chestnuts in the broad ardent glow of its noble tower, which rose eight feet high above them with all its spires and pinnacles and crowns.

The stove was called Hirschvogel in the family, as if it were a living creature, and little August was very proud because he had been named after the famous man who had made so great a thing. All the children loved the stove, but August adored it.

He used to say to himself, "When I am a man, I will make just such things too, and then I will set Hirschvogel in a beautiful room. That is what I will do when I am a man."

5 When August had finished the story that he was telling on this night to the children, Dorothea said, "It is time for you all to go to bed. Father is very late home; you must not sit up for him."

"Oh, five minutes more, dear Dorothea," they
10 pleaded. "Hirschvogel is so warm, the beds are never so warm as he."

"It is only a week to Christmas," said August suddenly as if the thought had just occurred to him.

15 "Grandmother's big cakes!" chuckled Christof, who was five years old and who thought that Christmas meant a big cake and nothing else.

"Father Max has promised me a big goose, because I saved the calf's life in June," said August.
20 It was the twentieth time he had told them so that month, he was so proud of it.

"And Aunt Maila will be sure to send us honey and a barrel of flour; she always does," said Albrecht. Their Aunt Maila had a little farm over on
25 the green slopes.

"I shall go up into the woods and get Hirschvogel's crown," said August. They always crowned Hirschvogel for Christmas with pine boughs and ivy and mountain-berries. The heat soon withered the

crown; but it was a part of the celebration of the day that was especially dear to them.

They fell to chatting about Christmas and one little voice piped loud against another's, and they
5 were as happy as though their stockings would be full of golden purses and jeweled toys, and the big goose in the soup-pot seemed to them such a meal as kings might envy.

II. *Hirschvogel Is Sold*

In the midst of their laughter and chatter a blast
10 of frozen air and a spray of driven snow struck like ice through the room, and reached them even in the warmth of the old wolf-skins and the great stove. It was the door which had opened and let in the cold; it was their father who had come home.

15 The younger children ran joyously to meet him. Dorothea pushed the one wooden arm-chair of the room to the stove, and August flew to fill the long clay pipe, for the father was good to them all. Tonight, he responded very wearily to their welcome,
20 however, and seemed not to notice the pipe as he sank in the arm-chair.

"Take the children to bed," he said suddenly, and Dorothea obeyed. August stayed behind curled up by the stove. At nine years one is hardly a child,
25 he thought, especially when he earns money in the summer from the farmers.

After Dorothea came down from putting the chil-

dren to bed there was a long silence. August dropped asleep; Dorothea's wheel hummed like a cat. Suddenly the father struck his hand on the table.

5 "I have sold Hirschvogel," he said, and his voice was husky. The spinning wheel stopped.

August sprang erect out of his sleep. "Sold Hirschvogel!" he cried.

"I have sold Hirschvogel!" said Karl Strehla, in
10 the same husky, dogged voice. "I have sold it to a traveling trader in such things for two hundred florins. What would you? I owe double that. He saw it this morning when you were all out. He will pack it and take it to Munich to-morrow."

15 Dorothea gave a low shrill cry: "Oh, father! the children—in mid-winter!" She turned white as the snow without; her words died away in her throat.

August stood, half blind with sleep, staring with dazed eyes as his cattle stared at the sun when they
20 came out from their winter's prison. "It is not true! It is not true!" he muttered. "You are jesting, father?"

Strehla broke into a dreary laugh. "It is true. Would you like to know what is true too?—that the
25 bread you eat, and the meat you put in this pot, and the roof you have over your heads, are none of them paid for, have been none of them paid for, for months and months. Who can keep his head above water with ten hungry children dragging him down? Two

hundred florins, that is something. It will keep me out of prison for a little, and that is where I will soon be if I don't pay my debts."

August gave a shrill shriek and threw himself on his knees at his father's feet. "Oh, father, father," he cried, "you can not mean what you say? Send it away—our life, our sun, our joy, our comfort? We shall all die in the dark and the cold. Sell me rather. Sell me to any trade or pain you like; I will not mind. There must be something I could do, and I will beg the people we owe money to wait. They are all neighbors; they will be patient. But sell Hirschvogel!—oh, never! never! never! Give the florins back to the man."

Strehla was moved by the boy's bitter sorrow, but he was angry, too, and more provoked with himself than with any one else. He spoke harshly, "August, you rave like a play actor. Get up and go to bed. The stove is sold. There is no more to be said. Children like you have nothing to do with such matters. Be thankful I can get bread for you."

August sprang to his feet and threw his hair back from his face; the blood rushed into his cheeks making them scarlet; his great soft eyes flamed with anger:

"You dare not! you dare not sell it, I say! It is not yours alone; it is ours—"

Strehla staggered to his feet and for the first time struck August with his hand, knocking him to the

floor. He then stumbled out of the room with a cloud before his eyes.

"Oh, August," said Dorothea, "why did you speak so to our father? It was very wrong!"

5 "No, I was right," said August. "How dare he? How dare he? It is not his alone. It belongs to us all. It is as much yours and mine as it is his."

"Please come to bed, dear August," whispered Dorothea. "Do not lie here. In the morning you
10 will be calmer."

"Let me alone," said August through his teeth. "Let me alone. In the morning! how can you speak of the morning?"

"Oh, August, do not lie and look like that, you
15 frighten me. Do come to bed."

"I shall stay here."

"Here! all night!"

"They might take it away in the night."

"But it is cold! The fire is out."

20 "It will never be warm any more, nor shall we."

At last Dorothea had to give up and leave, and he stayed all the night long.

Very early in the morning there was a stamping and a pounding at the door. A strange voice called
25 aloud through the key-hole: "Let me in! Quick!—there is no time to lose! More snow like this and the roads will all be blocked. Let me in! Do you hear? I am come to take the great stove."

August sprang erect, his fists doubled, his eyes

blazing: "You shall never touch it," he screamed; "you shall never touch it!"

"Who shall prevent us?" laughed a big man amused at the fierce little figure in front of him.

5 "I!" said August. "You shall never touch it! You shall kill me first!"

"Strehla," said the big man, as August's father entered the room, "you have a little mad dog here; muzzle him."

10 One way and another four grown men did muzzle him although he fought like a little tiger to protect his beloved Hirschvogel. At last his father threw him with no gentle hand out the back door, and the men proceeded to take down and pack the porcelain
15 stove.

When Dorothea stole out to look for August, he was nowhere in sight. She went back and stood looking on with the other children, dimly understanding that Hirschvogel was going out of their
20 lives with all the light of their hearth. In a few moments it was gone—gone forever and aye, and the father held in his hand the two hundred florins.

III. *Hirschvogel Travels*

In the meantime August had stood still, sick and
25 faint against the back wall of the house. Into the court an old neighbor hobbled for water, and seeing the boy, said to him—

"Child, is it true that your father is selling the big painted stove?"

August nodded his head. "Well, for sure he is foolish, for the stove is worth a mint of money."

5 "I don't care what its value is," moaned August.

"I love it! I love it!"

 "If I were you," said the old man, "I would do better than mourn for it. I would go after it. The world is a small place, and whoever gets your stove
10 will take good care of it. When you are bigger, you can go after it. There, there, you will see your stove again some day."

Then the old man hobbled away to draw his brazen pail full of water at the well. August re-
15 mained leaning against the wall. The old man had given him an idea. "Go after it," he had said. "Why not go with it?" August thought. He ran out of the courtyard by a little gate, and across to the shadow of the great church on the other side.

20 Hiding himself he watched until he saw the straw-wrapped stove brought out of his house and placed with the greatest care on the dray. Two men mounted beside it and the sleigh-wagon slowly crept over the snow of the place—snow crisp and hard as
25 a stone. Then August, a little unnoticed figure, crept, unseen by any of his brothers and sisters, out of the shadow of the church, and followed in the wake of the dray.

August had often hung about the little station,

watching the trains come and go. No one said anything to him for idling about. He heard the men arguing about the stove, and loudly stating that they wanted to go with it, but this they were not allowed to do. The stove could not go on a passenger train and they could not go in the goods-train.

August heard, and made a desperate resolve. Where Hirschvogel went, he would go. How he managed it he never knew clearly himself; but certain it is when the goods-train moved out of Hall, August was on it, hidden behind the stove. There he was wedged between the cases of wood-carving, of clocks and clock-work, of Vienna toys, of Turkish carpets and Russian skins. No doubt he was very naughty, but it never occurred to him that he was. His whole mind was absorbed in one entrancing idea, to follow his beloved friend and fire-king.

It was very dark in the closed truck, which had only a little window above the door; but August was not frightened. He was close to Hirschvogel, and presently he would be closer still, for he meant to do nothing less than to get inside of Hirschvogel itself. Being a shrewd little boy, and having by great luck two silver pieces in his pocket which he had earned the day before by chopping wood, he had bought some bread and sausage at the station. This he ate in the darkness and in the lumbering, pounding, thundering noise which made him giddy.

When he had eaten, not as much as he wanted,

but as much as he thought prudent, he set to work like a little mouse to make a hole in the withes of straw and hay which enveloped the stove. He gnawed, and nibbled, and pulled, and pushed, just as a mouse would have done, making his hole where he guessed the opening of the stove was—the opening where he had so often thrust the big oak logs to feed it. No one disturbed him, and at last he got through and found the door of the stove. He opened
10 it and slipped inside as he had often done in play at home. He curled himself up there to see if he could anyhow remain during many hours. He found that he could; air came in through the brass fret-work of the stove. He leaned out, drew the hay and
15 straw together and rearranged the ropes so that no one could ever have dreamed that a little mouse had been at them. Then he curled himself up again and went fast asleep as if he were in his own bed at home.

20 He slept soundly for a long while. When he dia awake, it was quite dark outside, he could not see at all. For a little while he was terribly frightened and trembled all over. He thought of Dorothea and the others at home, and he felt sorry that he was
25 causing them so much worry. But never once did he think of turning back. He was very brave and had a firm belief that God and Hirschvogel would take care of him.

Goods-trains are usually very slow. This one was

swifter than most for it was bearing goods to the King of Bavaria. Still it took all the short winter's day and the long winter's night and half another day to go over ground that the mail trains cover in a forenoon. At last, however, it came to the station of Rosenheim, and the stove with August inside it was lifted out and put under a covered way. When it was lifted the boy had hard work not to scream, for he was tossed to and fro, and the walls of his beloved fire-king were not cushions of down. Once under the walls of the shed, August and the stove were left to pass the rest of the night and all the next morning.

The winds of early winter sweep bitterly over Rosenheim, and all the vast Bavarian plain was one white sheet of snow. Happily for August, the thick wrappings in which the stove was enveloped and the stoutness of its own coat screened him from the cold, of which, else, he must have died—frozen. He had still some of his loaf, and a very little of his sausage left. What he did begin to suffer from was thirst, for he had not touched water since he had taken his last drink from the wooden spout of the old pump at home.

Fortunately for him, the stove was treated very well, and the Rosenheim station master decided to send it on by passenger train. By this time August had begun to get used to his prison. In the dark he remembered all the stories he had ever heard, and

he told them over and over again. After a very long time the train stopped. Munich was reached and August felt himself once more carried on the shoulders of stout men, rolled along on a truck and finally
5 set down, where, he knew not, only he knew that he was thirsty—so thirsty! If only he could have reached his hand out and scooped up a little snow!

Although he knew it not, he was really in a small dark curiosity shop. “I shall not unpack it till Anton
10 comes,” he heard a man’s voice say; and then he heard a key grate in a lock, and by the unbroken silence which followed he concluded that he was alone and ventured to peep through the straw and hay. What he saw was a small square room filled
15 with every sort of quaint and curious thing—pans and pictures, jugs and pots, shields and daggers, china and rugs. It seemed a wonderful place to him but, oh! was there one drop of water in it all? That was his single thought, for his tongue was parching,
20 and his throat felt on fire, and his chest began to be dry and choked as with dust. There was not a drop of water, but there was a lattice window grated and beyond the window was a wide stone ledge covered with snow. August ran and opened the window,
25 crammed the snow into his mouth again and again, and then flew back to the stove, drew the hay and straw over the place, tied the cords and shut the brass door down on himself. He had brought some big icicles with him, and by them his thirst was

finally quenched. Then he sat still in the bottom of the stove, listening intently, wide awake.

When he had taken the snow, he had seen a little robin perched outside and had thrown him the crumbs from his pocket. In the darkness where he was now he heard a little song, made faint by the stove-wall and the window-glass that was between him and it, but still distinctly and exquisitely sweet. It was the robin, singing after feeding on the crumbs. August, as he heard, burst into tears. He thought of Dorothea who every morning threw out some grain or bread on the snow. Yet it never once occurred to him to dream of going home. Hirschvogel was here.

Presently the key turned in the lock of the door; he heard heavy footsteps and the voice of the man who had said to his father, "You have a little mad dog, muzzle him!" The voice said now, "Ay, ay, you have called me a fool many times. Now you shall see what I have got for two hundred florins."

Then the other voice grumbled, and the steps of the two men approached more closely. The heart of the child went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, as a mouse's does when it is on the top of a cheese and hears the housemaid's broom sweeping near. Soon they had stripped the stove of its wrappings, and August knew by the exclamations that the man who had never seen it was filled with wonder and surprise and rapture.

"A right royal thing!" he cried. "A wonderful and never-to-be-rivalled thing! Grander than the great stove of Hohen-Salzburg. Sublime! magnificent! matchless!"

5 August listened and trembled with terror lest they should open the door and discover him. They would drag him out and then most likely they would kill him. The perspiration rolled off his forehead. but he had control enough to keep quiet. He heard
10 them talking of great sums of money, and again and again the name of the king was mentioned. Finally they left the room, locking the door carefully after them. August gathered the idea that they had gone after some great person.

15 Presently the door opened sharply. He could hear the two men talking with unctuous words to a third to whom they gave many fine long titles. The voice of this third person answered curtly until he drew near the stove when he murmured the single word,
20 "Wunderschön!" and was silent in admiration.

"It must have been made for the Emperor," he said at last. Poor little August meanwhile was hugged up into nothing inside the stove, dreading that every moment the man would open the door.
25 And open it he truly did and examined the brass work carefully, but it was so dark in the snop and so much darker inside the stove that he never discovered the boy hidden there. At length he shut the door and talked long and low with the tradesmen.

August could understand little he said except that he mentioned the king several times. After a while he went away and one of the dealers with him, while the other remained to lock up.

5 After they had all gone, August prayed a little and dreamed a little and then dropped fast asleep.

IV. *The Journey Ends*

At last morning came and against the barred shutters August heard the song of the robin. Tramp, tramp came a heavy step upon the stair, and
10 the two dealers entered bringing burning candles. They began to wrap up the stove in all its straw and hay and cordage. It never once occurred to them to look inside.

Presently they called up six porters and on the
15 shoulders of these August was gently borne inside his precious Hirschvogel. They went right across Munich to the railway station. August in the dark recognized all the jangling, pounding, roaring, hissing sounds and thought, "Will it be a very long jour-
20 ney?" His stomach had at times a sinking sensation and his head felt strangely light and swimming. The train rolled on until it came to the Lake of Starnberg. The train stopped, the stove was lifted out and placed on a boat, and the big boat moved
25 across the lake. The slow journey was accomplished at last, and the porters shouldered grumbling their huge burden of the big stove.

Their way was a mile and a half, and the road was heavy with snow; but at length they seemed to be mounting steps. August heard many voices and felt the heated air of the indoors. At last the stove was set down again, and the steps seemed to go away, far away, leaving August with Hirschvogel. He dared not look out; but he peeped through the brass work of the stove and he could see a big carved lion's head in ivory with a gold crown atop. There was a delicious fragrance as of flowers in the air. "Only how can it be flowers?" thought August. "It is December!"

From afar off there came sweet music, so much fuller, so much richer than August had heard before that he thought a chorus of angels must be singing. He did not know that he was in the royal palace of Berg.

Presently he heard a step behind him and a low voice say, "So!" An exclamation, he thought, of admiration and wonder at the beauty of Hirschvogel.

Then the same voice after a long pause said, "It was well bought; it is exceedingly beautiful! It is most undoubtedly the work of Augustin Hirschvogel."

The hand of the speaker turned the round handle of the door, and the fainting little prisoner within grew sick with fear. Slowly the door opened, some one stooped down and looked in, and the same voice

that had spoken in admiration called out in surprise, "What is this inside? A live child!"

Then August, terrified beyond control, sprang out and fell at the feet of the speaker. "Oh, let me stay! Pray, let me stay!" he cried. "I have come all the way with Hirschvogel."

Hands seized him and lips muttered angrily in his ear, "Be quiet! Hold your tongue! It is the king!"

10 They were about to drag him away, but the voice he had heard speak of the stove said in a kind tone, "Poor little child! he is very young. Let him go. Let me speak to him."

The word of the king is law to his servants, and 15 they let August slide out of their grasp. He stood there in his little rough sheepskin coat and his thick mud-covered boots, with his curling hair all in a tangle, in the midst of the most beautiful chamber he had ever dreamed of, and the presence of a young 20 man with a beautiful dark face who said:

"My child, how came you here, hidden in this stove? Be not afraid. Tell me the truth. I am the king."

August cast his battered black hat with the tar- 25 nished gold tassels on the floor, and folded his brown hands in supplication. He was so glad that it was the king. Kings were always kind, he thought.

"Oh, dear King!" he said. "Hirschvogel was ours, and we have loved it all our lives; and father sold

it. And when I saw that it really did go from us, then I said to myself that I would go with it. And I do pray you to let me live with it, and I will go out every morning and cut wood for it. No one ever
5 has fed it with fuel but me since I was big enough."

"What is your name?" the king asked him.

"I am August Strehla. My father is Karl Strehla. We live in Hall: and Hirschvogel has been ours very long."

10 "And have you truly traveled inside the stove all the way from Hall?"

"Yes," said August, "no one thought to look inside until you did."

"Who bought the stove of your father?" the king
15 asked.

"Traders of Munich," said August, "for two hundred florins. It was so much money, and he is so poor, and there are so many of us."

The king turned to his gentlemen-in-waiting.
20 "Get the dealers from Munich," he said.

"May I stay with Hirschvogel? may I stay?" August asked anxiously.

"Wait a little," said the king. "What do you wish to be when you are a man?"

25 "A painter. I wish to be what Hirschvogel was—I mean the master Hirschvogel who made my stove."

"I understand," said the king.

Then the two dealers were brought in to the king's presence. They were terribly alarmed. "Did you

buy this stove of this little boy's father for two hundred florins?" the king asked them. His voice now was stern.

"Yes, Your Majesty," murmured the trembling
5 traders.

"And how much did the gentleman who purchased it for me give to you?"

"Two thousand ducats, Your Majesty," muttered the dealers.

10 "You will give at once to this boy's father the two thousand gold ducats that you received less the two hundred florins that you paid him," said the king. "You are great rogues. Be thankful that you are not more severely punished."

15 August heard and felt dazzled. Two thousand gold ducats for his father! Why, his father would never need to go any more to the salt-baking! And yet whether for ducats or for florins, Hirschvogel was sold just the same, and would the king let him
20 stay with it? Would he?

"Oh, do! oh, please do!" he cried, kneeling down to the king.

"Rise up, my little man," the king said in a kind voice; "kneel only to your God. Will I let you stay
25 with your Hirschvogel? Yes, I will; you shall stay at my court and you shall be taught to be a painter, and you must grow up worthily and win laurels at our School of Art, and if when you are twenty-one years old you have done well and bravely, then I will

give you your stove. And now go away with this gentleman and be not afraid, and you shall light a fire every morning in Hirschvogel, but you will not need to go out and cut the wood."

5 August is only a student yet, but he is a happy student, and promises to be a great man. Sometimes he goes back for a few days to Hall, where the gold ducats have made his father prosperous. In the old house-room there is a large white porcelain
10 stove of Munich, the king's gift to Dorothea and Ermengilda.

THE STUDY OF THE STORY

The place. Find upon the map of Europe the countries of Austria and Bavaria. Locate Nurnberg, the home of the great potter, Hirschvogel; and Munich, where the dealers lived.

Questions to answer after silent reading. It is very much worth while to be able to read silently and remember what you have read. After reading this story once silently, test yourself upon these questions to see how carefully you have read:

I. The Household Idol. Why was the porcelain stove so much loved by the Strehla family? Tell all you can about the children in the family. How were they entertained during the evening? What were their plans for Christmas?

II. Hirschvogel Is Sold. To whom did Karl Strehla sell the stove, and for how much? Where was the stove to be taken? What was his reason for selling it? How was August treated by his father?

III. Hirschvogel Travels. How did August get the

idea of going with the stove? When did he climb inside? About how long a time was spent in sending the stove from Hall to Munich?

What exciting events took place in the curiosity shop at Munich? Who, do you think, was the third man to whom the dealers talked?

IV. The Journey Ends. By what signs did August inside the stove know that he had come to a wonderful place? What facts did August tell the king? What request did he make? What did the king do for him?

Problems to discuss. Why do you think August cared more for the stove than the other children of the family? Was his father a cruel man? Did August do wrong to run away from home? Why did the king call the two dealers rogues? Why was he willing to keep August at the palace?

Word study. If you do not understand these words, look for them in the Glossary:

I. porcelain, burnished, surmounted, heraldry, planed deal, pinnacles.

II. florins, husky, dogged, aye.

III. absorbed, entrancing, withes, exquisitely, unctuous.

IV. cordage, tarnished, supplication, ducats, laurels.

Something to write. Do you think that August received Hirschvogel for his own when he was twenty-one years of age? What do you think he did with it? Write a little story about this event.

Library hour. Louise de la Ramée is the author of many stories about real boys and girls. *The Dog of Flanders* is a tale of a boy and dog, sad but very interesting.

A story of life in Switzerland which every boy and girl should read is *Heidi*, by Johanna Spyri. A delightful story of children in Holland is *Hans Brinker*, by Mary Mapes Dodge.

LUCY GRAY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Lucy Gray was an English child who lived a lonely life on a moor. This little poem about her is sad, but very beautiful.

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see, at break of day,
The solitary child.

5 No mate, no comrade Lucy knew:
She dwelt on a wide moor—
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

10 You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

15 “To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow.”

“That, Father, will I gladly do:
’Tis scarcely afternoon—

The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!"

At this the Father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot band;
5 He plied his work;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb:
10 But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

15 At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor:
And thence they saw the bridge of wood
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried.
20 "In heaven we all shall meet";
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Half breathless from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small;

And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall.

And then an open field they crossed;
The marks were still the same;
5 They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
10 And farther there were none!

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child:
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

15 O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

THE STUDY OF THE POEM

Little stories to tell. The poem is really a little play in three scenes. Describe each scene: 1. The errand. 2. The storm. 3. The search and its result.

Something to think about. Which lines help us to know what sort of girl Lucy was? Which stanza first prepares us

for the sad ending? Which stanzas tell us that the memory of Lucy Gray still lives?

Phrases to explain. The Glossary explains the unusual words in these phrases: a wide moor, the fawn at play, minster-clock, shapped a faggot-band, a furlong from their door.

Oral reading. We must hear poetry to enjoy its full beauty. When you have read the poem aloud, tell what part you think is most beautiful.

Perhaps you would like to memorize this poem.

AFTER THE STORM

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

And when,—its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea—
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling and making
A prayer at home for me.

ELIZABETH ANN FAILS

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

Elizabeth Ann, an orphan, lived for some time with a nervous aunt who coddled her so much that she became very timid and fearful. At last the little girl was sent to a farm in Vermont to make her home with her Aunt Abigail and her Cousin Ann, plain matter-of-fact people who were very busy and very capable. The story tells how Elizabeth Ann learned to be brave and to depend upon herself.

I. *The Sap-House*

Elizabeth Ann was walking along through the melting snow in the woods with a big black dog running circles around her. She had something on her mind, for she walked more and more slowly and had
5 only a very absent-minded pat for the dog's head when he thrust it up for a caress. When the wood road led into a clearing in which there was a rough little house of slabs, the child stopped altogether, and, looking down, began nervously to draw lines in
10 the snow with her overshoe.

You see, something perfectly dreadful had happened in school that day. The superintendent, the all-important, seldom-seen superintendent, came to visit the school and the children were given some ex-
15 aminations so that he could see how they were getting on.

Now, you know what an examination did to Elizabeth Ann. Or haven't I told you yet?

Well, if I haven't, it's because words fail me. If there is anything horrid that an examination didn't do to Elizabeth Ann, I have yet to hear of it. Her mouth had gone dry and her knees had shaken and her elbows had felt as though they had no more bones in them than so much jelly, and her eyes had smarted, and oh, what answers she had made! That dreadful tight panic had clutched at her throat whenever the superintendent had looked at her, and she had disgraced herself ten times over. She went hot and cold to think of it, and felt quite sick with hurt vanity. She who did so well every day and was so much looked up to by her classmates, what must they be thinking of her! To tell the truth, she had been crying as she walked along through the woods, because she was so sorry for herself. Her eyes were all red still, and her throat sore from the big lump in it.

And now she would live it all over again as she told the Putney cousins. For of course they must be told. It happened that Aunt Abigail had been taking a nap when she got home from school, and so she had come out to the sap-house, where Cousin Ann and Uncle Henry were making syrup, to have it over with as soon as possible. She went up to the little slab house now, dragging her feet and hanging her head, and opened the door.

Cousin Ann, in a very short old skirt and a man's coat and high rubber boots, was just poking some more wood into the big fire which blazed furiously under the broad, flat pan where the sap was boiling. The rough, brown hut was filled with white steam and that sweetest of all odors, hot maple syrup. Cousin Ann turned her head, her face very red with the heat of the fire, and nodded at the child.

"Hello, Betsy, you're just in time. I've saved out a cupful of hot syrup for you, all ready to wax."

Betsy hardly heard this, although she had been wild about waxed sugar on snow ever since her very first taste of it. "Cousin Ann," she said unhappily, "the superintendent visited our school this afternoon."

"Did he?" said Cousin Ann, dipping a thermometer into the boiling syrup.

"Yes, and we had examinations!" said Betsy.

"Did you?" said Cousin Ann, holding the thermometer up to the light and looking at it.

"And you know how perfectly awful examinations make you feel," said Betsy, very near to tears again.

"Why, no," said Cousin Ann, sorting over syrup tins. "They never made me feel awful. I thought they were sort of fun."

"Fun!" cried Betsy, staring through the beginnings of her tears.

"Why, yes. Like taking a dare, don't you know. Somebody stumps you to jump off the hitching-post,

and you do it to show 'em. I always used to think examinations were like that. Somebody stumps you to spell 'pneumonia,' and you do it to show 'em. Here's your cup of syrup. You'd better go right out
5 and wax it while it's hot."

Elizabeth Ann took the cup in her hand, but she did not look at it. "But supposing you get so scared you can't spell 'pneumonia' or anything else!" she said feelingly. "That's what happened to me. I got
10 so scared I could hardly stand up! And I made the most awful mistakes—things I know just as well. I spelled 'doubt' without any *b* and 'separate' with an *e*, and I said Iowa was bounded on the north by Wisconsin, and I . . ."

15 "Oh, well," said Cousin Ann, "it doesn't matter if you really know the right answers, does it? That's the important thing."

Betsy only shook her head miserably and went on in a doleful tone. "And I said 13 and 8 are 22! and I
20 wrote March without any capital M, and I . . ."

"Look here, Betsy, do you want to tell me all this?" Cousin Ann spoke in the quick, ringing voice she used once in a while which made everybody, from old Shep up, open his eyes and get his wits about him.
25 Betsy gathered hers and thought hard; and she came to an unexpected conclusion. No, she didn't really want to tell Cousin Ann all about it. Why was she doing it?

✓ "Because if you don't really want to," said Cousin

Ann, "I don't see that it's doing anybody any good. I guess Hemlock Mountain will stand right there just the same even if you did forget to put a *b* in 'doubt.' And your syrup will be too cool to wax right
5 if you don't take it out pretty soon."

She turned back to stoke the fire, and Elizabeth Ann, in a daze, found herself walking out of the door. It fell shut after her, and there she was under the clear, pale-blue sky, with the sun just hovering
10 over the rim of Hemlock Mountain.

She found a clean white snow-bank under a pine-tree, and, setting her cup of syrup down in a safe place, began to pat the snow down hard to make the right bed for the waxing of the syrup. The sun,
15 very hot for that late March day, brought out strongly the tarry perfume of the big pine-tree. Near her the sap dripped musically into a bucket, already half full, hung on a maple-tree. A blue-jay rushed suddenly through the upper branches of the
20 wood, his screaming and chattering voice sounding like noisy children at play.

Elizabeth Ann took up her cup and poured some of the thick, hot syrup out on the hard snow, making loops and curves as she poured. It stiffened and
25 hardened at once, and she lifted up a great coil of it, threw her head back, and let it drop into her mouth. Concentrated sweetness of summer days was in that mouthful, part of it still hot and aromatic, part of it icy and wet with melting snow.

She heard an imploring whine, and a cold nose was thrust into her hand! Why, there was old Shep begging for his share of waxed sugar. He loved it, though it did stick to his teeth so! She poured
5 out another lot and gave half of it to Shep. It immediately stuck his jaws together tight, and he began pawing at his mouth and shaking his head till Betsy had to laugh. Then he managed to pull his jaws apart and chewed loudly and visibly, tossing his
10 head, and opening his mouth wide. Then with a gulp he had swallowed it all down and was whining for more, striking softly at the little girl's skirt with his forepaw. "Oh, you eat it too fast!" cried Betsy, but she shared her next lot with him too.

15 The sun had gone down over Hemlock Mountain by this time, and the big slope above her was all deep blue shadow. The mountain looked much higher now as the dusk began to fall, and loomed up bigger and bigger as though it reached to the sky. Betsy
20 ate the last of her sugar, looking up at the quiet giant there, towering grandly above her. There was no lump in her throat now.

She was just picking up her cup to take it back to the sap-house when Shep growled a little and stood
25 with his ears and tail up, looking down the road. Something was coming down that road in the blue, clear twilight, something that was making a very queer noise. It sounded almost like somebody crying. It was somebody crying! It was a child cry-

ing. It was a little, little girl. Betsy could see her now, stumbling along and crying as though her heart would break. Why, it was little Molly, her own particular charge at school, whose reading lesson 5 she heard every day. Betsy and Shep ran to meet her. "What's the matter, Molly? What's the matter?" Betsy knelt down and put her arms around the weeping child. "Did you fall down? Did you hurt you? What are you doing 'way off here? Did 10 you lose your way?"

"I don't want to go away! I don't want to go away!" said Molly over and over, clinging tightly to Betsy. It was a long time before Betsy could quiet her enough to find out what had happened. Then 15 she made out between Molly's sobs that her mother had been taken suddenly sick and had to go away to a hospital, and that left nobody at home to take care of Molly, and she was to be sent away to some strange relatives in the city who didn't want her at 20 all and who said so right out.

Elizabeth Ann flew back to Cousin Ann in the sap-house. She was sure that everything would be all right as soon as Cousin Ann knew about it; and she was not mistaken.

25 Cousin Ann did not stop to kiss Molly or even to look at her more than one sharp first glance, but said after a moment's pause, during which she filled a syrup can and screwed the cover down very tight: "Well, if her folks will let her stay, how would you

like to have Molly come and stay with us till her mother gets back from the hospital? Now you have a room of your own, I guess if you wanted to you could have her room with you."

5 "Oh, Molly, Molly, Molly!" shouted Betsy, jumping up and down, and then hugging the little girl with all her might. "Oh, it will be like having a little sister!"

Cousin Ann scounded a dry, warning note: "Don't
10 be too sure her folks will let her. We don't know about them yet." And then she added, "You'd better go along back to the house now, Betsy. It's time for you to help mother with the supper."

II. *The Wolf Pit*

The two children trotted back along the darkening
15 wood road, Shep running before them, little Molly clinging fast to the older child's hand. "Aren't you ever afraid, Betsy, in the woods this way?" she asked, looking about her with timid eyes.

"Oh, no!" said Betsy, "there's nothing to be afraid
20 of, except getting off on the wrong fork of the road, near the Wolf Pit."

"Oh, ow!" said Molly, scringing. "What's the Wolf Pit? What an awful name!"

Betsy laughed. She tried to make her laugh sound
25 brave like Cousin Ann's, which always seemed so scornful of being afraid. As a matter of fact, she was beginning to fear that they had made the wrong

turn, and she was not quite sure that she could find the way home. But she put this out of her mind and walked along very fast, peering ahead into the dusk. "Oh, it hasn't anything to do with wolves," she said in answer to Molly's question; "anyhow, not now. It's just a big, deep hole in the ground where a brook had dug out a cave. Uncle Henry told me all about it when he showed it to me. And then part of the roof caved in; sometimes there's ice in the corner of the covered part all the summer, Aunt Abigail says."

"Why do you call it the Wolf Pit?" asked Molly, walking very close to Betsy and holding very tightly to her hand.

"Oh, long, ever so long ago, when the first settlers came up here, they heard a wolf howling all night, and when it didn't stop in the morning, they came up here on the mountain and found a wolf had fallen in and couldn't get out."

"My! I hope they killed him!" said Molly.

"Oh, that was more than a hundred years ago," said Betsy. She was not thinking of what she was saying. She was thinking that if they were on the right road they ought to be home by this time. She was thinking that the right road ran down hill to the house all the way, and that this certainly seemed to be going up a little. She was wondering what had become of Shep. "Stand here just a minute, Molly," she said. "I want . . . I just want to go ahead a

little bit and see . . . and see . . .” She darted on around a curve of the road and stood still, her heart sinking. The road turned there and led straight up the mountain!

5 For just a moment the little girl felt a wild impulse to burst out in a shriek, and to run crazily away, anywhere so long as she was running. But the thought of Molly standing back there, trustfully waiting to be taken care of, shut Betsy’s lips to-
10 gether hard before her scream of fright got out. She stood still, thinking. Now she mustn’t get frightened. All they had to do was to walk back along the road till they came to the fork and then make the right turn. But what if they didn’t get
15 back to the turn till it was so dark they couldn’t see it? Well, she mustn’t think of that. She ran back, calling, “Come on, Molly,” in a tone she tried to make as firm as Cousin Ann’s. “I guess we have made the wrong turn after all. We’d better . . .”

20 But no Molly was there. In the brief moment Betsy had stood thinking, Molly had disappeared. The long, shadowy wood road held not a trace of her.

Then Betsy was frightened and then she did begin to scream, at the top of her voice, “Molly! Molly!”
25 She was beside herself with terror, and started back hastily to hear Molly’s voice, very faint, apparently coming from the ground under her feet.

“Ow! Ow! Betsy! Get me out! Get me out!”
“Where are you?” shrieked Betsy.

"I don't know!" came Molly's sobbing voice. "I just moved the least little bit out of the road, and slipped on the ice and began to slide and I couldn't stop myself and I fell down into a deep hole!"

5 Betsy's head felt as though her hair was standing up straight on end with horror. Molly must have fallen down into the Wolf Pit! Yes, they were quite near it. She remembered now that big white-birch tree stood right at the place where the brook
10 tumbled over the edge and fell into it. Although she was dreadfully afraid of falling in herself, she went cautiously over to this tree, feeling her way with her foot to make sure she did not slip, and peered down into the cavernous gloom below.
15 Yes, there was Molly's little face, just a white speck. The child was crying, sobbing, and holding up her arms to Betsy.

"Are you hurt, Molly?"

"No. I fell into a big snow-bank, but I'm all wet
20 and frozen and I want to get out! I want to get out!"

Betsy held on to the birch-tree. Her head whirled. What should she do! "Look here, Molly," she called down, "I'm going to run along to the right road and
25 back to the house and get Uncle Henry. He'll come with a rope and get you out!"

At this Molly's crying rose to a frantic scream. "Oh, Betsy, don't leave me here alone! Don't! Don't! The wolves will get me! Betsy, don't leave me!"

The child was wild with terror.

"But I can't get you out myself!" screamed back Betsy, crying herself. Her teeth were chattering with the cold.

5 "Don't go! Don't go!" came up from the darkness of the pit in a piteous howl. Betsy made a great effort and stopped crying. She sat down on a stone and tried to think. And this is what came into her mind as a guide: "What would Cousin Ann
10 do if she were here? She wouldn't cry. She would think of something."

Betsy looked around her desperately. The first thing she saw was the big limb of a pine-tree, broken off by the wind, which half lay and half stood up
15 against a tree a little distance above the mouth of the pit. It had been there so long that the needles had all dried and fallen off, and the skeleton of the branch with the broken stubs looked like
yes, it looked like a ladder! That was what Cousin
20 Ann would have done!

✓ "Wait a minute! Wait a minute, Molly!" she called wildly down the pit, warm all over in excitement. "Now listen. You go off there in a corner, where the ground makes a sort of roof. I'm going
25 to throw down something you can climb up on, maybe."

"Ow! Ow, it'll hit me!" cried poor little Molly, more and more frightened. But she scrambled off under her shelter obediently, while Betsy struggled

with the branch. It was so firmly imbedded in the snow that at first she could not budge it at all. But after she cleared that away and pried hard with the stick she was using as a lever she felt it give a
5 little. She bore down with all her might, throwing her weight again and again on her lever, and finally felt the big branch perceptibly move. After that it was easier, as its course was down hill over the snow to the mouth of the pit. Glowing, and pushing, wet
10 with perspiration, she slowly dragged it along to



the edge, turned it squarely, gave it a great shove, and leaned over anxiously. Then she gave a great sigh of relief! Just as she had hoped, it went down sharp end first and stuck fast in the snow which had saved Molly from broken bones. She was so out of breath with her work that for a moment she could not speak. Then she called, "Molly, there! Now I guess you can climb up to where I can reach you."

Molly made a rush for any way out of her prison, and climbed, like the little practised squirrel that she was, up from one stub to another to the top of the branch. She was still below the edge of the pit, but Betsy lay flat down on the snow and held out her hands. Molly took hold hard, and, digging her toes into the snow, slowly wormed her way up to the surface of the ground.

It was then, at that very moment, that Shep came bounding up to them, barking loudly, and after him Cousin Ann striding along in her rubber boots, with a lantern in her hand and a rather anxious look on her face.

She stopped short and looked at the two little girls, covered with snow, their faces flaming with excitement, and at the black hole gaping behind them. "I always told Father we ought to put a fence around that pit," she said in a matter-of-fact voice. "Some day a sheep's going to fall down there. Shep came along to the house without you, and we thought most likely you'd taken the wrong turn."

"I fell down in the hole, and Betsy wanted to go and get Mr. Putney, but I wouldn't let her, and so she threw down a big branch and I climbed out," explained Molly, who, now that her danger was past, took Betsy's action quite as a matter of course.

"Oh, that was how it happened," said Cousin Ann. She looked down the hole and saw the big branch, and looked back and saw the long trail of crushed snow where Betsy had dragged it. "Well, now, that
10 was quite a good idea for a little girl to have," she said briefly. "I guess you'll do to take care of Molly all right!"

She spoke in her usual voice and immediately drew the children after her, but Betsy's heart was
15 singing joyfully as she walked along clasping Cousin Ann's strong hand.

"What made you think of doing that?" asked Cousin Ann presently, as they approached the house.

"Why, I tried to think what you would have done
20 if you'd been there," said Betsy.

"Oh!" said Cousin Ann. "Well . . ."

She didn't say another word, but Betsy, glancing up into her face as they stepped into the lighted room, saw an expression that made her give a little
25 skip and hop of joy. She had pleased Cousin Ann.

That night, as she lay in her bed, she remembered, oh, ever so faintly, as something of no importance, that she had failed in an examination that afternoon.

THE STUDY OF THE STORY

Questions to answer after silent reading. Do you agree with Betsy or with Cousin Ann about examinations? What was Cousin Ann's feeling about them? Why do you think Betsy wished so much to be like her Cousin Ann? Explain why, at the close of the day, Betsy thought of her failure in the examination as something of no importance.

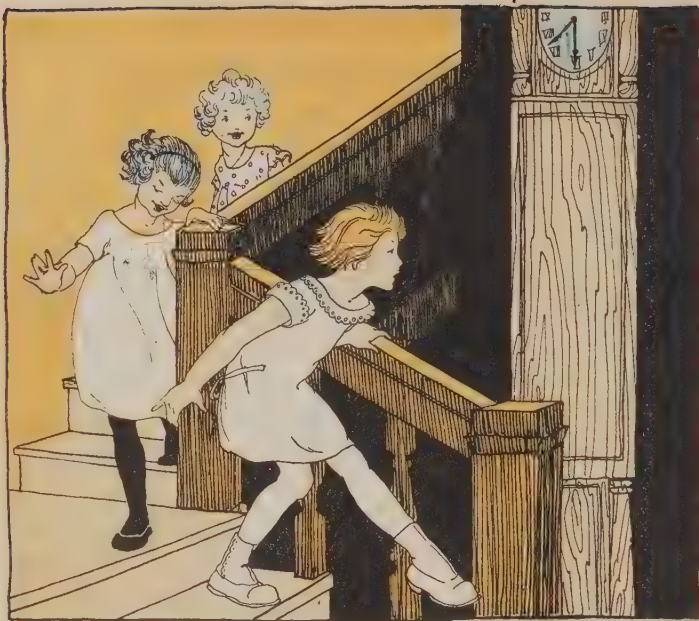
Phrases to explain. Explain what these phrases mean to you. The unusual words you will find in the Glossary: stoke the fire, unexpected conclusion, imploring whine, her own particular charge, a wild impulse, cavernous gloom, firmly imbedded, move perceptibly, hot and aromatic.

Oral reading. Prepare to read aloud the adventure of Betsy and Molly in the woods. Who can make the conversation of the two children most real?

The place. What in this story suggests the state of Vermont? Find on your map the mountains of Vermont. What trees are mentioned in the story? Explain, if you can, the process of making maple sugar.

Library hour. This story is taken from a book entitled *Understood Betsy*, which tells many of Betsy's experiences at school and on the farm.

Jolly Good Times, by Mrs. Smith, is a story of life on a Massachusetts farm. *Nelly's Silver Mine*, by Helen Hunt Jackson, tells how Nelly and her brother moved to Colorado and how Nelly discovered a silver mine.



THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,

The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
5 Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
10 To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway, R. E
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

15 They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses;
20 Their arms about me entwine;
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,

Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
5 But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
10 And molder in dust away!

THE STUDY OF THE POEM

Mind pictures. Many artists have drawn the picture of "Grave Alice and laughing Allegra and Edith with golden hair," as they descend the broad staircase. Are you able to create this picture in your mind?

Are you able to see the poet alone in his study "between the dark and the daylight"? What sounds tell him of the approaching raid?

In what phrases does the poet compare the romp of the children to the attack of an army?

Words to explain. Explain these words as they are used in the poem: turret, banditti, dungeon, molder, old mustache.

Oral reading. Read the poem aloud, and tell which stanza you like best.

A story to tell. The Bishop of Bingen was attacked by mice attracted to his tower on the Rhine River by grain he had stored there in time of famine. His story is told

by Robert Southey in a poem entitled *The Legend of Bishop Hatto*. It is found in *The Children's Second Book of Poetry*. Perhaps a member of the class will prepare to read or tell this story to the others.

THE VOICES OF CHILDREN

WILLIAM BLAKE

When the voices of children are heard on the green
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.

5 "Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dews of the night arise;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away
Till the morning appears in the skies."

"No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
10 And we can not go to sleep;
Besides in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all covered with sheep."

"Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,
And then go home to bed."
15 The little ones leaped, and shouted, and laughed,
And all the hills echoèd.

STORIES OF BOYS AND GIRLS FOR HOME READING

Interesting stories of boys and girls in foreign lands are found in the following books. Have you read any of them?

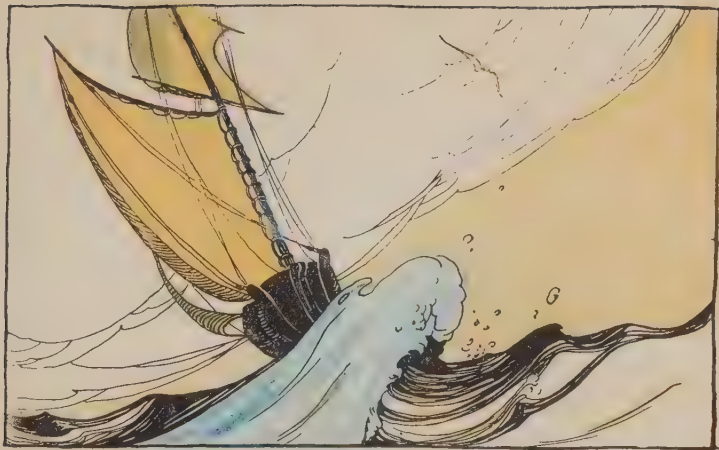
<i>Heidi</i>	Spry
<i>Modern Vikings</i>	Boyesen
<i>Little Count of Normandy</i>	Stein
<i>Lisbeth Longfrock</i>	Aanrud
<i>Donkey John of Toy Valley</i>	Morley
<i>Hans Brinker</i>	Dodge
<i>A Dog of Flanders</i>	Ramée
<i>The Belgian Twins</i>	Perkins
<i>The French Twins</i>	Perkins
<i>The Scotch Twins</i>	Perkins

Stories of boys and girls who have done interesting things in America are these:

<i>Jack and Jill</i>	Alcott
<i>Under the Lilacs</i>	Alcott
<i>What Katy Did</i>	Coolidge
<i>Hoosier School Boy</i>	Eggleston
<i>Toby Tyler</i>	Otis
<i>Nelly's Silver Mine</i>	Jackson
<i>Jolly Good Times</i>	Smith
<i>Birds' Christmas Carol</i>	Wiggin
<i>Five Little Peppers</i>	Sidney

Stories of life among the American Indians are found in these books:

<i>The Magic Forest</i>	White
<i>Jack among the Indians</i>	Grinnell
<i>Sinopah, the Indian Boy</i>	Schultz
<i>Two Arrows</i>	Stoddard
<i>Childhood of Ji-Shib, the Ojibway</i>	Jenks



STRANGE VOYAGES

England has been called the island empire and her navy the guardian of the seas. In all her history, her sons have been seamen, almost from their birth. They have heard in their cradles the song of the waves on the rock-bound coast and many of them as mere lads have run away to sea. Of the five tales given here, four were written by Englishmen.

They are full of the mystery of the sea. In them you will feel its lure as Allan Cunningham sings,

“The hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.”

You will discover too some of its dark secrets. You will marvel at its mighty power when its stormy winds wreck the ships of men as if they were kindling wood. You will touch strange shores with Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver and you will find marvelous adventures on the little island in the Caribbean Sea and in Lilliput.

A SONG OF THE SEA

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
And a wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast;
6 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on our lee.

Oh, for a soft and gentle wind!
10 I heard a fair one cry,
But give to me the swelling breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
The white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free—
15 The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
20 The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—

While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

THE STUDY OF THE POEM

Mind pictures. What picture do you see as you read the first stanza? What does the second stanza add to the picture? How does the picture change in the last stanza?

What music do the mariners hear? How do they feel toward the storm? What lines show their joy in the voyage?

Phrases for study. What is meant by these phrases: a wet sheet, yon horned moon, hollow oak, our heritage, on our lee?

The poem. Read the poem aloud, and tell which stanza you think the most thrilling. What line in each stanza is repeated?

Memorize the stanza that you like best.

Other poems. Always the sea has been a favorite subject with poets. What poems do you know about the sea and about ships? Let several of the class read aloud, each choosing a different poem of the sea. Which of all these sea-poems do you like best?

Some beautiful poems of the sea have been written by John Masefield. One is called *Sea-Fever*. *The Sea*, by Bryan Waller Procter, is another famous poem describing the sailor's joy in the wide sea. Both of these poems you will find in *The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks*, by Burton E. Stevenson.

ROBINSON CRUSOE

DANIEL DEFOE

The story of Robinson Crusoe is based largely upon the real adventures of Alexander Selkirk who was a castaway on an island in the Caribbean Sea.

Robinson Crusoe as a lad ran away from school and home and took a place in a ship at Hull. After many adventures he was in a terrific storm and the ship in which he was then sailing struck on a bank of sand so that he and all on board launched out in a small boat for land. Such was the force of the waves that the little boat was overturned, the men were separated from it and from one another, and Robinson Crusoe was left to battle wind and wave alone. He tells the story.

I. *The Shipwreck*

I saw the sea come after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy which I had no strength to contend with. My business was to hold my breath, and raise myself upon the water, if I
5 could, and by swimming to pilot myself toward the shore. The wave that came upon me again buried me at once twenty or thirty feet deep in its own body; and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness toward the shore a great way;
10 but I held my breath and assisted myself to swim forward with all my might. I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when, as I felt myself rising

up, I found my head and hands shoot out upon the surface of the water; and though it was not two seconds of time that I could keep myself so, yet it relieved me greatly, gave me breath and new courage. I was covered again with water for a good while, but when the wave receded I struck forward and felt ground against my feet. Then I took to my heels and ran with what strength I had farther toward the shore. Again the sea overtook me and hurried me along as before and landed me or rather dashed me against a piece of rock which left me senseless and indeed helpless for a time. When I came to, I resolved to hold fast to the rock till the wave went back. This I did and then ran again until I got to mainland, where, to my great comfort, I clambered up the cliffs of the shore, and sat down upon the grass, free from danger and quite out of the reach of the water.

I walked about on the shore, lifting up my hands, making a thousand gestures and motions that I can not describe, reflecting upon all my comrades that were drowned, and that there should not be one soul saved but myself. As for them, I never saw them afterwards, or any sign of them, except three of their hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not fellows. I cast my eyes to the stranded vessel and when I saw the breath and froth of the sea so big and the vessel so far off, I considered, how was it possible that I could get on shore.

After a time, I began to look around to see what kind of place I was in and what was next to be done. I soon found my comforts abate and I came to see swiftly that I had a dreadful deliverance, for I was wet, I had no clothes to shift, nor anything either to eat or drink, neither did I see any prospect before me but that of perishing with hunger, or being devoured by wild beasts. I had no weapon for hunting or for defending myself against any creature that might desire to kill me. I had nothing but a knife and a pipe. For a while I ran about like a madman. What should I do as night came on to protect myself from ravenous beasts? The only remedy that occurred to me was to get up into a thick bushy tree like a fir, but thorny, which grew near me. I walked about a furlong from the shore, to see if I could find any fresh water to drink, which I did, to my great joy. I then went to the tree, and getting up into it placed myself so that I could not fall. I cut me a short stick for defense, and then being very tired, I fell fast asleep and found myself in the morning the most refreshed that I ever was on such an occasion.

When I waked it was broad day, the weather clear, and the storm abated, so that the sea did not rage and swell as before; but that which surprised me most was that the ship had been lifted off in the night from the sand where she lay, and driven up almost as far as the rock against which I had been

dashed. A little after noon I found the sea very calm and the tide ebbed so far out that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship. I resolved if possible to get to it, so I pulled off my clothes and
5 swam. When I reached it, I spied a small piece of rope hanging down by the forechains. With great difficulty I got hold of it and pulled myself into the forecastle of the ship. I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by water, and
10 being very well disposed to eat, I went to the bread-room and filled my pockets with biscuits. Now I wanted nothing but a boat to furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be very necessary to me.

15 It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had. We had several spare planks and two or three large spars of wood, and a spare topmast or two in the ship. I resolved to fall to work with these, and flung as many of them overboard as
20 I could manage their weight, tying every one with a rope that they might not drift away. When this was done I went down to the ship's side, and pulling them to me, I tied four of them fast together at both ends as well as I could, in the form of a raft,
25 and laying three short pieces of plank upon them crossways, I found I could walk upon it very well. I went to work then with the carpenter's saw and cut a spare topmast into three lengths, and added them to my raft with a great deal of labor and pains.

My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. My next care was what to load it with and how to preserve what I laid upon it from the surf of the sea. I first laid all the plank or
5 boards upon it that I could get and then I got three of the seamen's chests, which I had broken open and emptied, and lowered them down upon my raft. The first of these I filled with provisions: bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goat's flesh,
10 and a little remainder of European corn. Having done this I rummaged for clothes of which I took no more than I wanted for present use, for I had other things which my eye was more upon, as tools to work with on shore. It was after long searching
15 that I found out the carpenter's chest, which was indeed a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable than a ship-loading of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft, even whole as it was, without losing time to look into it.
20 My next care was for some ammunition and arms. There were two very good fowling-pieces in the great cabin, and two pistols. These I secured first, with some powder-horns and a small bag of shot and two rusty old swords. I knew there were three
25 barrels of powder in the ship, but I knew not where the gunner had stowed them, but with much search I found them, two of them dry and good, the third had taken water. Those two I got to my raft, with the arms. and now I thought myself pretty well

freighted, and began to think how I should get to shore with them, having neither sail, oar, or rudder, and the least capfull of wind would have upset all my navigation.

5 I had three things to encourage me; a smooth calm sea, the tide rising and setting into the shore, and the little wind there was blowing me into the shore. Having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat, I put to sea. For a mile or thereabouts,
10 my raft went very well, only that I found it drive a little distant from the place where I had landed before, by which I perceived that there was some indraft of the water, and I hoped to find some creek or river there, which I might make use of as a port
15 to get to land with my cargo. As I imagined, so it was, there appeared before me a little opening of the land, and I found a strong current of the tide set into it, so I guided my raft as well as I could to keep in the middle of the stream. I at length found
20 myself in the mouth of a little river with land on both sides, and a strong current or tide running up. I looked on both sides for a proper place to get ashore. At length I spied a little cove on the right shore of the creek, to which with great pain and difficulty I guided my raft. I thrust her upon a flat
25 piece of ground, and there fastened or moored her by sticking my two broken oars into the ground.

My next work was to view the country, and seek a proper place for my habitation. Where I was I

yet knew not, whether on the continent or on an island, whether inhabited or uninhabited, whether in danger of wild beasts or not. There was a hill not above a mile from me, which rose up steep and high, and which seemed to overtop some other hills which lay as a ridge from it northward. I took out one of the fowling-pieces, and one of the pistols and an horn of powder, and thus armed I traveled for discovery up to the top of the hill. There I saw my fate. I was in an island encircled everywhere with the sea, no land to be seen, except some rocks which lay a great way off, and two small islands less than this, which lay about three leagues to the west. I saw that the island I was in was barren, and as I had good reason to believe, uninhabited, except by wild beasts, of whom however I saw none. I did see an abundance of fowls, but knew not their kind or whether any of them were fit for food.

When I came back, I shot at a great bird which I saw sitting upon a tree on the side of a great wood. I believe it was the first gun that had been fired there since the creation of the world. I had no sooner fired, than from all parts of the wood, there arose an innumerable number of fowls of many sorts, making a confused screaming and crying, every one according to his own note; but not one of them any kind that I knew. As for the creature I killed, I took it to be a kind of hawk; its flesh was carrion and fit for nothing.

Contented with this discovery, I came back to my raft, and fell to work to bring my cargo on shore, which took me the rest of the day. I barricaded myself round with chests and boards that I had brought on shore, and made a kind of a hut for that night's lodging. I now began to consider that I might get a great many things out of the ship which would be useful to me, and particularly some of the rigging and sails, and I resolved to make other voyages on board the vessel if possible. I knew that the first storm that blew would break her to pieces, and I determined to set all other things aside until I had gotten everything out of the ship that I could get.

15 I made several trips in the days that followed until another storm came up. It blew very hard all the night, and in the morning when I looked out, behold no more ship was to be seen. I was a little surprised, but recovered myself with the thought that I had lost no time in getting all that was useful to me, and that indeed there was little left in her that I was able to bring away had I the chance.

My thoughts now were wholly employed about securing myself against the savages if any should appear, and against the wild beasts if any were in the island. I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, whose front toward this little plain was steep as a house-side, so that nothing could come down on me from the top. On the side of the rock there was

a hollow place worn a little way in like the entrance of a door of cave, but there was not really any cave or way into the rock at all. On the flat of the green just before this hollow place, I resolved to pitch my tent.

Before I set up my tent, I drew a half circle before the hollow place, which took in about ten yards in its semi-diameter from the rock, and twenty yards in its diameter, from its beginning and ending. In this half circle I pitched two rows of strong stakes, driving them into the ground till they stood very firm like piles, the biggest end being out of the ground about five foot and a half, and sharpened on the top. The two rows did not stand above six inches from one another. Then I took the pieces of cable which I had cut in the ship, and laid them in rows one upon another, within the circle, between these two rows of stakes, up to the top, placing other stakes on the inside, leaning against them about two foot and a half high, like a spur to a post, and this fence was so strong, that neither man nor beast could get into it or over it.

The entrance into this place I made to be not by a door, but by a short ladder to go over the top. This ladder when I was in, I lifted over after me, and so I was completely fenced in and fortified from all the world. Into this fence or fortress, with infinite labor, I carried all my riches, all my provisions, ammunition and stores. I made me a large tent,

which to preserve me from the rains that in one part of the year are very violent, I made double, one smaller tent within and one large tent above it, and covered the uppermost with a large tarpaulin which
5 I had saved among the sails.

When I had done this I began to work my way into the rock, and bringing all the earth and stones that I dug down through my tent, I laid them up within my fence in the nature of a terrace, so that
10 the ground within was raised about a foot and a half; and thus I made me a cave just behind my tent, which served me like a cellar to my house. It cost me much labor and many days, before all these things were finished.

II. *The Island Explored*

Robert.

15 In the interval of time while this was doing I went out once at least every day with my gun, as well to entertain myself, as to see if I could kill anything fit for food, and as near as I could to acquaint myself with what the island produced. The first time I went
20 out I discovered that there were goats in the island; but they were so shy, so subtle, and so swift of foot, that it was the most difficult thing in the world to come at them. But I was not discouraged at this, not doubting that I might now and then shoot one.
25 I observed if they saw me in the valleys, though they were upon the rocks, they would run away as in a terrible fright; but if they were feeding in the val-

leys, and I was upon the rocks, they took no notice of me, from whence I concluded that by the position of their eyes, their sight was so directed downward that they did not readily see objects that were above them. Afterward I took this method: I always climbed the rocks first to get above them, and then had frequently a fair mark.

Having now fixed my habitation, I found it absolutely necessary to provide a place to make a fire in, and fuel to burn. I have already observed how I brought all my goods inside my fortification and cave. I now set myself to enlarge my cave so that I had room to bestow and order all my goods. And now I began to apply myself to make such necessary things as I found I most wanted, a chair and a table, for without these I was not able to enjoy the few comforts I had in the world. I had never handled a tool in my life, and yet in time, by labor and contrivance, I found at last that I wanted nothing but I could have made it, especially if I had had enough tools. Even without tools, I made an abundance of things, and some with no more tools than an adze and a hatchet. If I wanted a board, I had no other way but to cut down a tree, set it on an edge before me, and hew it flat on either side with my axe, till I brought it to be thin as a plank, and then dub it smooth with my adze.

To prevent forgetting my reckoning of time, I cut with my knife upon a large post in capital letters,

and making it into a great cross I set it up on the shore where I first landed. Upon the sides of this square post, I cut every day a notch with my knife, and every seventh notch was as long again as the
5 rest, and every first day of the month as long again as that long one, and thus I kept my calendar, or weekly, monthly, and yearly reckoning of time. Among the many things which I brought out of the ship in the several voyages I omitted setting down
10 pens, ink and paper. Also I found several books, among them three good Bibles, all of which I carefully preserved.

And I must not forget that we had in the ship a dog and two cats. I carried both cats with me, and
15 the dog jumped out of the ship himself and swam on shore to me the day after I went on shore with my first cargo. He was a trusty servant to me many years. I wanted nothing that he could fetch me, nor any company that he could make up to me. I only
20 wanted to have him talk to me, but that he could not do.

Every day I went abroad with my gun and my dog. One day I killed a wild cat, her skin pretty soft but her flesh good for nothing. Every creature I killed
25 I took off the skins and preserved them. Another day when making my rounds, I found a kind of wild pigeon, who built as house pigeons in the holes of the rocks, and taking some of their young ones I tried to breed them up tame and did so, but when

they grew older they all flew away. However, I frequently found their nests, and got their young ones which were very good meat. Another day I went a fishing. When just going to leave off, I caught a young dolphin. I had made me a long line of some rope yarn, but I had no hooks. Yet I frequently caught fish, as much as I cared to eat. I dried them in the sun and ate them dry.

The next day in searching the woods I found a tree which in the tropics they call an Iron tree because of its exceeding hardness. From this, with great labor and almost spoiling my axe, I cut a piece and brought it home too, with difficulty enough, for it was very heavy. I worked it little by little into the form of a shovel or spade, the handle exactly shaped like ours in England. For carrying away the earth which I dug out of the cave, I made me a thing like a hod.

One day I lamed a young goat so that I caught it and led it home on a string. When I had it home I bound and splintered up its leg, which was broke. I took such care of it that it lived, and the leg grew strong and well as ever; and by my nursing it grew tame and fed upon the little green at my door and would not go away. This was the first time that I entertained the thought of breeding up some tame creatures that I might have food when my powder and shot was all spent.

In the next place I was at a great loss for a candle,

so that as soon as ever it was dark, which was generally by seven o'clock, I was obliged to go to bed. I remembered the lump of beeswax with which I had one time made candles, but I had none of that now. 5 When I killed a wild goat, however, I saved the tallow, and with a little dish made of clay which I baked in the sun, to which I added a wick of some oakum, I made me a lamp. This gave me light, though not a clear steady light like a candle.

10 In the middle of my labors it happened that, rummaging among my things, I found a little bag which had been filled with corn for the feeding of the poultry. I saw nothing in the bag but husks and dust. I shook the husks on one side of my fortifica- 15 tion under the rocks. It was a little before the great rains. About a month after I saw some few stalks of something green shooting out of the ground. I was surprised and perfectly astonished when after a longer time I saw about ten or twelve ears come out 20 which were green barley of the same kind as our English barley. I carefully saved the ears of corn in their season, which was about the end of June. And by saving up my corn to plant again each time, in just about my fourth year on the island I was 25 able to have a little for bread. Besides this barley there were about twenty or thirty stalks of rice which I preserved with the same care and whose use was to the same purpose.

I had a great mind to see the whole island, and

little by little I explored it, finding many interesting and many wonderful things. I followed the little brook upon which I had first brought my rafts ashore. I came to some pleasant meadows covered
5 with grass and then to some woods where I found melons upon the ground in great abundance, and grapes upon the trees. I found excellent use for the grapes as I cured or dried them in the sun, and kept
10 them as dried grapes or raisins, when no grapes were to be had. I saw also an abundance of cocoa trees, orange, lemon and citron trees. I gathered quantities of green limes and lemons which were very wholesome to eat and made my water cool and refreshing. I stored away a vast quantity of this fruit
15 for the rainy season. I built me a little shelter in this pleasant spot which I called my country house, and the other, my sea-coast house.

Before the rains began I went back to my sea-coast house, and as I couldn't get out after the rains
20 started, I lived thus: I ate a bunch of raisins for my breakfast, a piece of goat's flesh or a turtle for my dinner—broiled; and two or three of the turtle's eggs for my supper.

When next out on an exploring trip I saw an abundance of parrots and wanted to catch one to tame
25 and teach to speak to me. After some painstaking I did catch a young parrot, for I knocked it down with a stick, and having recovered it, I brought it home. Whenever it rained and I had to keep indoors,

I diverted myself with talking to my parrot and teaching him to speak. I quickly taught him to know his own name, and at last to speak it out pretty loud — POLL, which was the first word I ever heard
spoken in the island by any mouth but my own. One day some time later when I was out at my country house, and had fallen asleep in the shade of a tree, I was terribly startled to hear a voice call several times, "Robin, Robin, Robin Crusoe, poor Robin
Crusoe! Where are you, Robin Crusoe? Where are you? Where have you been?" I thought I dreamed that some one was calling me, but when I awakened and opened my eyes, I saw my Poll sitting on the top of the hedge and immediately knew that it was he
that spoke to me. In just such bemoaning language I had used to talk to him and he had learned it perfectly. How he got there at that time I could not imagine, but I called him to me, and he came just as if he were overjoyed to see me, and I carried him
home with me again.

It would have made a stoic laugh to have seen me and my little family sit down to dinner. There was myself, the prince and lord of the whole island. I had the lives of all my subjects at my absolute com-
mand. I could hang, draw, give liberty, and take it away, and no rebels among all my subjects! Then to see how like a king I dined, too, all alone, attended by my servants! Poll, as if he had been my favorite, was the only person permitted to talk to me. My dog



sat always at my right hand, and two cats, one on one side of the table, and one on the other.

Whenever I went out to walk, I would either have frightened or roused a great laugh from an English-
5 man who had met me. I had a great high shapeless cap, made of a goat's skin, with a flap hanging down behind, as well to keep the sun from me, as to shoot the rain off from running into my neck. I had a short jacket of goat's skin, and a pair of breeches of
10 the same. Stockings and shoes I had none, but I had made me a pair of somethings, I scarce know what to call them, like buskins to flap over my legs, and lace on either side like spatterdashes; but of a most barbarous shape as indeed were all the rest of
15 my clothes. I had on a broad belt of goat's skin, dried, which I drew together with two thongs of the same, instead of buckles, and in a kind of a frog on each side of this hung a little saw and hatchet. I had another belt not so broad and fastened in the
20 same manner which hung over my shoulder. At the end of it, under the left arm, hung two pouches, both made of goat's skin; in one of which hung my powder, in the other my shot. At my back I carried my basket which I had lately made from reeds, on my
25 shoulder my gun, and over my head a great clumsy, ugly goat's skin umbrella, which, after all, was the most necessary thing I had about me excepting my gun. My beard I had once suffered to grow till it was about a quarter of a yard long; but as I had both

scissors and razors sufficient, I had cut it pretty short except what grew on the upper lip, which I had trimmed into a large pair of whiskers, such as I had seen worn by the Turks. I will not say they were
5 long enough to hang my hat upon them but they were of a length and a size monstrous enough, and such as in England would have passed for frightful.

III. *The Discovery of Friday*

It happened one day about noon, going toward my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of
10 a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck. I listened, I looked around me, I could hear nothing, nor see anything. I went up to a rising ground to look farther; I went up the shore
15 and down the shore, but it was all one. I went back to observe if it might not be my fancy. There was exactly the print of a foot, toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came there I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. I came home to my fortifica-
20 tion, terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man.

I slept none that night. After thinking of every
25 possible explanation for the footprint, I concluded that it must be some of the savages of the mainland opposite who had wandered out to sea in their

canoes, and either driven by currents, or by contrary winds, had made the island, but had gone away again to sea. I had now lived on the island fifteen years and had not met with the shadow or figure of any person yet. I considered that the most I could fear was from an accidental landing of straggling people from the main, and that therefore I had nothing to do but to find some safe retreat in case I should see any savages land upon the spot.

10 I redoubled my wall and planted the seven muskets which I had taken from the ship, so that they were fitted into frames that held them like a carriage. I could fire all seven guns in two minutes' time. When this was done, I stuck all the ground without my wall
15 with sticks of osier-like wood, insomuch that I believe I set in twenty thousand of them. Thus in two years' time I had a thick grove, and in five or six years' time I had a wood before my dwelling, growing so monstrous thick and strong, that it was indeed
20 impassible. No one would ever imagine that there was anything beyond it, much less a habitation.

One day some time after, when I was wandering more to the west point of the island than I had ever been before, and looking out to the sea, I thought I
25 saw a boat. Whether it was a boat or not, I do not know; but when I came down from the hill I was convinced that the print of a man's foot was not so strange a thing in the island as I imagined. I was perfectly horrified to find the shore spread with

skulls, hands, feet and other bones of human bodies. I particularly observed a place where there had been a fire made, and a circle dug in the earth, like a cock-pit, where I supposed the savage wretches had sat
5 down to their feasting.

I was surprised one morning early with seeing no less than five canoes all on shore together on my side of the island, and the people who belonged to them all landed and out of my sight. The number of them
10 broke all my measures, and I could not see how I could attack twenty or thirty men single-handed; so I lay still in my fortress, perplexed and discomforted. Growing impatient I took my spy-glass and went up to the top of the hill. Here being careful that I was
15 not visible, I observed that they had a fire kindled and were all dancing around it with many barbarous gestures.

While I was thus looking on them, I saw two miserable wretches dragged from their boats, where it
20 seems they were laid by, and were now brought out for the slaughter. I perceived one of them immediately fell, being knocked down with a club or sword, while the other victim was left standing by himself until they should be ready for him. In that very
25 moment this poor wretch started away from them and ran with incredible swiftness along the sands, directly toward the place of my habitation.

There were not more than three men that followed him, and he gained ground on them, so that I saw

that he would easily win if he could but hold out for an hour. There was between them and my castle the creek which I mentioned at the first part of my story, when I landed my cargoes out of the ship.

5 I saw plainly that he must swim this or the poor wretch would be taken there. When he came thither he made nothing of it, but plunging in, swam through it in about thirty strokes, landed and ran on with exceeding strength and swiftness. When the three

10 pursuers came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third could not. Standing on the other side, he looked, but went no further; and soon after went softly back again, which, as it happened, was very well for him.

15 I observed that the two who swam were yet more than twice as long swimming over the creek as the fellow who fled from them. It came very persistently to me that now was my time to get me a servant, and perhaps a companion or assistant. I im-

20 mediately ran down the ladders with all possible expedition, fetched my two guns, for they were both at the foot of the ladders. Getting up again with the same haste to the top of the hill, I crossed toward the sea, and making a very short cut, clapped myself

25 in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, halloing aloud to him that fled. Looking back, he was as much frightened at me as at them; but I beckoned with my hand at him to come back, and in the meantime I slowly advanced towards the two

that followed, then rushing at once toward the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my piece. I next advanced a pace toward the other fellow. As I came nearer I perceived presently that he had
5 a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot me, so I was then under necessity of shooting him first, which I did, and killed him at the first shot.

The poor savage who fled, though he saw both of his enemies fallen and killed as he thought, yet was
10 so frightened with the fire and noise of my piece that he stood stock still, and neither came forward or went backward, though he seemed rather inclined to fly still than to come on. I hallowed again to him and made signs to come forward, which he easily under-
15 stood, and came a little way, then stopped again. I could perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner. I beckoned him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of encouragement that I could think of. He came nearer and nearer,
20 kneeling down every ten or twelve steps. I smiled at him, and looking pleasantly, beckoned him to come still nearer. At length he came close to me, and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, laid his head upon the ground, and taking me by the
25 foot, set my foot upon his head. This, it seems, was in token of swearing to be my slave forever. I took him up, and made much of him, and encouraged him all I could. Then calling him to follow, I took him away to my cave.

Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water, which I found that he was in much distress for because of his running. Having refreshed him, I made signs for him to lie
5 down and sleep. I pointed to a place where I had laid a great bundle of rice straw and a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon myself sometimes, and the poor creature lay down and went to sleep. He was a comely, handsome fellow, tall and well-shaped
10 and as I reckoned about twenty-six years of age. He seemed to have something very manly in his face, and yet he had all the sweetness of a European in his countenance, especially when he smiled. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool; his
15 forehead very high and large, and there was a great vivacity and sparkling brightness in his eyes. The color of his skin was not very black, but tawny. His face was round and plump; his nose small, not flat. He had a very good mouth, thin lips, and his fine
20 teeth well set and white as ivory.

After he had slumbered about an hour, he waked again and came out of the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats, which I had in an enclosure close by. When he espied me he came running to
25 ne, laying himself down upon the ground, with all the possible signs of a humble, thankful disposition, making many antic gestures to show it. At last he laid his head flat upon the ground close to my feet, and set my other foot upon his head, as he had done

before. After this he made all signs of subjection and submission, to let me know he would serve me as long as he lived. In a little time I began to speak to him and to let him know I was well satisfied with him. I also began to teach him to speak to me. At first I made him know that his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life. I likewise taught him to say Master and let him know that was to be my name. I taught him to say Yes and No and to know the meaning of them. I gave him some milk in an earthen pot, and let him see me drink it before him, and sop my bread in it; I gave him a cake of bread to do the like, which he quickly complied with, and made signs that it was very good.

I was greatly delighted with my new companion and made haste as the days passed to teach him everything that was proper to make him useful, handy, and helpful; but especially to make him speak and to understand me as I spoke. He was the aptest pupil that ever was, and moreover was so merry, so constantly diligent, and so pleased, when he could but understand me, or make me understand him, that it was very pleasant to me to talk to him.

Never man had a more faithful, loving, sincere servant than Friday was to me; his very affections were tied to me like those of a child to a father; and I dare say he would have sacrificed his life for the saving of mine at any time whatsoever. Now my

life began to be so easy, that could I but have been safe from more savages, I cared not, if I was never to remove from the place where I lived.

THE STUDY OF THE STORY

Questions to answer after silent reading. Robinson Crusoe is the great story of practical self-help. We who are able to buy from shop and factory everything that we need, seldom think how in early ages men lived entirely by the skill of their hands.

After you have read silently each section of the story, tell, if you can, how Robinson Crusoe contrived to accomplish these things:

I. The Shipwreck. Tell how Crusoe contrived to get the goods from the ship ashore. What do you think the most valuable articles he took from the ship?

Tell how Crusoe selected the site for his habitation: how he contrived to make himself safe from wild beasts and from the rain. What do you think the most clever thing about his habitation?

Draw a little sketch of his home against the cliff.

II. The Island Explored. Tell how Crusoe made furniture; garden tools; a lamp; clothing for himself. Tell how his home gradually became a farm; how he reckoned time; how he amused himself.

What do you think the most difficult thing that he did? What required most patience? What do you think the most valuable of everything that he found on the island?

III. The Discovery of Friday. Tell how Crusoe became aware of the presence of savages in the country; how he prepared against discovery and attack.

Tell how he saved the life of Friday; how he won his friendship.

What do you think was the greatest happiness that Crusoe had while on the island? When do you think he showed the most courage?

Words to study. Robinson Crusoe tells his story in simple direct language that is for the most part easy to read. Since, however, the story was written more than two hundred years ago, there are some phrases and words that are no longer common. The Glossary will explain to you any of these words that you may not understand:

I. stranded vessels, dreadful deliverance, furlong, the storm abated, the forecastle of the ship, spars of wood, navigation, cove, continent, fowling-pieces, carrion, barricaded, diameter, tarpaulin, terrace, habitation.

II. fortification, contrivance, adze, citron, limes, diverted, stoic, spatterdashes.

III. redoubled, osier-like, cockpit, incredible, countenance, vivacity, enclosure, antic gestures, submission, complied with, diligent.

The book. The complete story of Robinson Crusoe, entitled *The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, covers more than three hundred fifty pages.

In the very full story of Crusoe's adventures on the island, we learn at last that he and Friday made themselves a large sailing boat and ventured out from the island, and that one day they discovered an English ship. Crusoe sailed back to England with the captain and the faithful Friday.

"And thus," says Robinson Crusoe, "I left the island after I had been twenty-eight years upon it, and after a long voyage I arrived in England, where I was as perfect a stranger to all the world as if I had never been known there."

The author. Daniel Defoe lived in London in the reign of William III. He was a very busy writer of books and pamphlets. He wrote one pamphlet which so displeased the government that the book was ordered burned and a reward of two hundred fifty dollars was offered for the author's arrest. Somebody got the reward, for Defoe was tried and sentenced to imprisonment. While in prison, he kept on writing, and started a weekly paper.

Defoe was certainly the busiest of writers, for in nine years he wrote more than ten thousand printed pages and published eighty works. In 1719 came out the first volume of *Robinson Crusoe*, which at once leaped into great popularity, and is to-day a world classic.

Illustrations. There are many interesting illustrated editions of *Robinson Crusoe*. One volume has a large number of pictures drawn by two brothers, Louis and Frederick Rhead, from sketches of the island of Tobago in the West Indies, known to be the island described in the story.

Another edition has attractive pictures in color by E. Boyd Smith, and still another is illustrated by J. A. Symington. Find which editions are to be had in your Library.

A similar story. *The Swiss Family Robinson* tells of the adventures of a shipwrecked family on a remarkable island. One edition has illustrations from sketches in the tropics by Louis Rhead.

THE GRAY SWAN

ALICE CARY

A white-haired woman is talking to a weather-beaten sailor who has just come ashore. Who the sailor is you will before long guess.

"Oh, tell me, sailor, tell me true,

Is my little lad, my Elihu,

A-sailing with your ship?"

The sailor's eyes were dim with dew,—

5 "Your little lad, your Elihu?"

S He said, with trembling lip,—

"What little lad? what ship?"

"What little lad! as if there could be
Another such an one as he!

10 What little lad, do you say?

Why, Elihu, that took to the sea

The moment I put him off my knee!

It was just the other day

The *Gray Swan* sailed away."

15 "The other day?" The sailor's eyes

Stood open with a great surprise,—

"The other day? the *Swan*?"

His heart began in his throat to rise.

"Ay, ay, sir, here in the cupboard lies
The jacket he had on."

"And so your lad is gone?"

5 "Gone with the *Swan*." "And did she stand
With her anchor clutching hold of the sand,
For a month, and never stir?"

"Why, to be sure! I've seen from the land,
Like a lover kissing his lady's hand,
The wild sea kissing her,—
10 A sight to remember, sir."

"But, my good mother, do you know
All this was twenty years ago?

I stood on the *Gray Swan's* deck,
And to that lad I saw you throw,
15 Taking it off, as it might be, so!

The kerchief from your neck."

"Ay, and he'll bring it back!"

"And did the little lawless lad
That has made you sick and made you sad,
20 Sail with the *Gray Swan's* crew?"

"Lawless! the man is going mad!

The best boy ever mother had,

Be sure he sailed with the crew!

What would you have him do?"

“And he has never written line,
Nor sent you word, nor made you sign
To say he was alive?”

“Hold! if ’twas wrong, the wrong is mine;
Besides, he may be in the brine,
And could he write from the grave?
Tut, man! what would you have?”

“Gone twenty years,—a long, long cruise,—
’Twas wicked thus your love to abuse;
But if the lad still live,
And come back home, think you you can
Forgive him?”—“Miserable man,
You’re mad as the sea,—you rave,—
What have I to forgive?”

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
And from within his bosom drew
The kerchief. She was wild.
“My God! my Father! is it true?
My little lad, my Elihu,
My blessed boy, my child!
My dead, my living child!”

THE STUDY OF THE POEM

Questions to think about. There are many stories of wanderers who have returned home after long years away. Sometimes the wanderer finds every one changed and himself forgotten, as Robinson Crusoe did. Perhaps that was what Elihu expected.

What changes have taken place in the absence of Elihu? By what signs does he know that he is indeed speaking to his mother? By what sign is she convinced that he is her son?

How do you fancy that Elihu has spent his time during his twenty years of absence? How do you think the mother has spent these years?

Phrases to explain. Explain these phrases as they are used in the poem: *Gray Swan*, in the brine, a long cruise.

Oral reading. Let two read aloud the dialogue, omitting the descriptive phrases. It will be necessary to watch carefully the quotation marks, which alone indicate the change of speaker.

At what point in the story does the mother become indignant? At what point does her anger cease?

A similar story. A famous story of a wanderer is that of Odysseus of Greece, who was lost upon the seas for twenty years after the Trojan War. All except his faithful wife, Penelope, believed him dead. To satisfy her relatives, she at last agreed to marry one of the many suitors for her hand, provided only they would allow her first to weave a burial robe for the aged father of Odysseus. This robe she wove by day and unraveled by night, until at last her husband returned.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

ROBERT SOUTHEY

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,—
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

5 Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The holy abbot of Aberbrothok
10 Had placed that bell on the Inchcape rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surges' swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
15 And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,—
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea birds screamed as they wheeled around,
20 And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck. •

5 He felt the cheering power of spring,—
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess;
But the rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float:
10 Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat;
And row me to the Inchcape rock,
And I'll plague the abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape rock they go;
15 Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose and burst around.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock
20 Will not bless the abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,—
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They can not see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

5 On the deck the rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
10 For yonder, methinks, should be the shore.
Now where we are I can not tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along;
15 Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—
Alas! it is the Inchcape rock!

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He cursed himself in his despair.
The waves rush in on every side;
20 The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound he seemed to hear—
A sound as if with the Inchcape bell
The Evil Spirit was ringing his knell.

THE STUDY OF THE POEM

The story. *The Inchcape Rock* is really a little play in two acts. Choose a title for each act, and tell its story.

Mind pictures. How does the sea look on the day that the bell is cut? What joyous sounds do you hear? What sort of a sound accompanies the sinking of the bell?

How does the sky look on the day that the ship sinks? What fearful sounds do you hear as the vessel nears the shore? What sound does Sir Ralph seem to hear as the waves rush over him?

Words and phrases. These words may be found in the Glossary. Look for those that you do not know: abbot, buoy, joyance, surge's swell, plundered store, quoth, me-thinks.

Similar stories. What other stories or poems do you know in which a character receives the reward of his own act? Such an ending is called "poetic justice."

The poet. Robert Southey was an English author, and was at one time the poet laureate of the country. Two of his poems are "After Blenheim" and "The Legend of Bishop Hatto." Both of them, as well as "The Inchcape Rock," are found in *The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks*, by Burton E. Stevenson.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

JONATHAN SWIFT

Gulliver, like Crusoe, is telling his own story of shipwreck and strange adventure. Crusoe, however, describes an actual island of the West Indies. The island that Gulliver visits lies in the mystic sea of fancy.

I. *A Captive in Lilliput*

I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain Willard Prichard, master of the *Antelope*, who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol, England, May 4, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous. In our passage to the East Indies, however, we were driven by a violent storm to the northwest of Van Diemen's Island. Twelve of our crew died through the hard work and ill food and the rest were in a bad condition. On the fifth of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seaman spied a rock. The wind was so strong that we were driven directly upon it and the ship split.

Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed about three leagues until we were able to work no longer. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the

waves, and in about half an hour the boat was upset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as those who escaped on the rock or were left in the vessel, I
5 can not tell.

For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop and could feel no bottom, but when I was almost gone and able to struggle no longer, I
10 found myself within my depth, and the storm was much abated. I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants.

I was extremely tired, and with that and the heat
15 of the weather I found myself very much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very soft and short, and I slept sounder than I ever remember to have done in my life. When I awaked, it was just daylight. I attempted to rise but was
20 not able to stir. As I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side of the ground. My hair, which was long and thick, was tied in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender threads across my body
25 from my armpits to my thighs. I could only look upward. The sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes.

I heard a confused noise about me, but in the posture I lay, could see nothing but the sky. In a little

while I felt something alive moving on my left leg. It advanced gently forward over my chest and came almost up to my chin. Bending my eyes downward as much as I could I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands and a quiver at his back. In the meantime I felt at least forty more following the first.

In the utmost astonishment I roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright. Some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifted up his hands and eyes by way of admiration and cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, "Hekinah degul." The others repeated the same word several times, but then I knew not what they meant.

I lay all this while as the reader may believe in great uneasiness. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings and wrench out the pegs which fastened my left arm to the ground. By lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and at the same time with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches.

But the creatures ran off a second time before I could seize them. Whereupon there was a great

shout in a very shrill accent. After it ceased I heard one of them cry aloud "Tolgo phonac." In an instant I felt about a hundred arrows discharged on my left hand which pricked me like so many needles. 5 They then shot another flight of which many fell on my body and some on my face.

When this shower of arrows was over I fell agroaning with grief and pain, and then when I strove again to get loose, they discharged another 10 volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but by good luck I had a buff jerkin which they could not pierce. I thought it most prudent to lie still and to continue so till night, when, my left hand being al- 15 ready loose, I could easily free myself. As for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest armies they could bring against me.

When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but by the noise I knew 20 their numbers increased. About four yards from me over against my right ear, I heard a knocking which lasted for over an hour, like that of people at work. When turning my head that way as well as 25 the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it.

A very important person of quality cried three

times, "Langro dehul san," and then about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and observing the person and gesture of him who was to speak. He appeared to be of middle age and taller than any of the other three who attended him, one of whom was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him.

He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity and kindness. I answered in a few words but in a most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun.

II. *A Strange Ride*

Since I had not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me, that I could not forbear showing my impatience by putting my finger frequently on my mouth to signify that I wanted food. The "Hurgo," for so they called a great lord, understood me very well. He descended from the stage and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which about a hundred of the inhabitants mounted and walked toward my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders.

I observed that there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs and loins shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder at my bulk and appetite.

10 I then made another sign that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me and being a most ingenious people, they slung up with great skill one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand and beat
15 out the top. I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold more than half a pint. They brought me a second hogshead which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more, but they had none to give me.

20 When I had performed these wonders they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times as they did at first, "Hekinah degul." They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but they first warned the
25 people below to stand out of the way, "Borach mivola." When they saw the vessels in the air there was a universal shout of "Hekinah degul."

After some time when they perceived that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before

me a person of high rank from his Imperial Majesty. This person, having mounted on my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with a half a dozen of his servants. Producing his credentials under
5 the Signet Royal, which he applied close to my eyes, he spoke about ten minutes, without any signs of anger, but with a quiet determination. He often pointed forward, as I afterward found in the direction of the castle where it was agreed by his majesty
10 that I must be taken.

I answered in a few words but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other, and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty. He understood
15 me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapproval, and held his hand in a posture to show that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough and very good treatment.

20 Whereupon I once more thought of trying to break my bonds; but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, I gave signs to let them know that they
25 might do with me as they wished. Upon this the Hurgo and his train departed with much civility and cheerful faces. Soon after I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words, "Peplom selan," and I felt great numbers of people on my

left side relaxing the cords to such a degree that I was able to turn at a right angle.

But before this they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment very pleasant to smell, which in a few minutes removed all the smart of their arrows. This relief added to the refreshment from the food and a sleepy potion in the drink, as I afterwards found out, disposed me to sleep, and I slept about eight hours.

10 These people have arrived to a great perfection in mechanics, by the encouragement of their Emperor. The prince had several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his men of war, whereof
15 some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea.

Five hundred carpenters and engineers were set to work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It
20 was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which it seems set out in four hours after my arrival. It was brought
25 parallel to me as I lay, but the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle.

Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords of the bigness of a packthread were fastened by hooks to

many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords by many pulleys fastened on
5 long poles, and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. Fifteen hundred of the Emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me toward the capital city, which
10 was half a mile distant.

✎ About four hours after we began our journey I awakened by a ridiculous accident, for the carriage being stopped a while to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had
15 the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep. They climbed up into the engine and advancing very softly to my face, one of them put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw and made me
20 sneeze violently. Whereupon they stole off unseen, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my sudden awakening.

✎ We made a long march the remaining part of that day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on
25 each side of me, half with torches and half with bows and arrows ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sunrise we continued our march and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The Emperor and all his

court came out to meet us; but his great officers would by no means suffer his Majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped, there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom. It was no longer used for the purpose for which it was built, and all the ornaments and furniture had been carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window not above six inches from the ground. Into the temple the Emperor's smiths carried fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six and thirty padlocks.

Over against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at a distance of twenty feet, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the Emperor ascended, with many lords of his court, to have the pleasure of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above a hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and in spite of the guards I do not believe that fewer than ten thousand at several times mounted my body by the help of ladders. But an order was soon issued to forbid it upon pain of death.

When the workmen found that it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up with as gloomy a spirit as I ever had in my life. The noise and astonishment of the people at seeing me rise and walk, are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle; but being fixed within four inches of the
10 gate, allowed me to creep in and to lie at full length in the temple.

III. *The Inspection*

When I found myself on my feet, I looked about me, and must confess I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country around appeared like
15 a continued garden, with the inclosed fields which appeared like so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods where the tallest trees appeared to be seven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand. It appeared like the painted
20 scene of a city in a theatre.

The Emperor had already descended from the tower, and was advancing toward me on horseback which had like to have cost him dear. The beast, though very well trained, was unused to such a sight,
25 which appeared as if a mountain moved before him. He reared up on his hinder feet, and if the Emperor had not been an excellent horseman, he could not

have held his seat while his attendants ran in to seize the bridle so that he could dismount.

The Emperor is taller almost the breadth of my nail than his court, which alone is enough to strike
5 awe into the beholders. His dress was very plain and simple. He had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hands to defend himself if I should happen to break loose. It was almost
10 three inches long and the hilt and scabbard were gold enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill but very clear. The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad, so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground,
15 embroidered with figures of gold and silver.

His Imperial Majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers but neither one of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present who were commanded to ad-
20 dress themselves to me, and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were High and Low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish and Italian, but all to no purpose.

After about two hours the court retired, and I was
25 left with a strong guard, to prevent the malice of the rabble. Some of them had the impudence to shoot arrows, one of which narrowly missed my left eye. The colonel ordered the six ringleaders to be seized and thought no punishment so proper as to



deliver them bound into my hands. I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat pocket, and as to the sixth I made a face as though I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, but I soon put them all out of fear. I cut their cords and set them all on the ground gently. I observed that both the soldiers and the people were highly pleased at this mark of my mercy.

✿ Towards night I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so for about two weeks, during which time the Emperor had given orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds of the common measures were brought in carriages, and worked up in my house; an hundred and fifty of their beds sewn together made up the breadth and length, and these were four double, which, however, kept me but very poorly from the hardness of the floor of smooth stone. In the same way they provided me with sheets, blankets, and coverlets.

In the meantime the Emperor held frequent councils to determine what should be done with me. They feared my breaking loose, that my diet would be very expensive and might cause a famine. Finally the Imperial Council sent out an order obliging all the villages nine hundred yards around the city, to deliver in every morning six beeves, forty sheep, and other victuals for my support. An establishment was also made of six hundred persons to

be my servants. It was likewise ordered that three hundred tailors should make me a suit of clothes after the fashion of the country. Six of his Majesty's greatest scholars were ordered to instruct me in the language; and lastly the Emperor's horses, and those of the noblemen, and troops of the guard, should be frequently exercised in my sight to accustom themselves to me.

All these orders were faithfully carried out, and in about three weeks, I had made great progress in learning the language. The Emperor frequently honored me with his visits and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me. He asked me not to take it ill if he asked certain officers to search me, for probably I might carry about me several weapons which must be dangerous. I said his Majesty should be satisfied for I was ready to strip myself, and turn up my pockets before him. He said that by the law of the land I must be searched by two of his officers. I took up two of the officers in my hands, put them first into my coat pockets, and then into every other pocket about me. These gentlemen having pen and ink set down everything they found. This inventory was as follows:

In the right hand pocket of the Great Man Mountain, after the strictest search, we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to be a foot cloth for your Majesty's chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover

of the same metal which we were not able to lift. In his white waistcoat pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white thin leaves, folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable and marked with black figures which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which there were extended twenty long poles, resembling the palisades before your Majesty's court, wherewith we suppose the Man Mountain combs his hair.

In the large pocket on the right side of his middle cover, we saw a hollow pillar of iron about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber, larger than a pillar. Upon one side of the pillars were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket another engine of the same kind. In the smaller pocket on the right side were several round flat pieces of white and red metal, of different bulk; some of the white seemed to be so large and heavy that my comrade and I could hardly lift them.

Out of a small pocket hung a great silver chain with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was fastened to that chain, which appeared to be a globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal, for on the transparent side, we saw certain strange figures drawn in a circle and thought we could touch them, till we

found our fingers stopped by that lucid substance. He put his engine to our ears and we discovered that it made an incessant noise like that of a water-mill. We suppose that it is either some unknown animal
5 or the god that he worships. He called it his oracle, and said it pointed out the time for every action of his life.

Having thus diligently searched all his pockets in obedience to your Majesty's commands, we observed
10 a girdle about his waist made of the hide of some prodigious animal, from which on the left side hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right hand, a bag or pouch divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your Majesty's subjects.
15 In one of these cells were several globes or balls of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and requiring a strong hand to lift them; the other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk, for we could hold about fifty of
20 them in the palms of our hands.

This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of Man Mountain. Signed and sealed on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your Majesty's reign.

Clefrin Frelock, Marsi Frelock.

25 When this inventory was read to the Emperor, he directed me in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several articles. He first called for my sword,

and desired me to draw it. Although it had got some rust by the seawater, it was for the most part exceeding bright. When I flashed it forth in the bright sunlight, the troops gave a shout between terror and surprise. His Majesty ordered me to return it to the scabbard and to place it on the ground. The next thing he demanded was one of the hollow iron pillars, by which he meant my pocket pistols. I drew it out and according to his desire I put powder in it and shot it off in the air. The astonishment was greater than at the sight of my sword. Hundreds fell down as if they had been struck dead. I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner as I had my sword and also my pouch of powder and bullets. I likewise delivered up my watch, which the Emperor was very curious to see and commanded two of his tallest guards to bear it on a pole on their shoulders. He was amazed at the continual noise it made, and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could easily discern. I then gave up my silver and copper money, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief and journal-book. My sword, pistols, and pouch were taken in carriages to his Majesty's stores; but the rest of my goods were returned to me.

IV. *The Release of Gulliver*

My gentleness and good behavior gained so far upon the Emperor that I began to hope that I might

get my liberty in a short time. The natives became less and less afraid of me. I would sometimes lie down and let five or six of them dance on my hand, and at last the boys and girls would venture to come
5 and play at hide and seek in my hair. I had made good progress in understanding and speaking their language.

The horses of the army, and those of the royal stables, having been daily led before me, were no
10 longer shy, but would come up to my very feet without starting. The riders would leap them over my hand as I held it on the ground, and one of the Emperor's huntsmen, upon a large horse, took my foot, shoe and all, which was indeed a prodigious leap.

15 About two or three days before I was set at liberty, there arrived an express to inform his Majesty that some of his subjects riding near the place where I was taken up, had seen a great black substance lying on the ground, very oddly shaped, extend-
20 ing its edges round as wide as his Majesty's bed-chamber, and rising up in the middle as high as a man.

They said it was no living creature, for it lay on the grass without motion, and some of them had
25 walked around it several times. By mounting on each other's shoulders they had got to the top which was flat and even, and stamping upon it they found it was hollow within. They humbly supposed that it might be something belonging to the Man-Moun-

tain; and if his Majesty pleased they would undertake to bring it with only five horses.

I presently knew what they meant. It seemed that my hat fell off after I came to land, and was not
5 lost as I supposed at sea. I begged his Majesty to send for it. The next day the wagoners arrived with it, but not in very good condition. They had bored two holes in the brim, within an inch and a half of the edge and fastened two hooks in the holes. These
10 hooks were tied by a long cord to the harness, and thus my hat was dragged along for about half an English mile.

Two days after this adventure, the Emperor having ordered that part of his army which quarters in
15 and about his capital to be in readiness, took a fancy to amuse himself in a very odd way. He desired I would stand like Colossus, with my legs as far asunder as I could place them. He then commanded his general to draw up the troops in close order, and
20 march them under me. Those on foot were to advance twenty-four in a breast, and the horse by sixteen, with drums beating, colors flying, and pikes advanced. The body consisted of three thousand on foot, and a thousand horse.

25 Finally the day of my release came. The Emperor had drawn up some very important articles which I was obliged to confirm by solemn oath. The articles were as follows:

First, The Man-Mountain shall not depart from

our dominions, without our license under our great seal.

Second, He shall not presume to come into our capital, without our express order; at which time
5 the inhabitants shall have two hours' warning to keep within their doors.

Third, The said Man-Mountain shall confine his walks to our chief high roads, and not offer to walk or to lie down in a meadow or a field of corn.

10 Fourth, As he walks the said roads, he shall take the utmost care not to trample upon the bodies of any of our loving subjects, their horses or their carriages, nor take any of our subjects into his hands without our consent.

15 Fifth, If an express requires unusual speed, the Man-Mountain shall be obliged to carry in his pocket the messenger and horse a six days' journey once in every moon, and return the said messenger back safe to our Imperial Presence.

20 Sixth, He shall be our ally against our enemies in the Island of Blefuscu, and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

Seventh, The said Man-Mountain shall be an aid and assistant to our workmen in raising certain
25 great stones, toward covering the wall of the principal park, and our other royal buildings.

Eighth, The said Man-Mountain shall, in two moons' time, deliver an exact survey of our dominions.

Lastly, Upon his solemn oath to observe all these articles, the said Man-Mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1728 of our subjects, with free access to our
5 Royal Person, and other marks of our favor.

I swore to these articles with great cheerfulness and content. I made my vow prostrating myself at his Majesty's feet, but he commanded me to rise. I afterwards found that I was allowed enough meat
10 and drink for 1728 Lilliputians because these people had taken the height of my body and had concluded after careful figuring that it would contain 1728 of theirs. This will give you a good idea of the cleverness of the people, and of the prudent and ex-
15 act economy of their ruler.

V. *The War with Blefuscu*

The Empire of Blefuscu is an island to the north of Lilliput from whence it is parted by a channel of eight hundred yards. I had not yet seen it and upon notice of the intended invasion, I avoided that side
20 of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships. I told his Majesty a plan I had formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet, which our scouts assured us lay in the harbor ready to sail with the first wind.

25 I consulted with the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel. I walked toward the northeast coast over against Blefuscu; and lying

down took out my pocket glass, and viewed the enemies' fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men of war. I then came back to my house and gave the order for a great quantity of the strongest cable and
5 bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as a packthread and the bars of the length and size of a knitting needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and I twisted three of the iron bars together, binding the ends into a hook.

10 Thus putting fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the northeast coast, and putting off my coat, shoes and stockings, walked into the sea in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam
15 in the middle about fifty yards till I felt ground. I arrived at the fleet in less than half an hour.

The enemy was so frightened when they saw me that they leaped out of their ships, and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty
20 thousand souls. I then took my tackling and fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face;
25 and besides the smart, gave me much disturbance in my work.

My greatest fear was for my eyes, which I should certainly have lost, if I had not thought of my spectacles. These I now fastened firmly upon my nose,

and thus armed went boldly at my work in spite of the enemy's arrows.

I had now fastened all the hooks, and taking the knot in my hand, began to pull, but not a ship stirred, ⁵ for they were all too fast held by their anchors. I therefore let go the cord and leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving about two hundred shots in my face and hands. Then I took up ¹⁰ the knotted ends of the cable to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men of war after me.

The people of Blefuscu were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables and thought my design was only to let the ships ¹⁵ drift, but when they saw the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end they set up a scream of grief and despair. When I had got out of danger, I stopped a while to pick out the arrows that ²⁰ stuck in my hands and face, and rubbed on some of the ointment that was given me at my first arrival. I then waited till the tide had fallen a little and waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

²⁵ The Emperor and his whole court stood on the shore expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I was in the middle of the

channel they were in more pain because I was then up to my neck under water. The Emperor concluded that I was drowned and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner; but he was soon
5 ceased of his fear because as the water grew shallower with every step I speedily became visible. Holding up the end of the cable by which the fleet was fastened I called in a loud voice, "Long live the Emperor of Lilliput!" He received me at the land-
10 ing with all possible praise, and created me a "Nardac" upon the spot, which is the highest title of honor among them.

About three weeks after this exploit, there arrived a solemn embassy from Blefuscu with humble
15 offers of peace. There was soon concluded such a peace with conditions most favorable to our Emperor. When their treaty was concluded the six ambassadors from Blefuscu made me a visit in form. They began with many compliments upon my valor
20 and desired me to show them some proofs of my prodigious strength, of which they had heard so many wonders.

When I had for some time entertained the embassy, I desired they would do me the honor to pay
25 my respects to their Emperor, whose renown had so justly filled the whole world with praise, and whom I desired to behold before I returned to my own country. The next time I had the honor to see our Emperor, I desired his license to visit the Em-

peror of Blefuscu. This he was pleased to grant me but in a very cold way. I afterwards found out that some of my enemies at court had misrepresented my kindness to the ambassadors from Blefuscu and made him think that I was no longer loyal to him.

After this occasion my enemies ceased not to work against me until the Emperor and the Council decreed the loss of my eyes. As this deed was to be done with only three days' warning I made haste to make my visit to the Emperor of Blefuscu, as I already had the license of our Emperor.

Three days after my arrival in Blefuscu, walking out of curiosity on the northeast coast, I observed something in the sea that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and wading two or three hundred yards, I found the object to approach nearer by force of the tide. Then plainly I saw it to be a real boat which I supposed might, by some tempest, have been driven from a ship.

With the kind assistance of the Emperor of Blefuscu, who loaned me twenty of his tallest vessels and three thousand seamen, I recovered the boat and found it but little damaged. In about a month I was prepared to leave. I stored my boat with a hundred oxen and with three hundred sheep, with bread and drink in proportion, and with as much meat dressed as four hundred cooks could provide.

I then set sail on the twenty-fourth day of September at six in the morning.

After a short voyage I sighted a sail to the south-east. I hailed her, but could get no answer. I made all the sail I could, and in half an hour she spied me, then hung out her ensign and discharged a gun. It is not easy to express the joy I was in upon the hope once more of seeing my beloved country, and the dear ones I had left in it. The ship slackened her sails, and I came up. My heart leaped within me as I saw her English colors.

THE STUDY OF THE STORY

Silent reading and mind pictures. This is one of the greatest of imaginative stories. So exactly does Gulliver tell of sizes and distances that an artist could easily model the tiny country as the author fancied it.

After you have read the story silently, see if you can recreate the pictures in your mind.

I. A Captive in Lilliput. Describe Gulliver's condition when he awakens, a captive in Lilliput. How do the tiny people reduce him to complete submission? For what purpose was the little stage erected?

II. A Strange Ride. Describe Gulliver's first meal. How was he removed to the city? How was he imprisoned there? Why were the people forbidden to mount the body of the Man-Mountain?

III. The Inspection. Describe Gulliver's bed; his diet. What was the result of the inventory of his pockets? How did Gulliver first prove to the people his good will?

IV. The Release of Gulliver. Describe the adventure of the hat. What was the purpose of the Emperor in

ordering the great parade to take place between the legs of the Man-Mountain? Upon what terms was Gulliver to be released?

V. *The War with Blefuscu.* Describe Gulliver's plan for capturing the fleet of the enemy. Tell of his escape from Lilliput.

What do you think the most surprising incident in the story of Gulliver? What do you think the most amusing incident?

Words for study. These are the unusual words in the story. Look in the Glossary for any that you do not understand.

I. buff jerkin, orator, threatenings, submissive manner.

II. suffice, credentials, signify, disapproval, civility, mechanics, vehicle, edifice, fourscore.

III. scabbard, malice of the rabble, strictest search, prodigious, palisades, transparent, lucid, incessant, ponderous, inventory.

IV. Colossus, dominions, license, survey, sufficient, access, prostrating, prudent, economy.

V. confounded, discern, embassy, ambassadors, misrepresented, ensign, slackened her sails.

A comparison. In what way is the story of *Gulliver's Travels* like the story of *Robinson Crusoe*? How is it very different?

The author of *Gulliver's Travels* tells amazing inventions in such a way that as we read we feel his story must be true. Can you tell what gives to his tale this air of absolute truth?

Whose story did you enjoy more—*Crusoe's* or *Gulliver's*?

The author. Jonathan Swift was born in Dublin, Ireland, after his father's death, and was brought up in poverty. His books are noted for their keen wit. His

most popular work, *Gulliver's Travels*, was first published in 1726.

The book. *Gulliver's Travels* tells not only the adventures of Gulliver in Lilliput, but also his perilous encounters with the giants of Brobdingnag, who were so huge that they could pick him up between fingers and thumb.

Illustrations. Like *Robinson Crusoe*, *Gulliver's Travels* has been well illustrated by many great artists. One edition has over a hundred drawings in black and white by Louis Rhead, many of them full-page.

The story has also been illustrated by Arthur Rackham, by Willy Pogany, and by Milo Winter. Perhaps you can bring to school from the Library two or three editions, and decide which pictures you think best fit the story.

Similar tales. Other famous stories of imaginary travels are "The Voyages of Sindbad the Sailor" in *Arabian Nights*, and *The Voyages of Dr. Dolittle*, by Hugh Lofting. Amusing and impossible adventures are told also in *The Travels of Baron Munchhausen*, by R. E. Raspe.

STORIES OF VOYAGES FOR HOME READING

Classic stories of famous voyages are these:

<i>Robinson Crusoe</i>	Defoe
<i>Swiss Family Robinson</i>	Wyss
<i>Gulliver's Travels</i>	Swift
<i>Voyages of Sindbad, the Sailor</i>	Arabian Nights
<i>Voyages of Dr. Dolittle</i>	Lofting
<i>Tales of Troy and Greece</i>	Lang
<i>Odyssey for Boys and Girls</i>	Church
<i>The Sunken Treasure</i>	Hawthorne



BRAVE AMERICANS

America was christened with those brave words of her discoverer, the bold Columbus, "Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!" Americans have been bravely sailing on ever since. They peopled the coast lands of the Atlantic, wrested the thirteen little colonies from the British and founded the first great republic. They passed the Alleghenies and overflowed the vast plains of the Middle West. They climbed the mighty Rockies and sailed the Pacific.

They have builded them cities, they have made the desert to blossom, and the prairies to bring forth grain. They have dug out treasures from the earth and have tied the continent together by train, telegraph, aeroplane. And always they have kept the Star Spangled Banner waving "O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

You will read here of only a few brave Americans in an honor roll of tens of thousands that stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. Nor have brave Americans stopped with the saving of America. They have also fought for Cuba and the Hawaiian Islands and crossed the seas in the World War to contend for the freedom of all oppressed peoples.

COLUMBUS

JOAQUIN MILLER

You have no doubt read the story of Christopher Columbus, who, believing that the world was round, sailed across an unknown sea, and discovered a new world. In this beautiful poem the poet tells of the long and terrible voyage.

Behind him lay the gray Azores;
Behind, the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.

5 The good mate said: "Now we must pray,
For lo, the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

10 "My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
15 "Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:

“Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
5 Now speak, brave Admiral; speak and say—”
He said: “Sail on! sail on! and on!”

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
“This mad sea shows its teeth to-night.
He curls his lips, he lies in wait.
10 With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?”
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
“Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!”

15 Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
20 It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: “On! sail on!”

THE STUDY OF THE POEM

Questions for silent reading. The picture is that of a frail vessel tossed about on a great shoreless sea.

What answer does the mate wish when he asks, “What

shall I say?" What does the poem tell us about the weather? What do we learn about the crew? In what different ways does the mate try to turn the Admiral from his purpose? The steadfast answer of Columbus gives the poem its beautiful refrain. What is it?

How many years passed before the light that Columbus saw became "a starlit flag unfurled?"

Words for study. Look in your Glossary for any of these words that you may not understand: Azores, Gates of Hercules, mutinous, ghastly, wan, swarthy, blanched.

Oral reading. The poem must be read aloud to be fully enjoyed. Try, as you read, to picture the terror of the mate, the calm determination of the great admiral.

A story to tell. Perhaps some members of the class will find the story of Christopher Columbus at the Library, and read or tell it to the class. With the story fresh in your memory, reread the poem and see if it has added meaning and beauty.

A very full account of the wonderful voyage of Columbus you may find in the *True Story of Christopher Columbus*, by E. S. Brooks. The librarian will help you to find shorter stories of Columbus.

The poet. Joaquin Miller was himself a pioneer who journeyed west in the days of the gold rushes in this country. He made his home in California.

BETTY'S RIDE

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION

HENRY S. CANBY

The sun was just rising and showering his first rays on the gambrel-roof and solid stone walls of a house surrounded by a magnificent grove of walnuts, and overlooking one of the beautiful valleys so common in southeastern Pennsylvania. Close by the house, and shaded by the same great trees, stood a low building of the most severe type, whose time-stained bricks and timbers green with moss told its age without the aid of the inscription over the door, which read, "Built A. D. 1720." One familiar with the country would have pronounced it without hesitation a Quaker meeting-house dating back almost to the time of William Penn.

When Ezra Dale had become the leader of the little band of Quakers which gathered here every First Day, he had built the house under the walnut-trees, and had taken his wife Ann and his little daughter Betty to live there. That was in 1770, seven years earlier, and before war had wrought sorrow and desolation throughout the country.

The sun rose higher, and just as his beams touched the broad stone step in front of the house the door opened. Ann Dale, a sweet-faced woman

in the plain Quaker garb, came out, followed by Betty, a little blue-eyed Quakeress of twelve years, with a gleam of spirit in her face which ill became her plain dress.

5 "Betty," said her mother, as they walked out towards the great horse-block by the road-side, "thee must keep house to-day. Friend Robert has just sent thy father word that the redcoats have not crossed the Brandywine since Third Day last. Thy
10 father and I will ride to Chester to-day, that there may be other than corn-cakes and bacon for the friends who come to us after monthly meeting. Mind thee keeps near the house and finishes thy sampler."

15 "Yes, mother," said Betty; "but will thee not come home early? I shall miss thee sadly."

Just then Ezra appeared, wearing his collarless Quaker coat, and leading a horse saddled with a great pillion, into which Ann laboriously climbed
20 after her husband. With a final warning and "farewell" to Betty, she clasped him tightly around the waist lest she should be jolted off as they jogged down the rough and winding lane into the broad Chester highway.

25 Friend Ann had many reasons for fearing to leave Betty alone for a whole day, and she looked back anxiously at the girl waving "farewell" with her little bonnet.

The Revolution was at its height. The British

were now encamped near White Clay Creek, while Washington occupied the country bordering on the Brandywine. His force, however, was small compared to the extent of the country to be guarded, and bands of the British sometimes crossed the Brandywine and foraged in the fertile counties of Delaware and Chester. As Betty's father, although a Quaker and a noncombatant, was known to be a patriot, he had to suffer the fortunes of war with his neighbors.

10 Thus it was with many forebodings that Betty's mother watched the slight figure under the spreading branches of a great chestnut, which seemed to rustle its innumerable leaves as if to promise protection to the little maid. However, the sun shone

15 brightly, the swallows chirped as they circled overhead, and nothing seemed farther off than battle and bloodshed.

Betty skipped merrily into the house, and snatching up some broken corn-cake left from the morning

20 meal, she ran lightly out to the paddock where Daisy was kept, her own horse, which she had helped to raise from a colt.

"Come thee here, Daisy," she said, as she seated herself on the top rail of the mossy snake fence:

25 "Come thee here, and thee shall have some of thy mistress's corn-cake. Ah! I thought thee would like it. Now go and eat all thee can of this good grass, for if the wicked redcoats come again, thee will not have another chance, I can tell thee."

Daisy whinnied and trotted off, while Betty, feeding the few chickens (sadly reduced in numbers by numerous raids), returned to the house. Getting her sampler, she sat down under a walnut-tree to sew on the stint which her mother had given her.

All was quiet save the chattering of the squirrels overhead and the drowsy hum of the bees, when from around the curve in the road she heard a shot; then another nearer, and then a voice shouting commands, and the thud of hoof-beats farther down the valley. She jumped up with a startled cry: "The redcoats! The redcoats! Oh, what shall I do!"

Just then the foremost of a scattered band of soldiers, their buff and blue uniforms and ill-assorted arms showing them to be Americans, appeared in full flight around the curve in the road. Springing over the fence, they dashed across the pasture straight for the meeting-house. Through the broad gateway they poured, and forcing open the door of the meeting-house, rushed within and began to barricade the windows.

Their leader paused while his men passed in, and seeing Betty, came quickly towards her.

"What do you here, child?" he said, hurriedly. "Go quickly, before the British reach us, and tell your father that, Quaker or no Quaker, he shall ride to Washington, on the Brandywine, and tell him that we, but one hundred men, are besieged by three hundred British cavalry in Chichester Meeting-

house, with but little powder left. Tell him to make all haste to us."

Turning, he hastened into the meeting-house, now converted into a fort. As the doors closed behind him Betty saw a black muzzle protruding from every window.

With trembling fingers the little maid picked up her sampler, and as the thud of horses' hoofs grew louder and louder, she ran fearfully into the house, and locked and bolted the massive door. Then flying up the broad stairs, she seated herself in a little window overlooking the meeting-house yard. She had gone into the house none too soon. Up the road, with their red coats gleaming and their harness jangling, was sweeping a detachment of British cavalry, never stopping until they reached the meeting-house—and then it was too late.

A sheet of flame shot out from the wall before them, and half a dozen troopers fell lifeless to the ground, and half a dozen riderless horses galloped wildly down the road. The leader shouted a sharp command, and the whole troop retreated in confusion.

Betty drew back shuddering. When she brought herself to look again the troopers had dismounted, but surrounded the meeting-house, and were pouring volley after volley at its doors and windows. Then for the first time Betty thought of the officer's message, and remembered that the safety of the

Americans depended upon her alone, for her father was away, no neighbor within reach, and without powder she knew they could not resist long.

Could she save them? All her stern Quaker blood
5 rose at the thought, and stealing softly to the pad-
dock behind the barn, she saddled Daisy and led her
through the bars into the wood road, which opened
into the highway just around the bend. Could she
but pass the pickets without discovery there would
10 be little danger of pursuit; then there would be only
the long ride of eight miles ahead of her.

Just before the narrow wood road joined the
broader highway Betty mounted Daisy by means of
a convenient stump. Starting off at a gallop, she
15 had just turned the corner when a voice shouted
“Halt!” and a shot whistled past her head. Betty
screamed with terror, and bending over, brought
down her riding-whip with all her strength upon
Daisy. Then, turning for a moment, she saw three
20 troopers hurriedly mounting.

Her heart sank within her, but, beginning to feel
the excitement of the chase, she leaned over and pat-
ting Daisy on the neck, encouraged her to do her
best. Onward they sped. Betty, her curly hair
25 streaming in the wind, led by five hundred yards.

But Daisy had not been used for weeks, and al-
ready felt the unusual strain. Now they thundered
over Naaman’s Creek, now over Concord, with the
nearest pursuer only four hundred yards behind.

Now they raced beside the clear waters of Beaver Brook, and as Betty dashed through its shallow ford, the thud of horse's hoofs seemed just over her shoulder.

5 Betty, at first sure of success, now knew that unless in some way she could throw her pursuers off her track she was surely lost. Just then she saw ahead of her a fork in the road, the lower branch leading to the Brandywine, the upper to the Bir-
10 mingham Meeting-house. Could she but get the troopers on the upper road while she took the lower, she would be safe. As if in answer to her wish, there flashed across her mind the remembrance of the old cross-road which, long disused, and with its entrance
15 hidden by drooping boughs, led from a point in the upper road just out of sight of the fork down across the lower, and through the valley of the Brandywine. Could she gain this road unseen she still might reach Washington.

20 Urging Daisy forward, she broke just in time through the dense growth which hid the entrance, and sat trembling, hidden behind a dense growth of tangled vines, while she heard the troopers thunder by. Then, riding through the rustling woods, she
25 came at last into the open, and saw spread out beneath her the beautiful valley of the Brandywine, dotted with the white tents of the Continental army.

Starting off at a gallop, she dashed around a bend

in the road into the midst of a group of officers riding slowly up from the valley.

"Stop, little maiden, before you run us down," said one, who seemed to be in command. "Where are you
5 going in such hot haste?"

"Oh, sir," said Betty, reining in Daisy, "can thee tell me where I can find General Washington?"

"Yes, little Quakeress," said the officer who had first spoken to her; "I am he. What do you wish?"

10 Betty, too exhausted to be surprised, poured forth her story in a few broken sentences. Then (hearing as if in a dream the hasty commands for the rescue of the soldiers in Chichester Meeting-house) she fell forward in her saddle, and, for the first time in her
15 life, fainted, worn out by her noble ride.

A few hours later Betty, awaking from a deep sleep, found her mother kneeling beside her little bed, while her father talked with General Washington himself beside the fireplace. It was the proudest and
20 happiest moment of her life when Washington, coming forward and taking her by the hand, said, "You are the bravest little maid in America, and an honor to your country."

Still the peaceful meeting-house and the gambrel-
25 roofed home stand unchanged, save that their time-beaten timbers and crumbling bricks have taken on a more sombre tinge, and under the broad walnut tree another little Betty sits and sews.

If you ask it, she will take down the great key from

its nail, and swinging back the new doors of the meeting-house, will show you the old worm-eaten ones inside, which, pierced through and through with bullet-holes, once served as a rampart against the enemy. And she will tell you, in the quaint Friend's language, how her great-great-grandmother carried, over a hundred years ago, the news of the danger of her countrymen to Washington, on the Brandywine, and at the risk of her own life saved theirs.

THE STUDY OF THE STORY

The place. Find on the map of southeastern Pennsylvania the counties of Chester and Delaware. Locate the Brandywine River.

The time. In what year does the author place this story? What great events took place in this decade?

The people. The colony of Pennsylvania was founded by William Penn, a Quaker. To-day there are still many of the old Quaker meeting-houses in Pennsylvania. The Quakers who gather at these meeting-houses every First Day still wear the plain gray Quaker garb that Betty wore, and use the pretty form of "thee" and "thy" in speaking to one another.

In a Quaker meeting there is neither minister nor choir. The people sit in reverent silence, except when some member of the congregation chooses to speak or to pray.

Stories to tell after silent reading. 1. How Betty came to be left alone in the house with the gambrel-roof. 2. What Betty saw take place about the meeting-house. 3. How Betty carried a message to George Washington.

Pictures to see. This story presents many quaint and interesting pictures. At what points in the story might

an artist draw interesting illustrations? Which of these pictures are richest in color? Which are most full of action? Which one of them all do you think most interesting?

Words to study. There are in this story several old-fashioned words that are seldom used to-day. Look in the Glossary for any of these that you may not understand: gambrel-roof, Quaker garb, pillion, forebodings, paddock, ill-assorted arms, barricade, sampler, detachment, Continental army, rampart.

The story. *Betty's Ride* was written when the author was only seventeen years of age, and won the first place in a short-story contest conducted by *Harper's Round Table*.

OUR NATIVE LAND

CHARLES TIMOTHY BROOKS

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might!

For her our prayers shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh
Guarding with watchful eye
To Thee aloud we cry,
"God save the State!"

CORPORAL ANDREW RAMSAY

J. P. KENNEDY

One day, during the War of the Revolution, a tall man rode up to the door of an old farmhouse and dismounted. Looking about carefully to see that there was no enemy in sight, he told the servant to
5 take his horse. He then entered the house.

"Mistress Ramsay," said he, walking up to a woman who was busy at a table, with a large dish before her in which she was shelling beans, "Luck to you, ma'am, and all your house!"

10 "Good luck, Mr. Horse-Shoe Robinson!" exclaimed Mrs. Ramsay, offering the sergeant her hand. "What has brought you here? What news? Who are with you?"

"I am all alone," said Robinson, "and I am a little
15 wettish, too, Mistress Ramsay," he added, as he took off his hat and shook the water from it. "Where's Mr. Ramsay?"

"He's gone over to the meeting-house, hoping to hear something of the army. Perhaps you can tell
20 the news."

"That I can not, Mistress Ramsay. At the present time I command the flying artillery. We have but one man in the corps—and that's myself. I was hop-

ing that I might find your son, John Ramsay, at home. I have need of him as a recruit."

"Ah, Mr. Robinson, John has a heavy life of it. The general thinks so much of him that he can't spare him to come home. I am glad, however, that he didn't come to-day; he would have been certain to get into trouble. Who should come in this morning, just after my husband had got away on his horse, but a young British ensign and four great
10 Scotchmen with him, all in red coats? It made my blood rise, Mr. Horse-Shoe, to see them catch my chickens and my ducks, and kill as many as they could string about them."

"Who is at home with you?" inquired the sergeant.

15 "Nobody but my youngest son, Andrew," answered Mistress Ramsay.

"What arms have you in the house?"

"We have a rifle, and a horseman's pistol that belongs to John."

20 "They took the route towards Ninety-six, did they, Mistress Ramsay?"

"Yes, they went straight forward upon the road."

"Isn't there an old field, about a mile from here on that road?"

25 "There is," replied the dame; "with the old school-house upon it."

"A lopsided, rickety log cabin in the middle of the field. Am I right, good woman?"

"Yes."

"How long before the rain began did they quit this house?"

"Not above fifteen minutes."

"Mistress Ramsay, bring me the rifle and pistol both; and the powder-horn and bullets."

"As you say, Mr. Horse-Shoe," answered the dame, as she turned round to leave the room.

In a few moments the woman returned with the weapons and gave them to the sergeant.

10 "Where is Andy?" asked Horse-Shoe.

The hostess went to the door and called her son, and a sturdy boy of about twelve or thirteen years of age entered the apartment, his clothes dripping with rain.

15 "How would you like a scrimmage with those Scotchmen that stole your mother's chickens this morning?" asked Horse-Shoe.

"I'm agreed, if you'll tell me what to do," replied the boy.

20 "You wouldn't take such a child as that into danger?" said the mother, with the tears starting into her eyes.

"Mrs. Ramsay, there is no danger about it. I want the lad only to bring home the prisoners for me, after
25 I have taken them."

"Oh, it's nothing!" said Andrew, in a sprightly tone. "It's only the snapping of a pistol, mother,—pooh! If I'm not afraid, you oughtn't to be."

"Then I will say no more," answered the mother.

"But, Andy, my child, be sure to let Mr. Robinson keep before you."

Horse-Shoe now loaded the firearms, and having slung the pouch across his body, he put the pistol into the hands of the boy; then, shouldering his rifle, he and his young ally left the room.

As soon as the adventurers had gained a wood, at the distance of about half a mile, the sergeant relaxed his speed and advanced at a pace a little above
10 a walk.

"Andy," he said, "we have a rather ticklish sort of job before us, so I must give you your lesson, which you will understand better by knowing something of my plan. It's my calculation that the whole
15 party is in the log hut in the middle of the old field at this time. We will go slowly along until we get to the other end of this wood, in sight of the old field, and then, if there is no one on the lookout, we will open our first trench; you know what that means,
20 Andy?"

"It means, I s'pose, that we'll go right smack at them."

"Pretty exactly," said the sergeant. "But listen to me. Just at the edge of the woods you will have
25 to go down, and put yourself behind a tree. I'll ride forward as if I had a whole troop at my heels, and if I catch them, as I expect, they will have a little fire kindled, and, as likely as not, they'll be cooking some of your mother's fowls."

"Yes, I understand," said the boy, eagerly.

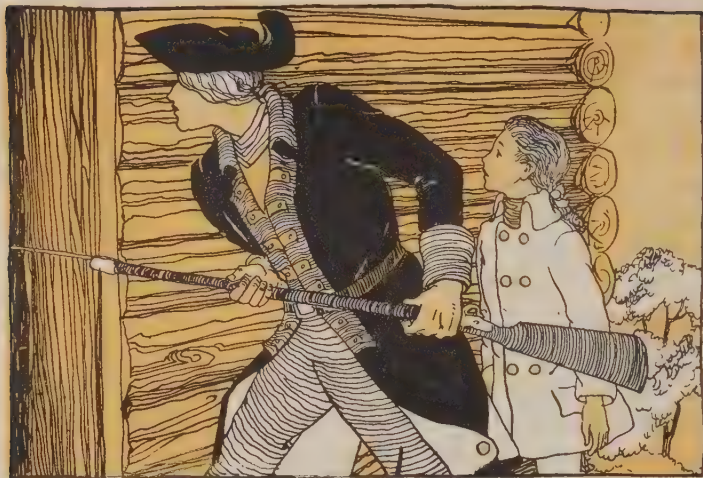
"No, you don't," replied Horse-Shoe; "but you will when you hear what I'm going to say. If I get at them unawares, they'll be mighty apt to think they are surrounded, and will bellow like fine fellows for quarter. And thereupon, Andy, I'll cry out, 'Stand fast!' as if I were speaking to my own men. And when you hear that, you must come up full tilt, because it will be a signal to you that the enemy has surrendered. Then it will be your business to run into the house and bring out the muskets; and when you have done that, why, all's done. But if you should hear any popping of guns, do you take that for a bad sign, and get away as fast as you can heel it. You comprehend?"

"Oh, yes!" replied the lad, "and I'll do what you want, and more, too, maybe, Mr. Robinson."

"*Captain* Robinson. Remember, Andy, you must call me captain, in the hearing of these Scotch-men."

"I'll not forget that, either," answered Andrew.

By the time that these instructions were fully impressed upon the boy, they had arrived at the place which Horse-Shoe Robinson had designated for the commencement of active operations. Andrew was soon posted behind a tree, and Robinson galloped across the intervening space, and in a few seconds abruptly reined up his steed in the very doorway of the hut. The party within was gathered around a



fire at the farther end, and in the corner near the door were four muskets thrown together against the wall. To spring from his saddle and thrust himself one pace inside of the door was a movement which the sergeant executed in an instant, shouting at the same time:

"Halt! File off right and left to both sides of the house and wait orders. I demand the surrender of all here," he said, as he planted himself between the party and their weapons. "I will shoot down the first man who budges a foot."

"To your arms," cried the young officer who commanded the little party inside the house.

"I don't want to do you or your men any harm,

young man," said Robinson, as he brought his rifle to a level, "but I will not leave one of you alive if you raise a hand at this moment."

Both Robinson and the British were silent, when suddenly Andrew appeared at the door. "Shall I let loose upon them, Captain," he said, and then turning toward the field he shouted, "Come on, boys!"

"Keep them outside the door. Stand fast!" cried Robinson.

"Sir," said he, turning to the young officer, "you must see that it is not worth fighting five to one. I should be sorry to be the death of any of your brave fellows; so take my advice and surrender to this scrap of the American army which I command."

During this speech of Robinson, the boy outside was calling first on one name, then on another, as if in the presence of a troop. The officer believing all that was said, at last replied:

"Lower your rifle, sir. In the presence of a superior force, taken by surprise, and without arms, it is my duty to save bloodshed. With the promise of fair treatment and the rights of prisoners of war, I surrender this little foraging party under my command."

"I promise such treatment," replied Robinson. "Advance, Corporal Ramsay, and receive the arms of the prisoners."

"I'm here, Captain," said Andrew, and quickly carried the muskets out of the door.

"Now, sir," said Horse-Shoe to the officer, "your sword, and whatever else in weapons you have."

5 The officer gave up his sword and a pair of pocket pistols.

As Horse-Shoe received these, he asked, "Your name, sir, if I might take the freedom to ask it."

"Ensign St. Jermyn, of His Majesty's Seventy-
10 first Regiment of light infantry."

"Ensign," said Horse-Shoe. "Your command can walk out now and form yourselves in line at the door."

When the little squad of prisoners came to the
15 door, they were astonished and mortified to find in place of the troop of cavalry which they had expected to see, nothing but a man, a boy, and a horse. Some of them exchanged sly glances which Robinson noted at once as showing an intention on their
20 part to get away if they could. He no sooner perceived this than he halted, raised his rifle to his breast, and at the same time gave Andrew the order to step back a few paces and to fire one of the captured pieces at the first man who opened
25 his lips.

"If I find any trouble," Robinson said, "in taking all of you safe away from this house, I will thin your numbers with your own muskets!"

"You have my word," said the Ensign, "lead on."

"You will lead, Ensign," said Robinson, "and I will follow."

"As you say, sir," said the Ensign.

And so the prisoners marched in double file to Ramsay's house with Horse-Shoe just behind and Andrew with the muskets bringing up the rear.

"Well, Mistress Ramsay," said Robinson, "I have brought you your ducks and chickens and what's more, I have brought home a young soldier that is worth his weight in gold."

"Heaven bless my boy!" said the mother. "You say he behaved bravely, Mr. Robinson?"

"That he did, Mistress Ramsay. These are his prisoners. I should never have been able to capture them if it hadn't been for Andrew."

From Horse-Shoe Robinson, (Abridged).

THE STUDY OF THE STORY

Questions for silent reading. After the War of the Revolution, many tales were told of amusing scrimmages, which nevertheless show the courage and the quick wit of the colonists.

What was Horse-Shoe Robinson's purpose in coming to the farmhouse of Mistress Ramsay? What news did he learn from her? How did he know where these men were camped? What was the plan that he explained so carefully to Andrew? How did Andrew show his courage?

The picture. If you, as an artist, were permitted to draw two illustrations for this story, where would you put them? Describe each.

Words for study. Look in the Glossary for any of these words that you do not know: sergeant, artillery, recruit, ensign, scrimmage, foraging, mortified, infantry, designated.

Library hour. *Pioneers and Patriots in Early American History*, by Dickson, relates the brave deeds of several Revolutionary heroes. Such tales may be found also in *Short Stories from American History*, by Blaisdell and Ball.

An interesting tale of early colonial days is *Soldier Rigdale*, by Dix, which tells of a boy who sailed in the *Mayflower* and served Miles Standish.

THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY

CHARLES SUMNER

It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air; but it speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the
5 Declaration of Independence. Its stars of white on a field of blue proclaim that union of states constituting our national constellation, which receives a new star with every new state. The two together signify union past and present.

10 The very colors have a language which was recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and all together, bunting, stripes, stars and colors, blazing in the sky, make the flag of our country to be cherished by all our hearts,
15 to be upheld by all our hands.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming?

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the
perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly
streaming;

5 And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there;

Oh, say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the
deep,

10 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering
steep,

As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
beam—

In full glory reflected now shines in the stream;

'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
5 A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps'
pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth
wave
10 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desola-
tion;

Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued
land

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us
a nation!

15 Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust";
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall
wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

THE STUDY OF THE POEM

The author. It was during the War of 1812 that Francis Scott Key wrote the *Star-Spangled Banner*, which has become a national song.

In August, 1814, a strong force of British invaded Washington, burned the White House, the Capitol and many public buildings. On September thirteenth the British admiral moved his fleet opposite Fort McHenry near Baltimore, and prepared for an attack.

Just before the bombardment of the fort began, Francis Scott Key came to the admiral's frigate to arrange for an exchange of prisoners; and was asked to wait there until the next morning. During the night he watched the fort anxiously. When by the first morning light he saw the Stars and Stripes still waving, he was filled with pride and joy, and wrote the beautiful song which is now known by all Americans.

The picture. The poet pictures for us the streaming flag in the changing lights of a night of peril. What does he say of the flag at twilight? How is he able to discern it through the dark night? How do the mists of the early dawn disclose and yet conceal the flying flag? At what moment is the watcher certain that the flag upon the fort is indeed the Star-Spangled Banner?

What has become of the foes who swore to take from us home and country? What is the poet's wish for the future of this land? Was this wish realized in the World War?

Words for study. The Glossary will explain to you any of these words that you may not know: ramparts, repeses, discloses, vauntingly, havoc, pollution, hireling.

What do these phrases mean to you: fitfully blows, full glory reflected, havoc of war, foul footsteps' pollution, war's desolation?

The song. Perhaps your class will wish to sing the song together, expressing in your singing the new meaning that the words now have to you.

OLD IRONSIDES

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

The gunboat *Constitution*, nicknamed "Old Ironsides," won many victories in the War of 1812. In 1833 there was a plan to break up the old ship, as it was no longer useful for war. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote this poem as a protest.

Aye, tear her tattered ensign down!

Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;

5 Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,

10 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—

15 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;

Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
5 And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

THE STUDY OF THE POEM

The picture. The poet pictures to us the great battleship in the glory of the past. As we read the poem, we seem to see the ensign sweeping the clouds in time of battle. To what does the poet liken it? What awful sounds are heard beneath this banner? What thrilling scenes take place on the deck? How does the poet picture his wish for the mighty ship?

Words for study. Explain these words and phrases, using the Glossary for any that you do not know: tattered ensign, meteor, harpies, shattered hulk, vanquished foe.

The poet. The home of Oliver Wendell Holmes was at Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was but twenty-four years of age when this poem was written. The poem was printed in the newspapers over the country, and created so much enthusiasm that the old ship was rebuilt. She still lies in Boston Harbor, a monument to the brave seamen who fought upon her decks, and a tribute to the power of poetry.

RICHARD KIRKLAND

AN INCIDENT OF THE CIVIL WAR

During the Civil War a great battle was fought at Mary's Heights near Fredericksburg, Virginia. Again and again the Union troops in close columns charged up the hill, but they were unable to take the stone wall held by the Confederates. By nightfall the open field which lay between the two armies was strewn with fallen soldiers.

The Union troops did not renew the attack the next day, but a detachment lying under cover some distance away exchanged a steady fire with the Confederates behind the stone wall. No one dared to show himself in the open field, lest he be struck by bullets from both armies. It was impossible, therefore, to give aid to the wounded soldiers who had lain for many hours calling for water.

In the late afternoon Confederate Brigadier-General Kershaw was standing in his headquarters by a window overlooking the battle-field, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and a young man entered. The General recognized him as a young sergeant in his command, whose name was Richard Kirkland.

"General," said the young man, "this thing can't go on. All day and all night those poor fellows out

there have been calling for water, and no aid has been given them. I ask permission to go to them with some water."

The General looked at Kirkland in amazement. 5 The wounded men belonged to the army of the enemy, and any aid given them would be attended with the greatest danger. "Kirkland," said he, "such an attempt would be foolhardy. Don't you know that you would have half a dozen bullets through you 10 the minute you stepped over the wall?"

"I know that there is danger," replied the young man quickly, "but nevertheless with your permission I will go."

The General hesitated. "It is a foolish risk," he 15 said, shaking his head, "but I do not refuse your request."

"Thank you, sir," said the young man, and turned to go. At the door he stopped. "General," he said, "may I show a white handkerchief?"

20 The General shook his head regretfully. "Kirkland," he said, "it is impossible. It might be taken for a sign of surrender."

"Very well," replied the sergeant, "I will take the chance."

25 A few minutes later the General saw him approach the wall with a half dozen canteens slung over his shoulders. Anxiously the General watched as he leaped over the wall. This was the moment of su-

preme peril. Once his purpose was understood, the General knew that the danger would be past.

A thousand sharp-shooters lay within easy range, and for a moment Kirkland became their target. Although the bullets fell thick around him, he ran undaunted to the nearest of the fallen soldiers. Stooping, he raised the man's head, and poured water into the parched mouth. At once the firing of guns ceased. Both Union and Confederate armies watched in silence as the young officer passed from one sufferer to the next. The cry of "Water! Water!" came from wounded soldiers all over the field; and some too weak to speak raised their hands to announce that they were still alive.

For an hour, Kirkland carried water about the field, and at last returned in safety to his own camp, having gained the admiration of both armies by one of the most heroic deeds ever performed on a battle field.

THE STUDY OF THE STORY

The place. Find upon the map, Fredericksburg, Virginia. What is the distance from Baltimore where the *Star-Spangled Banner* was written?

Questions for discussion. In the Civil War Americans fought Americans. In both armies generous and heroic deeds were performed, but none more unselfish than that recorded here.

Why do you think the Union soldiers were unable to make headway in this attack? What was the purpose of the steady firing under cover that continued during the

following day? Do you think that Kirkland's plan was foolhardy? When is a deed foolhardy? What different meanings might attach to the appearance of a white handkerchief? What do you think the most interesting moment of the story?

Words for study. Look in the Glossary for those words that you do not know: detachment, regretfully, canteens, supreme, sharp-shooters, undaunted.

For drawing. Sketch the scene of this adventure as you picture it from this tale.

Library hour. *Two Little Confederates*, by Thomas Nelson Page, tells of two boys who are left at home on a plantation during the war and who have all sorts of adventures with Confederate and Union soldiers. *Stories of the Civil War*, by Blaisdell and Ball, includes both stories and poems about the Civil War.

HE LIVETH LONG WHO LIVETH WELL

HORATIUS BONAR

He liveth long who liveth well!

All other life is short and vain;

He liveth longest who can tell

Of living most for heavenly gain.

5 He liveth long who liveth well!

All else is being flung away;

He liveth longest who can tell

Of true things truly done each day.

THE FLAG

ARTHUR MACY

Here comes The Flag!

Hail it!

Who dares to drag

Or trail it?

5

Give it hurrahs—

Three for the stars,

Three for the bars.

Uncover your head to it!

The soldiers who tread to it

10

Shout at the sight of it,

The justice and right of it,

The unsullied white of it,

The blue and red of it,

And tyranny's dread of it!

15

Here comes The Flag!

Cheer it!

Valley and crag

Shall hear it.

Fathers shall bless it;

20

Children caress it;

All shall maintain it;

No one shall stain it.

Cheers for the sailors

That fought on the wave for it!
Cheers for the soldiers
That always were brave for it!
Tears for the men
That went down to the grave for it!
Here comes The Flag.

THE STUDY OF THE POEM

The flag. Few people fail to feel a thrill when the flag is borne down the street, amid the cheers of the multitude. Tell in the words of the poet why "the soldiers who tread to it shout at the sight of it."

Those who see the flag pass by cheer not alone for the glorious colors. Again in the words of the poet tell for whom cheers are given and for whom tears are shed.

Phrases for study. What do these phrases mean to you: unsullied white, tyranny's dread, all shall maintain it?

The poem. What is unusual about the form of this poem? about the rhyme?

When lines or phrases are exactly alike in structure, we call them "parallel." Find pairs of lines in this poem that you think are parallel.

Read this poem aloud and note how the short parallel phrases add to the stirring sound of it.

Other poems. Compare this poem with the poem called *The Flag*, by Wilbur Nesbit, given in the *Bobbs-Merrill Fourth Reader*. What other flag songs do you know? Which of them all do you think finest?

QUENTIN

ELWYN A. BARRON

Colonel Roosevelt, one of the great Presidents of the United States, had four sons all of whom were enlisted in the World War. All won honors, and Quentin, the youngest, gave his life.

Elwyn A. Barron here pays a tribute to the "White House boy" who, like many other young Americans, died fighting.

I. *The White House Boy*

Kermit, Archibald, Theodore—all have done their duty, but, of course, death has made the youngest of the Roosevelts dearest to American hearts. Perhaps, indeed, the death of no other man at the front has so touched the people as that of young Lieutenant Quentin. He stands almost like the symbol of young America giving itself up for freedom.

Part of the special glory of the Roosevelts comes from the fact that they were watched so closely. Quentin, especially, was known to the nation from his very childhood. The nation knew him, and it watched him.

There is a pathetic meaning in the answer which Colonel Roosevelt gave to the man who at a public meeting asked the Colonel why he himself had not gone across:

"I asked not only to go over there, but I came with one hundred thousand more men in my hands to help. And I will tell you, you man over there, that I have sent my four sons. I have sent over my four boys, 5 for each of whose lives I care a thousand times more than I care for my own."

Of these four sons Kermit received his cross for bravery. Archibald and Theodore rose steadily from rank to rank—wounds and honor marking 10 their path. And Quentin gave his life.

Quentin Roosevelt was not yet twenty-one. He was born in Washington, November 19, 1897, while his father was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. After 1901 Quentin, starting out as the "White 15 House baby," kept Washington interested and amused for seven years.

Sturdy, impetuous, frank, and democratic, he was friends with everybody. He rode locomotives between Washington and Philadelphia with his chums, 20 the engineers and firemen of the Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania.

Meantime, he was captain also of a crew of warrior Indians recruited from members of his classes in a public school.

25 One day, during an illness of his brother Archie, Quentin decided that a sight of a pet pony might prove better than the White House doctor's prescriptions.

Without waiting for permission he went out to the

stables, introduced the Shetland into one of the private elevators, and had the little horse on the way into his sick brother's room before he was stopped.

II. *He Makes a Down*

Quentin became known to his fellow flyers as "Q." 5 Before the fatal day he had been fighting in the air five weeks. A few days before that last fight Quentin had a very narrow escape. He was cut off by a cloud from his fellows and coming out of the clouds saw three aviators whom he took for Americans. 10 When he got quite close he found they were Germans, and coolly opened fire on them. All three attacked him. Quentin "did" for one of them and got home safe.

Captain McLanahan gives this description of 15 Quentin's last days:

"Our airdrome was north of Verdun about twenty miles back of the American front line. Quentin had joined us June 1. He had been instructor at the aviation school at Issoudun, and I had formed his 20 acquaintance there. I left Issoudun for patrol work at the front about two months before Quentin was allowed to join us. They liked his work at the aviation school so well that he had a hard time to obtain leave to get into the more perilous work at the front, 25 for which he was always longing.

"Our regular occupation in the patrol service consisted of two flights a day, each lasting from an hour



and a half to two hours. As this involved the necessity of going over the enemy lines, it was, of course, extremely trying upon the nerves. I doubt whether anybody, except perhaps the most foolhardy, ever
5 perform this sort of work without feeling greatly exhausted after a few hours of so tense a strain. Nevertheless, we were often required to go aloft four or even more times in the course of a day. This was when the enemy showed extreme activity and
10 every resource at our command had to be called into service in opposition.

“Usually a patrol consisted of three squads of from six to eight planes, one squad going to a height of 20,000 feet, the second 12,000, and the third 4,000

feet. They would fly in V formation, the leader about a hundred feet below the level of the next two, these 100 feet lower than those next after them, and so on to the last ones of the squad, who were always the highest."

July 14 was an exceptionally fine day for the sort of work the squadron was doing. "We went up at eleven o'clock in the forenoon," says Captain McLanahan, and describes the flight and the fatal fight that followed:

"There were eight of us, all, at that time, lieutenants—Curtis, of Rochester, New York; Sewall, of Bath, Maine; Mitcheli, of Manchester, Massachusetts; Buford, of Nashville, Tennessee; Roosevelt, Hamilton, Montague and I. As was customary, we chatted together before we went up, and of course, planned what we were going to do. It was arranged that Lieutenant Hamilton was to lead, and in case of any hitch to his motor Lieutenant Curtis was to take his place in the van.

"There was a rather stiff wind blowing in the direction of the German lines, and when we reached an altitude of about 10,000 feet we began to be carried with great rapidity toward them. We had not yet sighted any enemy airplanes after we had been aloft an hour. Hamilton's motor went wrong about that time and he had to glide back home. In a few minutes he was followed by Montague, whose motor also had gone back on him.

III. *Meeting the Enemy*

“Half an hour after this, when we were five miles inside the German lines, we saw six of their Fokker planes coming toward us. They had been concealed until then by clouds between them and us, they flying on the under side of the clouds. Our planes were of the Nieuport type, of the lightest pursuing kind, and in almost every respect like the type the Germans approaching us were using. The chief difference was that they carried stationary motors while ours were rotary ones, which gave us a trifle the advantage in turning. But this was more than neutralized by the very much greater inflammable material in our machines.

“When we got to within 500 feet of each other both sides began firing. The weapons on each side were almost identical, each Nieuport and each Fokker carrying two machine guns. As each plane had but one occupant, upon whom, of course, fell the work not only of steering his craft but firing the guns, there was an arrangement by which these two duties could be executed with, so to speak, one movement. The steering-gear and the firing and aiming devices were adjusted to a stick in front of the aviator, in such a manner that his hand could clutch all three levers at once and work each by a slight pressure.

“Each of the machine guns carried about 250 rounds of ammunition, and unless it got jammed it

was capable of firing the entire lot in half a minute. In order to determine whether the aim is accurate some of the bullets are so constructed that they emit smoke and can thus be seen. These are called tracers. Without them it would be well-nigh impossible to gauge one's range so far up in the air.

“From the moment that I singled out the enemy whom I was to engage in duel I naturally lost sight of everything else and kept my eyes pretty well glued upon him alone. Now and then, of course, I would, when I got a chance, look backward, too. For one can never tell but that another enemy plane, having disposed of its opponent, may pay his respects to a second one.

“But if anybody imagines that an aviator engaged in battle with an active opponent gets a chance to help along an associate, or even to pay attention to what is happening to any of the others, he is mistaken. One has to be on the alert for every move the enemy makes, and even do a lot of correct guessing as to what would be the most logical next move for him to make. For it is upon that next move that the entire fortunes of the war for those particular two aviators may hinge.

“After I had fired every round of ammunition, which seemed to be about the same time as my opponent discovered himself to be in the same plight, we drew away from each other and flew toward our respective bases. During our duel my airplane had

become separated from the others of our unit and I could see no trace of them. I assumed, however, that they were either still fighting or had also finished and were on their way back home. Somehow I did not think of the third alternative, namely, that anything serious had happened to any of them."

Lieutenants Buford and McLanahan arrived after all of the others, except Lieutenant Roosevelt, had returned to the field. They were not worried about him at the time, but when hours went by and he failed to return, they knew that something had gone wrong. Still, they did not think he had been killed.

When the day passed and Quentin failed to return, they still remained hopeful that he had landed in the enemy lines, and had been taken prisoner. But there was further news, bad news, as Captain McLanahan relates:

"Even this forlorn hope was dispelled the following day, when news was received that an observation-balloon's crew had seen a Nieuport machine fall at Chamery, the place where Quentin had gone into the battle.

✓ IV. *The German Report*

"A few days after that German aviators flying over the American lines dropped notes announcing that Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt had been killed by two bullet wounds in the head and had been buried with military honors by the Germans.

"After the armistice was signed, we saw the aviator who had killed Quentin. He was an officer and one of the most expert flyers in the enemy's air service. After the armistice he was acting as an inspector in the surrender of German airplanes to the allies.

"This man said that when he learned that the officer whom he had brought down belonged to so prominent a family in America he felt sorry.

10 " 'He was identified by a metal identification-plate fastened by a little chain to his wrist,' said the German, 'and I was then told of the young man's prominence and his own personal popularity. Of course, even if I had known during the battle who
15 he was, I would not have hesitated to try my best to down him; because, if I hadn't, he surely would have downed me.

" 'He made a gallant fight, although I recognized almost from the beginning of our duel that he was
20 not as experienced as some others I had encountered and won out against.

" 'As it was, he dipped and circled and looped and tried in a variety of ways to get above and behind me. It was not at all an easy task for me to get the
25 upper hand and down him.' "

Simple praise this is, but sincere we feel. The German felt sorry for our boy-hero. "He made a gallant fight," he said. And he was not the only German who was forced to give due admiration to the

dauntless American. The enemy buried him with military honors, and marked his grave. The German Cross, however, has been removed from the grave of Quentin. The grave is now simply fenced with stones. The French strew flowers over it. It bears a soldier's inscription:

"Here rests on the field of honor First Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt, killed in action July, 1918."

A memorial just as sincere is the letter from General Pershing to the father of Quentin:

"Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt during his whole career in the air service both as a cadet and as a flying officer was a model of the best type of young American manhood."

15 Quentin is a hero—a soldier—an officer—yet most of all he remains to our memory as our ex-President's youngest boy. Eleanor Reed expresses this lasting appeal in her poem to Quentin, in the *New York Times*.

20 "Young Roosevelt is dead—and I whose son
Is just a little boy, too young to go,
Read with bewildered eyes the tales recalled
Of pranks the little White House boy had played."

THE STUDY OF THE STORY

Questions to answer after silent reading. Elwyn A. Barron has been aided by several others in telling this story. From what other persons does he quote?

I. Why are Americans especially interested in the story

of Quentin? What are you able to tell about his life in the White House? What do you know about his father?

II. The story gives us a striking picture of air service. Explain what is meant by "patrol service." Describe the patrol and the formation for flying. Do you see any reason for this sort of a formation?

III. Describe the encounter between the six Nieuport planes and the six Fokker planes. What in the description of these planes interested you most? How came the other aviators to lose track of Lieutenant Roosevelt?

IV. How was Quentin unfairly matched with the German aviator? Why do you feel respect for this man? What do you consider the highest praise that Quentin received? How did three nations show respect for him?

Words for study. Look in the Glossary for any of these words that you do not understand:

I. symbol, impetuous, democratic, recruited, prescriptions.

II. patrol, squadron, altitude, airdrome.

III. neutralized, inflammable, identical, levers, ammunition, tracers, emit, opponent, respective bases, alternative.

IV. dispelled, armistice, inspector, prominence, popularity, dauntless, sincere.

Library hour. Stories of boys and girls of France who did heroic things in the World War are found in *Little Heroes of France*, by Kathleen Burke.

A LITTLE PRAYER
FOR THE MAN IN THE AIR

JOHN OXENHAM

I never hear
The growling diapason of a plane
Up there,
The deep reverb'rانت humming of a plane
5 Up there,
But up to God I wing a little prayer,
Begging His care
For him who braves the dangers of the air.

“God keep you, Bird-man, in your plane
10 Up there!
Your wings unbear, your heart sustain!
Give you good flight and oversight,
And bring you safe to earth again!”

I, too, have hostages with fortune up above,
15 And what may come to you may come to mine.
So, once again,— “God speed you as you rove!
Both you and mine to His care I consign.”

THE STUDY OF THE POEM

Something to think about. There are few of us who can hear the “deep reverb'rانت humming of a plane” and fail to look upward. The ship of the air, however many times

we have seen it, yet thrills us with its wonder and its beauty. Perhaps not all of us think, as we look upward, of the man in the ship who "braves the dangers of the air."

What are the dangers of the air? Are they greater than those of land or sea? What is the poet's prayer for the man in the air? The last stanza explains why John Oxenham is especially mindful of the dangers of the air. Can you tell in your own words?

Phrases for study. What do these phrases mean to you: growling diapason, deep reverb'rant humming, hostages with fortune?

Oral reading. Read the poem aloud, picturing as you do so the deep humming of the plane, the dangerous flight through the clouds.

STORIES OF AMERICA FOR HOME READING

<i>Soldier Rigdale</i>	Dix
<i>Pilgrim Stories</i>	Pumphrey
<i>Colonial Stories</i>	Retold from St. Nicholas
<i>Letters from Colonial Children</i>	Tappan
<i>American Hero Stories</i>	Tappan
<i>Viking Tales</i>	Hall
<i>Real Stories from our History</i>	Faris
<i>Pioneers and Patriots</i>	Dickson
<i>Founders of Our Country</i>	Coe
<i>Short Stories from American History</i> . . .	Blaisdell and Ball
<i>Heroic Deeds of American Sailors</i>	Blaisdell and Ball
<i>Stories of the Civil War</i>	Blaisdell
<i>Two Little Confederates</i>	Page
<i>Among the Camps</i>	Page
<i>True Story of Abraham Lincoln</i>	Brooks
<i>True Story of Benjamin Franklin</i>	Brooks
<i>True Story of Christopher Columbus</i>	Brooks
<i>True Story of George Washington</i>	Brooks



STORIES TOLD AND SUNG

In the long ago time when there were no printed books and even hand-written records were few, all the stories and poems known were sung or recited. Fathers and mothers told or sang stories to their children, and their children, when they were grown, had a treasure store in memory for their children. Old men sang at the hearthside, and young men sang in the camps. There were cradle songs and battle songs; there were songs for the feast and the festival; and there were songs for the field and the sea. Even kings took the harp and sang, as did the great Hebrew kings, David and Solomon, and, in the days of merry old England, King Alfred and King Richard.

These songs were called ballads. They were simple and direct and straight from the heart of the folk. Many of them were about real people, but as they passed from mouth to mouth, much fancy was interwoven; and as the world grew older, these ballads grew longer and less true to the real happenings of which they told. You will read here some of the most famous stories and poems that were sung and recited in merry old England, and that have been loved by boys and girls ever since. You will hear of bold Robin Hood and Richard, the Lion Heart; of foolish John Gilpin and the rude Miller of Mansfield.

ROBIN HOOD

Among the old ballads that have been sung in England for hundreds of years, the most famous are those that tell of the daring deeds of Robin Hood and his merry men in the greenwood.

The stories that you will read here have been retold from some of the ballads. From them you will learn how Robin Hood became an outlaw, and how his band of bold men was formed.

I. *How Robin Became an Outlaw*

Many years ago in the reign of good King Harry, there lived in Sherwood Forest, near Nottingham town, a famous outlaw whose name was Robin Hood. He was the cleverest fellow in those parts and especially skillful with the bow. Withal he was merry of heart, kind to women and children, and much beloved by the poor people and by his own stout band of bold yeomen.

Robin had not always lived apart in the depths of Sherwood Forest, but it so happened when he was fifteen years, a tall and handsome lad, that the sheriff of Nottingham set a shooting match, and offered a prize to him who could shoot the best shaft.

Now Robin knew right well his skill with the long bow, for often before he had beaten the men of Locksley town. He was sure he would win the prize if he could but take part in the shooting.

As he walked gaily along to Nottingham town, he came upon some foresters of the King at the edge of the forest. They were feasting upon an immense venison pasty. There were fifteen of them dressed
5 from top to toe in Lincoln green, and one of them with his mouth full of pie shouted at Robin, "What, ho, why go you there?"

"My name is Robin Hood," quoth brave Robin. "And I go to take part in a shooting match in Not-
10 ttingham town."

Upon this reply there rose a shout of laughter from every one in the group, "What! a mere strip-ling like you take part in a shooting match! Why, he is too young yet to pull the string."

15 "I'll set you a wager of twenty marks," Robin made answer, "that I can hit a mark at a hundred rods."

"Hear the baby talk," jeered the men in green.

Then was Robin Hood very angry. "I'll wager you
20 twenty marks that I'll shoot a hart in yon herd of deer fivescore rods away!"

"Your wager is taken," cried the men; "you can never shoot a hart fivescore rods away."

Robin's hand trembled not, neither did his eye
25 waver as he lifted his good crossbow and let the goose-feather arrow fly. Swiftly it took the air like a skimming swallow. The foresters watched now keenly for they saw the lad was a right skillful archer, but they were fair amazed when they beheld

the lordly hart, the leader of the band, leap high in the air and then fall to earth with the arrow through its heart.

"Now," cried Robin, "that wager is mine were it a thousand pounds!"

"Hold," shouted the angry foresters, "your wager is lost and your life is at stake. You have killed the King's hart royal."

"Stand back," cried Robin, as the men started to seize him, "on peril of your life."

In the moment of hesitation that followed these words, Robin turned on his heel and strode toward the forest glade. An arrow from one of the foresters sped singing past him. With the heat of his bitter anger still in his heart, Robin turned, aimed at the group, and let his arrow fly. The rash forester fell to the earth, and while the others sprang to his assistance, Robin disappeared in the depths of the forest.

There was now a price of two hundred pounds upon his head; so he lay hidden in Sherwood Forest for many a year. There gathered about him there as bold and hardy a company of stalwart yeomen as one might ever want to see. There were full five-score men in Robin's band. They were good marksmen all, but Robin Hood was easily the best archer and gladly they chose him as their leader.

One day as they gathered beneath a great oak tree Robin thus spoke to them: "As your captain

and leader, my merry men, I beg that you take this vow to oppose only those who oppress and rob the poor, whether abbot or prior, knight or squire, sheriff or baron. We will take only from these that we may help the needy, but woman or child we will never harm."

Thus the whole band did swear to keep the vow. Then they prepared a great feast, and what with archery contests, high jumping, pole vaulting and many another sport the gay hours fled.

II. *Robin Hood Meets Little John*

One day Robin Hood fared forth to seek adventures. It was a bright morning, the birds were singing and the sunlight filtered through the leafy trees.

"Tarry here, my merry men," quoth he, "until you hear three blasts on my horn. Know you then that I am in sore need and come quickly to my rescue."

So saying he went on his way to the edge of Sherwood Forest. There he came to a meadow through which a little stream wended. He followed the stream until he came to a bridge made by a log that had been thrown across. A tall stranger had just set foot on the bridge when Robin appeared.

"Step off the bridge," cried Robin, "and let me pass. Can you not see that there is no room for both to cross?"

"Get off yourself, you saucy fellow, or I'll give you a beating with my staff!" replied the tall stranger.

"You had best let me pass ere I let fly this goose-winged shaft," cried Robin in a heat.

"Now you talk like a coward," replied the stranger. "Would you use your long bow when I have but
5 a staff?"

At these words Robin lowered his bow and put his shaft back in its quiver. "The name of coward I scorn," he said, as he stepped aside to cut himself a stout staff from the sturdy oak that grew by the
10 little stream.

"Now," he continued, "right here we will contend on this narrow log, and whoever falls off will get a good dousing."

"That suits me right well," cried the stranger.

15 Then they fell to with their stout cudgels upon the narrow log in mid-stream. The blows rang in the still morning air as staff hit staff. Neither moved jot or tittle from the place where he stood or thought of crying enough though bruises and bumps
20 were plentiful. At last Robin hit the stranger a blow that nearly threw him off the bridge. Recovering his balance quickly, the stranger dealt Robin a knock on the head that made the blood flow. In his anger, Robin struck fast and furiously, but the
25 stranger averted the stroke and sent Robin headlong into the water.

"Now where are you, sweet lad?" roared the stranger, laughing to split his sides.

"Floating down stream on a lovely spring morn,"



replied Robin merrily, for he could not help but laugh at his own sad plight. "Give me a lift," he cried as he regained his footing and reached the bank.

5 "You are indeed a sturdy lad and as good a stroke at the cudgel as ever my eyes have seen," said Robin Hood to the stranger. Then placing his horn to his lips, he blew three blasts that rang clear and true through the greenwood.

10 Immediately his merry men clad in green appeared with Will Stutely in the lead. "How now, good master," said Will, "you are wet from head to foot."

"And small wonder," answered Robin, "yonder 15 stout fellow has just given me a bath as well as a beating."

"Marry now," said Will Stutely, "go for him, lads, and don't lay off until you have given him a douse and a beating."

20 Quick as were Robin's fellows, quicker still they found the stout stranger. There were not a few who rubbed their heads before he was overcome.

"Enough," cried Robin, laughing with all his might. "He is a good man, and I should like to have 25 him right well in our merry band. How now, stranger, will you join us? You shall have three suits of forest green each year and forty marks beside."

"I am not so sure that I would join you. Unless you can fly an arrow better than you can wield a

staff you are no master for me," the fellow replied, for he was angry with the rough treatment that he had received.

"By my troth, you are an impudent fellow," quoth Robin. "But get you a bow and we will shoot at the mark on yon tree."

Then the stranger chose the strongest bow that he could find; he fitted the gray goose shaft and let the arrow go. It hit the mark in very center. "Beat
10 that if you can," he said.

Without a word, Robin Hood drew his own bow, took careful aim, and the arrow split the stranger's shaft.

"Never saw I such a shot in all my life," cried the
15 stranger. "Indeed I will join your merry band."

"Then have I won a good fellow this day," said Robin. "Tell us your name."

"My name is John Little," replied the stranger.

Then spoke merry Will Stutely, "This little fellow
20 was named John Little. Seven foot little, he is. Little John he shall be called this very day and from now henceforward."

The woods rang with their laughter, and immediately all were busy preparing a feast for this sweet
25 babe. He was given a suit of green, a stout bow, and a place at table next to the master. Little John, for thus was he always called, was hereafter second in the band.

III. *Robin Hood Discovers Will Scarlet*

Robin Hood, Little John and Arthur were out for a stroll one bright May morning. Suddenly Robin Hood who was peering down the road, accosted the other two, "Look yonder at the gay feathers walking down the highway!"

There came a young man clad in a doublet of scarlet silk with scarlet stockings. He wore a scarlet velvet cap from which hung a long scarlet plume. A very fine sword swung from his side and he delicately sniffed at a rose which he carried in his hand.

"Heigh-o, isn't he a pretty lad?" mocked Robin.

Meanwhile the stranger picked his way daintily down the path and seemed not to see Robin or his merry men. Robin placed himself directly in the path and shouted, "Ho, there, have a care. Stop where you stand!"

"Pray you, why should I stop?" asked the stranger in a gentle voice. "However, I will if you wish it."

"This forest belongs to me, I would have you know, and I levy a heavy toll upon all who come this way," quoth Robin, "so give me thy purse, gentle youth."

"Alas, I am very sorry not to oblige you, but I did not bring my purse with me to-day," the fair stranger replied, still in a quiet tone.

"You shall not step foot to leave until you hand over your purse to me," Robin insisted.

"Now, good sir, I have given you much time and heard you with patience. Be so kind as to let me depart," remarked the youth gently.

At this Robin Hood made a move toward the stranger lifting his strong staff in a threatening gesture.

Thereupon the stranger spoke in sadness, "Much as I regret to do it, I see that I must kill you." At this he drew his sword.

10 "Hold," cried good Robin, "your sword is no match for my stout cudgel. Go get you a staff of wood and then we will fight."

"Marry, but you are right," said the fair youth, as he glanced at Robin's great club. He stepped to
15 the side of the road, and uprooted a young tree with scarce any effort and began daintily to trim the stem with the blade of his sword. Little John and Arthur who watched this feat fairly gasped their surprise.

"Forsooth, our poor master will have a slim
20 chance with him this day," they muttered to each other.

The two did fight until the dust of the road rose in such a cloud that it hid them from view. Robin Hood defended himself well and even struck the
25 stranger a couple of telling blows. But the other was the stronger man and at last he had good Robin on his knees and then a-begging in the dust.

"Enough," cried Robin. "I give in."

At this, out from their hiding to his defense rushed

Little John and Arthur, and were in a fair way to spring upon the stranger. "Hold you," cried Robin, "we have had enough fighting for one day."

"Let me help you dust off your coat, good master. 5 You must be sore spent," said Little John with mischief in his face.

"My coat has been well dusted to-day without your help," said Robin testily. "But what is your name, fair youth?" he asked, turning to the sturdy 10 stranger.

"Gamwell is my name," replied the lad.

"What," said Robin, "I have relatives with that name living in Maxfield Town!"

"From thence came I. Will Gamwell is my name, 15 and I look for my Uncle Robin Hood, if rightly you may direct me."

"I am Robin Hood. Why, lad, can it be? My own sister's son. Right welcome are you to me and to Sherwood Forest, but what brings you here?"

20 "It is a sad story. I stood by one day when my father and his steward were at words. I gave the impudent fellow so hard a box upon the ears that he died, so I forsooth was sent to you to escape the law."

25 "Well, you were certainly taking a leisurely gait for an escape from the law, fair nephew, but come now join our merry band."

The four stole away into the depths of the greenwood where they found a feast in preparation on

their return. "Now, get my sweet nephew a suit of good Lincoln green, Little John, and he shall sit at my left at board," quoth Robin. "Will Scarlet we'll call him in memory of the gay bird he was."

IV. *Robin Hood and Friar Tuck*

5 One summer morning when the leaves were green and the flowers fresh and bright, Robin Hood and his merry men were full of the spirit of play. Some were leaping and running races, while others amused themselves with archery.

10 "Come now," said Robin Hood, "which one of you can kill a buck? And who will venture forsooth to kill a doe? And what clever fellow can shoot a hart at five hundred feet or more?"

Will Scarlet killed the buck and the Miller brought
15 down a doe, but it took Little John with his stout arm to shoot the hart at five hundred feet.

"God bless your heart," cried Robin Hood, "but that is the shot for me! For to see such another I would ride my horse a hundred miles."

20 Then Will Scarlet began to laugh; he laughed right heartily. "There is a curtail friar at Fountains Abbey will beat both him and you," he cried.

"Now by my good bow," quoth Robin Hood, "I'll neither eat nor drink till that friar I do see!"

25 Without more ado Robin Hood donned his coat of mail and cap of steel. In his belt he carried his broad sword and buckler, in his hand he took his

bow, and set out for Fountains Dale. When he came there, he beheld the curtail friar walking by the water side.

The friar had on a suit of mail with a cap of steel upon his head and a broad sword and buckler by his side. Robin Hood jumped from his horse and tied it to a tree. "Come, carry me over the water, curtail friar, or else your life is forlorn."

"And that I will," said the friar right cheerily. He took Robin Hood upon his broad back and bestrode the deep water. He spoke not a word, either good or bad, till he came to the other side. Robin leapt lightly from the friar's back. "Not so swift, my good fellow," cried the friar. "Carry me over this water or it shall breed you pain."

Robin Hood took the friar on his back and bestrode the deep water, till he came to the other side. Lightly leapt the friar from Robin Hood's back. Then Robin Hood said to him again, "Carry me over the water, curtail friar, or it shall breed you pain."

The friar took Robin Hood on his back again and stepped in up to his knees. There was a gleam in his eye that boded no good to Robin Hood, but never a word he spoke till he came to the middle of the stream. "Now, my fine fellow," he said, "choose you, choose you, whether you will sink or swim."

Robin Hood came up with his eyes and ears full of water and sputtering at the mouth, and swam as best he could to shore. Mad with rage, he fitted his

best arrow in the bow and let it fly. It glanced from the steel buckler of the friar, while he cried merrily, "Shoot on, shoot on, you fine fellow, shoot as you have begun, and if you shoot here the whole summer's day I'll not shun an arrow."

Robin Hood shot passing well till his arrows all were gone, and then he and the curtail friar took their swords and steel bucklers and fought with might and main. From ten o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon they fought without stopping once for breath. Then Robin Hood fell on his knees and of the friar begged a boon.

"A boon, a boon, curtail friar," he cried. "Give me leave but to set my horn to my lips and to blow three blasts."

"That will I do," said the curtail friar, "and I hope you will blow so passing well that both eyes will fall out!"

Robin Hood set his horn to his lips and he blew three blasts. Half a hundred yeomen came running with their bows bent, all dressed in Lincoln green.

"Whose men are these," asked the friar, "that come so hastily?"

"These men are mine," quoth Robin Hood. "Friar, what is that to you?"

"A boon, a boon, good Robin Hood," cried the friar, "the like I gave to you. Give me leave to set my fist to my mouth, and to whistle three whistles."

"That will I do," said Robin Hood, "or else I were

to blame. Three whistles in a friar's fist would make me very glad."

The friar set his fist to his mouth and whistled three whistles. Half a hundred good hunting dogs came running over the meadow.

"Now, good Robin Hood," quoth the friar, "here is for every man a dog, and I myself for you!"

"No, by my faith," said Robin Hood, "friar, that may not be."

10 Two dogs ran at once at Robin Hood, the one behind him, the other in front of him, and off from his back they tore his coat of Lincoln green. And whether his men shot east or west, or shot they north or south, the curtail dogs were so taught that they
15 caught the arrows in their mouths.

"Take up your dogs," yelled Little John.

"Whose man are you," the friar made answer, "to stand there prating to me?"

"I am Little John, Robin Hood's man. If you do
20 not take your dogs up soon, I'll take both them and you."

Little John had a bow in his hand and he shot with might and main. "Hold your hand," cried the friar, "good fellow, your master and I will agree."

25 "Curtail friar," quoth Robin Hood, "if you will go to fair Nottingham and there remain with us, every Sunday throughout the year, you shall have a noble for your fee and every holiday through the year, a change of garment."

The curtail friar had lived at Fountains Dale for more than seven long years, and Robin Hood was the first man to make him yield.

 V. *Robin Hood Is Pardoned*

After many years King Henry died and King
5 Richard, the lion-hearted, came upon the throne of England. Many people told him of the gay life of Robin Hood and his merry band of outlaws in Sherwood Forest near Nottingham Town. Being an adventurer and a mighty warrior himself, he was not
10 a little eager to see brave Robin Hood.

So he came with twelve of his lords to Nottingham Town and disguised as an abbot with five knights in monks' attire, he went alone into Sherwood Forest to seek Robin Hood. When they had gone a short
15 distance they met Robin Hood standing directly in the path.

When he saw the abbot, Robin blew his horn three times and a full score of men in green appeared beside him.

20 "Now, Sir Abbot," said Robin Hood, mistaking the King for an Abbot against whom he had some grudge, "we be poor archers who must make our living by killing deer, but you have much money in your coffers. Give us some of your money for the
25 poor."

"I have but forty pounds by me," said the Abbot, "but take that; you are welcome to it."

"Sir Abbot, I would take only half you have," said Robin and returned twenty pounds.

"You are right, honorable outlaw," said the King, "and our good King Richard invites you to come to Nottingham to dine with him."

Robin knelt and said, "There is no one in the world that I love as I do our great King. His word is indeed sufficient to me."

He then led the Abbot to a tree, and blew three
10 blasts upon his horn to summon his merry men. At this more than fivescore yeomen came running, every man bowing to Robin Hood. The King said to himself, "This is indeed a wonderful sight. These men are more respectful to this outlaw than my men
15 are to me."

Robin gave the order and straightway a great feast was provided with venison and bread and drink. The forest rang with their toasts to good King Richard and his messenger.

20 When they had done feasting Robin said, "Now prepare your bows and let us show the Abbot what archers we be. Hang a garland on yonder tree a hundred paces away. He who does not shoot through the garland shall lose his arrows and get a stout blow
25 on the cheek beside."

Then the shooting began, and such archery the King had never witnessed in any land where he had ever been. Both times that Robin shot he split the garland and so did Will Scarlet and Little John.

Those who failed Robin Hood gave a mighty blow upon the cheek, for he wished his men to do well before the messenger of the King. The third time that he himself shot he missed the garland by full three fingers because the arrow was not rightly feathered.

"Give over your arrows, good master," his men shouted, "and take your blow on the cheek. You must have pay in your own coin."

10 Robin was ever willing to take his own medicine. Down he threw his arrows, and on his knees he fell before the Abbot. "Kind father," said he, "smite my cheek if you will."

At these words the King bared his arm and dealt 15 poor Robin such a blow as sent him tumbling on the grass with his poor ear roaring as though he would never hear again.

"Marry," said Robin, "you have the stoutest arm methinks I have ever met."

20 Looking closer, he cried, "It is the King! I know full well. I pray your pardon for myself and my good men."

"Robin Hood," said the King, "your sins have been many, but you are a right bold and loyal fellow, that 25 I do see. You have gathered here as fine a company of yeomen as my eyes have ever beheld. We need you in the defense of our Kingdom and in the fighting of our battles against the enemy. You are freely pardoned. Rise!"

THE STUDY OF THE STORIES

The time. In the days when these ballads were sung, the people hated their Norman rulers, who had conquered England and robbed the poor of their lands. They liked therefore to sing of gay Robin Hood and his outlaw band, who robbed the rich Norman lords, but were the friends and guardians of the poor.

Questions to discuss after silent reading. Among all the people who live in the realm of stories, none is more picturesque than the gay and generous Robin Hood. His deeds and misdeeds you will wish to discuss with those in your class:

I. How Robin Became an Outlaw. Tell the story of Robin Hood's encounter with the king's foresters. Was he justified in killing the king's deer? Why? Was he justified in shooting the forester?

Who do you think his yeomen were? Why did they choose him as their leader? Was the vow of Robin Hood's band a good vow?

II. Robin Hood Meets Little John. Tell the story of Robin Hood's encounter with Little John. How in this encounter did Robin Hood show that he was fair? How did he show himself good-natured? How did he gain Little John as a member of his band? Why was Little John given second place?

III. Robin Hood Discovers Will Scarlet. Tell how Robin Hood's nephew became a member of the band. Whose purses were Robin Hood and his men in the habit of taking? How came they to mistake Will Gamwell for a Norman lord? How did Robin Hood show his sense of fairness in this encounter? What was the meaning of the nickname they gave to Will Gamwell?

IV. Robin Hood and Friar Tuck. Tell how Friar Tuck became a member of the band. What was the purpose of

Robin Hood in asking the friar twice to carry him over the stream? Why had no man ever made this friar yield in a fight? By whose strength were the dogs overcome?

Of the three stories—Friar Tuck, Will Scarlet, and Little John—which do you like best? Can you tell why?

V. *Robin Hood Is Pardoned.* Tell how the king was made willing to pardon Robin Hood. How was the king first led to call Robin Hood “honorable outlaw”? Why was the king surprised at his first sight of Robin Hood’s merry men? How does the king learn Robin Hood’s willingness to share equally with his men?

In what ways do you think Robin Hood would be valuable in the service of the king?

Words for study. Explain these words and phrases as they are used in the story, looking in the Glossary for any words that seem to you unusual:

I. stalwart yeomen, venison pasty, twenty marks, five-score rods, forest glade, abbot, prior.

II. cudgel, filtered, goose-winged shaft, quiver, douse.

III. doublet, levy a toll, forsooth, testily, leisurely gait.

IV. buckler, curtail friar, forlorn, bestrode, a noble for a fee, prating.

V. coffers, sufficient, adventurer, disguised.

Library hour. The old ballads of Robin Hood are often faulty in rhyme and rhythm, but always they are merry and full of action. After you know the stories, it is interesting to reread them in the old ballad form. In *Life in the Greenwood*, by Lansing, you will find the Robin Hood stories simply told, with many quotations from the ballads.

The Robin Hood stories are also beautifully told in *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*, by Pyle. You will enjoy looking at the pictures in this volume and also those in the edition of Louis Rhead.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

ROBERT BURNS

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

8 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
10 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
15 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

THE STUDY OF THE POEM

The poet. Robert Burns is the best loved of Scottish poets. His birthday is celebrated by all Scotchmen. He lived for much of his life on a farm in Scotland, but his bits of verse were far more successful than his farming.

His poetry is said to be the most musical in the language. This beautiful poem tells his love for the Highlands of Scotland.

The picture. What did the poet like best to do in the Highlands? What tribute does he pay to the people there? In what beautiful phrases does he describe the scenery?

Phrases for study. What do these phrases mean to you: the birthplace of valor, straths and green valleys, wild-hanging woods?

The poem. The repetition of certain phrases emphasizes the deep feeling of the poet. What phrases are most often repeated? What stanza is repeated?

As you read the poem aloud, try to make others hear the beautiful music of the lines.

HIE AWAY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Hie away, hie away!
 Over bank and over brae,
 Where the copswood is the greenest,
 Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
 5 Where the lady fern grows strongest,
 Where the morning dew lies longest,
 Where the blackcock sweetest sips it,
 Where the fairy latest trips it:
 Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
 10 Lovely, lonesome, cool and green,
 Over bank and over brae.
 Hie away, hie away!

THE MILLER OF MANSFIELD

This story is retold from one of the old English ballads. A favorite subject of the old ballads was the adventures of the king when wandering in disguise or unknown to his subjects.

One summer's day the king with all his princes and nobles rode a hunting to the green forest. All day long they chased the hart and the hind till evening forced them to turn home.

5 Then the king, riding fast, lost all his lords in the forest. He wandered wearily all alone, up and down. At last he met with a rude miller, and asked him the way to the city.

“Sir,” said the miller, “I think you do not for nothing ride out of your way.”

10 “Why, what do you think of me?” said the king merrily.

“Good faith,” said the miller, “I will not flatter you. I guess you to be some gentleman thief. Stand 15 you back where you are, lest I crack you on the crown.”

“You abuse me,” said the king. “I am a gentleman, but no thief. I need lodging for the night.”

20 “You have not,” said the miller, “one penny in your purse. All that you have hangs upon your back.”

"There you are wrong," said the king. "I have gold to pay all that I owe."

"If you be a true man," said the miller, "I will lodge you for the night."

5 "Here's my hand," said the king. "That was I ever."

"Nay, nay," said the miller, "I'll know you better before we shake hands. I will join hands with none but honest men."

10 Thus they went along to the miller's house, and when the door was opened, there came out a smell of a pudding and other good things a-cooking.

The miller went in first. "Now," said he, "let me see what you are. Ha! You have an honest face.

15 You shall lodge with us to-night."

"Truly," said his wife, "he is a handsome youth. Yet it is best, husband, to go slowly. Tell me, are you no run-away, youth? Show me your passport, and all shall be well."

20 The king made a low bow with his hat in his hand. "I have no passport," he said. "I am a poor courtier who has lost his way. For your kindness here to me I will repay you well."

"Then," said the miller's wife, "young man, you
25 are welcome here. And though I say it myself, you shall be well lodged. You shall have fresh straw on your bed, and good brown sheets likewise. But you must have a care not to kick them."

This caused the king to laugh most heartily. Then

they sat down to their supper. There was hot bag-pudding and good apple pie, and cider in a brown bowl, which was passed merrily about the table.

"Wife," said the miller, "bring forth lightfoot
5 now."

The wife went to a little cupboard in the wall, pushed aside a small door, and brought forth a venison pasty.

"Eat all you will," said the miller, "but make no
10 waste. You will not find this in many houses."

"In truth," said the king, "I never ate so dainty a thing before."

"It is no dainty for us," said Dick, "for we eat of it every day."

15 "Where can you buy such food?" asked the king.

"We never pay a penny for it," said the miller.

"We,—well, now and then we shoot a wild deer over there in the king's forest."

"Then I think," said the king, "that this is
20 venison."

"Any fool," said the miller, "would know that. But I pray you say nothing about it wherever you go. We would not, for two pence, have the king know of it."

25 "I promise you that I will keep it a secret," said the guest. "The king shall never know any more about it than he does at this minute." And after he had finished his supper, he went to bed and slept soundly through the night.

The next morning the nobles were seeking in every town for the king. As he was mounting on his horse, they spied him in front of the miller's cottage.

"The King! The King!" they cried, and one and
5 all they fell on their knees before him.

Then was the miller filled with terror, and he stood shaking, for he thought that surely he would be hanged.

The king saw him trembling, and drew forth his
10 sword. The miller fell on his knees, crying before them all, and thinking that the king was about to cut off his head.

But the king, to repay him for his kindness, gave him a great estate, and made him a knight.

THE STUDY OF THE STORY

Silent reading and story telling. After you have read the tale silently, you should be able to tell these stories:
1. How the king gained a lodging for the night. 2. What the king was served at supper. 3. The miller's surprise on the next day.

The characters. In what way was this miller "rude"? Why did he take the king to be a thief? Why did the miller expect to be hanged?

In the old ballads the kings are usually humble, merry and generous. Does the king here merit all three adjectives? Was he just in rewarding the miller?

Words for study. Explain these words as they are used in the story, looking in the Glossary for those that you do not know: passport, courtier, lightfoot, crown, estate.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN
SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED,
AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN

WILLIAM COWPER

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied,—“I do admire
Of womankind but one,

And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

“I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
5 And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go.”

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin,—“That’s well said;
And for that wine is dear,
10 We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.”

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O’erjoyed was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
15 She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
20 To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
25 Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

5 John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

10 For saddletree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
15 When Betty screaming came down-stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
20 When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side
To make his balance true.

5 Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

10 Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

15 But finding soon a smother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

20 So "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
"He carries weight!" "He rides a race!"
" 'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired;"—
Said Gilpin—"So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
 Inclined to tarry there;
 For why?—his owner had a house
 Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew
 Shot by an archer strong;
 So did he fly—which brings me to
 The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
 And sore against his will,
 Till, at his friend the calender's,
 His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
 His neighbor in such trim,
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
 And thus accosted him:

“What news? what news? your tidings tell;
 Tell me you must and shall—
 Say why bareheaded you are come,
 Or why you come at all?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
 And loved a timely joke;
 And thus unto the calender,
 In merry guise, he spoke:

“I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,—
They are upon the road.”

3 The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

10 Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn,
Thus showed his ready wit:—
15 “My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

“But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
20 Be in a hungry case.”

Said John,—“It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.”



So turning to his horse, he said,
 "I am in haste to dine;
 'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
 You shall go back for mine."

5 Ah! luckless speech, and bootless boast,
 For which he paid full dear;
 For while he spake, a braying ass
 Did sing most loud and clear;

20 Whereat his horse did snort, as he
 Had heard a lion roar,
 And galloped off with all his might,
 As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why?—they were too big.

5 Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

10 And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell:
“This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well.”

15 Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking as before,
20 That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

Abridged.

THE STUDY OF THE POEM

Silent reading and story telling. After you have read the ballad silently, you should be ready to tell these three amusing tales: 1. How John Gilpin and his wife set off for Edmonton. 2. How John Gilpin rode to Ware. 3. How he rode back again.

Words for study. The ballad contains several old-fashioned words seldom used to-day. The Glossary will help you to understand them: eke, chaise, agog, saddle-tree, galled, turnpike, reeking.

What is meant by these phrases: in merry guise, in merry pin, posting down? What was the business of the linen-draper? the calender?

Oral reading. Ballads are composed for telling and singing, and must be read aloud to be fully enjoyed.

What part of the story do you think most amusing? Which stanza do you think funniest?

The pictures. If you, as an artist, were asked to draw two comic pictures to illustrate this ballad, where would you put them?

For writing. Write the adventure of John Gilpin in a short prose story, as you might tell it to amuse a group of children.

The poet. William Cowper was an Englishman. A friend of his, Lady Austin, told him one night the story of John Gilpin, and the next morning he read to her his famous ballad.

TAMLANE

A HALLOWE'EN STORY

JOSEPH JACOBS

Tamlane, like *The Miller of Mansfield*, is retold from one of the early ballads. The Elfin Crew of the old tales were not the tiny elves of modern fairy stories, but a mystic band of clever beings who lived—no one knows where.

Young Tamlane was son of Earl Murray, and Burd Janet was daughter of the Earl of March. And when they were young they plighted their troth. But when the time came near for their marriage, 5 Tamlane disappeared, and none knew what had become of him.

Many, many days after he had disappeared, Burd Janet was wandering in the wood, though she had been warned not to go there. And as she wandered 10 she plucked the flowers from the bushes. She came at last to a bush of broom and began plucking it. She had not taken more than three flowers when by her side up started young Tamlane.

"Where come ye from, Tamlane, Tamlane?" Burd 15 Janet said; "and why have you been away so long?"

"From Elfland I come," said young Tamlane. "The Queen of Elfland has made me her knight."

"But how did you get there, Tamlane?" said Burd Janet.

"I was hunting one day, and as I rode round yon hill, a deep drowsiness fell upon me, and when I awoke, behold! I was in Elfland. Fair is that land and gay, and fain would I stop but for you and one
5 other thing. Every seven years the Elves send one to the underworld, and for all the Queen makes much of me, I fear it is myself that must go this time."

"Oh, can you not be saved? Tell me if aught I can do will save you, Tamlane?"

10 "Only one thing is there for my safety. To-morrow night is Hallowe'en, and the fairy court will then ride through England and Scotland, and if you would borrow me from Elfland you must take your stand by Miles Cross between twelve and one of the
15 night."

"But how shall I know you, Tamlane?" quoth Burd Janet, "amid so many knights I have never seen before?"

"The first court of Elves that come by, let pass.
20 The next court you shall bow to, but do naught nor say aught. The third court that comes by is the chief court of them, and at the head rides the Queen of all Elfland. And I shall ride by her side upon a milk-white steed with a star in my crown. Watch
25 my hands, Janet, the right one will be gloved, but the left one will be bare, and by that token you will know me."

"But how to save you, Tamlane?" said Burd Janet.

"You must spring upon me suddenly, and I will fall

to the ground. Then seize me quick, and whatever change befall me, for they will exercise all their magic on me, cling, hold to me till they turn me into a red-hot sword. Then cast me into this pool and I
5 will be turned back into a man. Cast then your green mantle over me, and I shall be of the world again."

So Burd Janet promised to do all for Tamlane, and next night at midnight she took her stand by Miles Cross.

10 Soon there came riding by the Elfin court. First over the mount went a troop on black steeds, and then another troop on brown. But in the third court, all on milk-white steeds, she saw the Queen of Elf-land, and by her side a knight with a star in his
15 crown, with right hand gloved and the left bare. Then she knew this was her own Tamlane, and springing forward she seized the bridle of the milk-white steed and pulled its rider down. And as soon as he had touched the ground she let go the bridle
20 and seized him in her arms.

"He's won, he's won among us all," shrieked out the Elfin crew, and all came around her and tried their spells on young Tamlane.

First they turned him in Janet's arms into frozen
25 ice, then into a huge flame of roaring fire. Then, again, the fire vanished and an adder was skipping through her arms, but still she held on; and then they turned him into a snake that reared up as if to bite her, and yet she held on. Then suddenly a dove was

struggling in her arms, and almost flew away. Then they turned him into a swan, but all was in vain, till at last he was turned into a red-hot sword, and this she cast into a well of water and then he turned back into a man. She quickly cast her green mantle over him, and young Tamlane was Burd Janet's forever.

Then sang the Queen of Elfland as the court turned away and began to resume its march:

10 "She that has borrowed young Tamlane
Has gotten a stately groom,
She's taken away my bonniest knight,
Left nothing in his room.

15 "But had I known, Tamlane, Tamlane,
A lady would borrow thee,
I'd have taken out thy two grey eyes,
Put in two eyes of tree.

20 "Had I but known, Tamlane, Tamlane,
Before we came from home,
I'd have taken out thy heart of flesh,
Put in a heart of stone."

And then the Elfin court rode away, and Burd Janet and young Tamlane went their way homewards and were soon after married.

THE STUDY OF THE STORY

Silent reading and mind pictures. The story presents a series of strange pictures. After you have read the tale silently, try to recreate the pictures in your mind.

What was strange about the appearance of Tamlane by the flowering bush? Why could he not flee with Burd Janet at that time?

Describe the fairy court as it passed through Scotland on Hallowe'en. What weird cry did they give as Tamlane was snatched from them?

Describe the magic spells by which the Elves sought to outwit Burd Janet. Which change do you think most terrible?

What weird song did the Queen of Elfland sing as the court resumed its march? Why did she wish she had given Tamlane "eyes of tree"?

Phrases for study. Plighted their troth, fain would I stop, my bonniest knight.

Oral reading. This story must have been a favorite among the ballad tales, for nine different versions of it are known.

It is indeed a weird and charming story for Hallowe'en. Read it aloud as you would tell it in a dark room on Hallowe'en.

Other ballad tales. Many of the old ballads have been retold in prose stories by Eva March Tappan in *Old Ballads in Prose*. These you will find most interesting: *Forester Elin, Get Up and Bar the Door, Lizzie Lindsay, Saddle to Rags*.

In *Story-Telling Poems*, by Olcott, you will find some of the old ballads in the original form and also many modern ballads, like "John Gilpin's Ride."



TALES OF LAUGHTER

There is a proverb which says, "Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone." Everybody enjoys the company of the person who can laugh and make others laugh. To be able to laugh at ourselves and our own misfortunes, to see the funny side of every sorry predicament, is the gift that keeps us fresh and happy, no matter what the day brings to us. It is equally valuable to be able to enjoy the merry songs and tales which have been handed down to us by the great masters of jollity.

Here you may read tales of laughter from the pens of some of the great humorists: Lewis Carroll, Charles E. Carryl, James Whitcomb Riley, Samuel Lover. Some of these stories are funny because they bring out the foolishness that we all are guilty of once in a while, like the tale of the Blind Men who disputed over the elephant. Others are ridiculous because they portray the impossible; for instance, the Lobster Quadrille in the Mock Turtle's Story. Still others make us laugh because the leading character is very stupid as was poor Handy Andy when he went for the mail.

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

A HINDOO FABLE

JOHN G. SAXE

It was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
5 That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The First approached the Elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
10 At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The Second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried, "Ho! what have we here
15 So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 'tis mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!"

20 The Third approached the animal,
And happening to take

The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a snake!"

5 The Fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee.
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
" 'Tis clear enough the Elephant
10 Is very like a tree!"

The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said, "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
15 This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
20 That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,

Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

THE STUDY OF THE POEM

Something to think about. We laugh at this story, and yet as we laugh we know that we have seen people, not blind at all, disputing quite as foolishly.

Why was each blind man only partly right? What should each one have done before telling his opinion?

Why is this poem called a fable? What does it teach us?

Word study. Look in the Glossary for any of these words that you do not understand: Indostan, inclined, resembles, scope, exceeding.

Something to write. Rewrite this fable as you would tell it to amuse a very small child.

Library hour. Many amusing poems are found in *The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks*, by Burton E. Stevenson, under the heading "Just Nonsense." This book contains delightful poems of every sort.

THE MOCK TURTLE'S STORY

LEWIS CARROLL

You are no doubt acquainted with Alice who tumbled one day through a rabbit-hole into Wonderland, where she drank tea with a Mad Hatter and a Mad Hare, heard a drowsy Dormouse tell a sleepy story, and at last visited a savage Queen who introduced her to a Gryphon. Her strange experience with the improper Gryphon and the mournful Mock-Turtle you may now read.

I. The School in the Sea

Alice and the queen came upon a Gryphon, lying fast asleep in the sun. "Up, lazy thing!" said the queen, "and take this young lady to see the Mock Turtle, and to hear his history. I must go back and see after some executions I have ordered"; and she walked off, leaving Alice alone with the Gryphon. Alice did not quite like the look of the creature, but on the whole she thought it would be quite as safe to stay with it as to go after that savage queen; so she waited.

The Gryphon sat up and rubbed its eyes; then it watched the queen till she was out of sight; then it chuckled. "What fun!" said the Gryphon, half to itself, half to Alice.

15 "What is the fun?" said Alice.

"Why, she," said the Gryphon. "It's all her fancy,

that; they never executes nobody, you know. Come on!"

"Everybody says 'come on!' here," thought Alice, as she went slowly after it; "I never was so ordered about before in all my life, never!"

They had not gone far before they saw the Mock Turtle in the distance, sitting sad and lonely on a little ledge of rock, and, as they came nearer, Alice could hear him sighing as if his heart would break.
10 She pitied him deeply.

"What is his sorrow?" she asked the Gryphon. And the Gryphon answered, very nearly in the same words as before, "It's all his fancy, that; he hasn't got no sorrow, you know. Come on!"
15 So they went up to the Mock Turtle, who looked at them with large eyes full of tears, but said nothing.

"This here young lady," said the Gryphon, "she wants for to know your history, she do."
20 "I'll tell it her," said the Mock Turtle in a deep, hollow tone. "Sit down, both of you, and don't speak a word till I've finished."

So they sat down, and nobody spoke for some minutes. Alice thought to herself, "I don't see how he
25 can ever finish, if he doesn't begin." But she waited patiently.

"Once," said the Mock Turtle at last, with a deep sigh, "I was a real Turtle."

These words were followed by a very long silence,

broken only by an occasional exclamation of, "Hjckrrh!" from the Gryphon, and the constant heavy sobbing of the Mock Turtle. Alice was very nearly getting up and saying, "Thank you, Sir! for
5 your interesting story," but she could not help thinking there must be more to come; so she sat still and said nothing.

"When we were little," the Mock Turtle went on at last, more calmly, though still sobbing a little now
10 and then, "we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle—we used to call him Tortoise—"

"Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one?" Alice asked.

"We called him Tortoise because he taught us,"
15 said the Mock Turtle angrily. "Really you are very dull!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question," added the Gryphon; and then they both sat silent and looked at poor Alice,
20 who felt ready to sink into the earth. At last the Gryphon said to the Mock Turtle, "Drive on, old fellow! Don't be all day about it!" and he went on in these words:

"Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you
25 mayn't believe it—"

"I never said I didn't!" interrupted Alice.

"You did," said the Mock Turtle.

"Hold your tongue!" added the Gryphon, before Alice could speak again. The Mock Turtle went on:

"We had the best of educations—in fact, we went to school every day—"

"I've been to a day-school, too," said Alice. "You needn't be so proud as all that."

5 "With extras?" asked the Mock Turtle, a little anxiously.

"Yes," said Alice; "we learned French and music."

"And washing?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Certainly not!" said Alice indignantly.

10 "Ah! Then yours wasn't a really good school," said the Mock Turtle in a tone of great relief. "Now, at ours, they had, at the end of the bill, 'French, music, and washing—extra.'"

"You couldn't have wanted it much," said Alice; 15 "living at the bottom of the sea."

"I couldn't afford to learn it," said the Mock Turtle with a sigh. "I only took the regular course."

"What was that?" inquired Alice.

"Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with," 20 the Mock Turtle replied; "and then the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision."

"I never heard of 'Uglification,'" Alice ventured to say. "What is it?"

25 The Gryphon lifted up both its paws in surprise. "Never heard of uglifying!" it exclaimed. "You know what to beautify is, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Alice doubtfully; "it means—to make anything prettier."

"Well, then," the Gryphon went on, "if you don't know what to uglify is, you are a simpleton."

Alice did not feel encouraged to ask any more questions about it; so she turned to the Mock Turtle, and said, "What else had you to learn?"

"Well, there was Mystery," the Mock Turtle replied, counting off the subjects on his flappers—"Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography; then Drawling—the Drawling master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week; he taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils."

"What was that like?" said Alice.

"Well, I can't show it you, myself," the Mock Turtle said; "I'm too stiff. And the Gryphon never learnt it."

"Hadn't time," said the Gryphon: "I went to the Classical master, though. He was an old crab, he was."

"I never went to him," the Mock Turtle said with a sigh. "He taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say."

"So he did, so he did," said the Gryphon, sighing in his turn; and both creatures hid their faces in their paws.

"And how many hours a day did you do lessons?" said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

"Ten hours the first day," said the Mock Turtle; "nine the next, and so on."

"What a curious plan!" exclaimed Alice.

"That's the reason they're called lessons," the Gryphon remarked; "because they lessen from day to day."

This was quite a new idea to Alice, and she thought it over a little before she made her next remark.

"Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday?"

"Of course it was," said the Mock Turtle.

"And how did you manage on the twelfth?" Alice went on eagerly.

10 "That's enough about lessons," the Gryphon interrupted in a very decided tone. "Tell her something about the games now."

II. *The Lobster-Quadrille*

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and drew the back of one flapper across his eyes. He looked at Alice
15 and tried to speak, but, for a minute or two, sobs choked his voice. "Same as if he had a bone in his throat," said the Gryphon; and it set to work shaking him and punching him in the back. At last the Mock Turtle recovered his voice, and, with tears
20 running down his cheeks, he went on again:

"You may not have lived much under the sea—" ("I haven't," said Alice) "and perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster—" (Alice began to say, "I once tasted—" but checked herself hastily,
25 ily, and said, "No, never.") "so you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster-Quadrille is!"

"No, indeed," said Alice. "What sort of a dance is it?"

"Why," said the Gryphon, "you first form into a line along the seashore—"

5 "Two lines!" cried the Mock Turtle. "Seals, turtles, salmon, and so on; then, when you've cleared all the jelly-fish out of the way—"

"That generally takes some time," interrupted the Gryphon.

10 "—you advance twice—"

"Each with a lobster as a partner!" cried the Gryphon.

"Of course," the Mock Turtle said; "advance twice, set to partners—"

15 "—change lobsters, and retire in same order," continued the Gryphon.

"Then, you know," the Mock Turtle went on, "you throw the—"

20 "The lobsters!" shouted the Gryphon, with a bound into the air.

"—as far out to sea as you can—"

"Swim after them!" screamed the Gryphon.

"Turn a somersault in the sea!" cried the Mock Turtle, capering wildly about.

25 "Change lobsters again!" yelled the Gryphon at the top of its voice.

"Back to land again, and—that's all the first figure," said the Mock Turtle, suddenly dropping his voice; and the two creatures, who had been jump-

ing about like mad things all this time, sat down again very sadly and quietly, and looked at Alice.

"It must be a very pretty dance," said Alice timidly.

5 "Would you like to see a little of it?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Very much indeed," said Alice.

"Come, let's try the first figure!" said the Mock Turtle to the Gryphon. "We can do it without lob-
15 sters, you know. Which shall sing?"

"Oh, you sing," said the Gryphon. "I've forgotten the words."

So they began solemnly dancing round and round Alice, every now and then treading on her toes when
15 they passed too close, and waving their fore-paws to mark the time, while the Mock Turtle sang this, very slowly and sadly:

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail,

"There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.

20 See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!

They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be

When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters out to sea!"

But the snail replied, "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance—

Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.

5 Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend replied.

"There is another shore you know, upon the other side.

The farther off from England the nearer is to France—

10 Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"

15 "Thank you, it's a very interesting dance to watch," said Alice, feeling very glad that it was over at last; "and I do so like that curious song about the whiting!"

"Oh, as to the whiting," said the Mock Turtle, "they—you've seen them of course?"

"Yes," said Alice, "I've often seen them at dinn—" she checked herself hastily.

5 "I don't know where Dinn may be," said the Mock Turtle; "but, if you've seen them so often, of course you know what they're like?"

"I believe so," Alice replied thoughtfully. "They have their tails in their mouths—and they're all over
10 crumbs."

"You're wrong about the crumbs," said the Mock Turtle; "crumbs would all wash off in the sea. But they have their tails in their mouths; and the reason is—" here the Mock Turtle yawned and shut his eyes.
15 "Tell her about the reason and all that," he said to the Gryphon.

"The reason is," said the Gryphon, "that they would go with the lobsters to the dance. So they got thrown out to sea. So they had to fall a long way.
20 So they got their tails fast in their mouths. So they couldn't get them out again. That's all."

"Thank you," said Alice, "it's very interesting. I never knew so much about a whiting before."

"I can tell you more than that, if you like," said
25 the Gryphon. "Do you know why it's called a whiting?"

"I never thought about it," said Alice. "Why?"

"It does the boots and shoes," the Gryphon replied very solemnly.

Alice was thoroughly puzzled. "Does the boots and shoes!" she repeated in a wondering tone.

"Why, what are your shoes done with?" said the Gryphon. "I mean, what makes them so shiny?"

5 Alice looked down at them, and considered a little before she gave her answer. "They're done with blacking, I believe."

"Boots and shoes under the sea," the Gryphon went on in a deep voice, "are done with whiting.
10 Now you know."

"And what are they made of?" Alice asked in a tone of great curiosity.

"Soles and eels, of course," the Gryphon replied, rather impatiently; "any shrimp could have told you
15 that."

"If I'd been the whiting," said Alice, whose thoughts were still running on the song, "I'd have said to the porpoise, 'Keep back, please! We don't want you with us!'"

20 "They were obliged to have him with them," the Mock Turtle said. "No wise fish would go anywhere without a porpoise."

"Wouldn't it, really?" said Alice, in a tone of great surprise.

25 "Of course not," said the Mock Turtle. "Why, if a fish came to me, and told me he was going a journey, I should say, 'With what porpoise?'"

"Don't you mean 'purpose'?" said Alice.

"I mean what I say," the Mock Turtle replied in an offended tone.

"Shall we try another figure of the Lobster-Quadrille?" the Gryphon said. "Or would you like
5 the Mock Turtle to sing you another song?"

"Oh, a song, please, if the Mock Turtle would be so kind," Alice replied, so eagerly that the Gryphon said, in a rather offended tone, "Hm! No accounting for tastes! Sing her 'Turtle Soup,' will you, old
10 fellow?"

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and began in a voice choked with sobs, to sing this:

"Beautiful Soup, so rich and green,
Waiting in a hot tureen!
15 Who for such dainties would not stoop?
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
20 Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,
Beautiful, beautiful Soup!

"Beautiful Soup! Who cares for fish,
Game, or any other dish?
Who would not give all else for two
25 Pennyworth only of beautiful Soup?
Pennyworth only of beautiful Soup?
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!



Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,
Beautiful, beauti—FUL SOUP!"

"Chorus again!" cried the Gryphon, and the Mock
5 Turtle had just begun to repeat it, when a cry of
"The trial's beginning!" was heard in the distance.

"Come on!" cried the Gryphon, and, taking Alice
by the hand, it hurried off, without waiting for the
end of the song.

10 "What trial is it?" Alice panted as she ran; but
the Gryphon only answered, "Come on!" and ran
the faster, while more and more faintly came, car-
ried on the breeze that followed them, the melan-
choly words:

15 "Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,
Beautiful, beautiful Soup!"

From Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.

THE STUDY OF THE STORY

Strange questions to answer. After you have read
silently the story, answer, if you can, these strange ques-
tions:

I. *The School in the Sea.* What did Alice find strange
about the Gryphon's language? About the Mock-Turtle's
conduct? What strange subjects were studied in the
school under the sea? What were the extras?

Why was the teacher called a "Tortoise"? Why were
their "lessons" so called? Who taught them Laughing
and Grief?

II. *The Lobster-Quadrille.* Would you be able to

dance the lobster-quadrille? According to the song, why did the snail grow pale at the idea of joining in the dance?

According to the Gryphon, why are whittings so called? What are the shoes of the sea made of? Why will no fish go anywhere without a "porpoise"?

Word study. Explain these words, using the Glossary for those that you do not know. How many of them refer to creatures of the sea?

I. gryphon, tortoise, mock turtle, conger-eel, reeling, writhing.

II. quadrille, whiting, porpoise, shingle (as used in the song), askance, soles.

Oral reading. Let three children take the parts of Alice, the Gryphon and the Mock Turtle, and read the conversation about the school in the sea, omitting the descriptive phrases.

Read aloud also the two songs, *Turtle Soup* and *The Whiting and the Snail*. Let the class decide which song is the stranger.

The book. A book of the highest class is called a "classic." Among the thousands of books that have been written for young people, only a few may be called "classics," and *Alice in Wonderland* is one of them. It has been called "the most delightful of all nonsense books." How many of your class have read it all the way through, and also its companion, *Alice Through the Looking-Glass*?

Illustrations. One edition of *Alice in Wonderland* has delightful pictures by Tenniel, and another is well illustrated by Rackham. Perhaps the two editions can be brought to school some time from the Library, and the class can decide which pictures best suit the story.

Alice in Wonderland is also delightful in motion pictures. Have you seen it played?

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S STORY

CHARLES E. CARRYL

The poet imagines good old Robinson Crusoe on his lonely island giving voice to these lively lines.

The night was thick and hazy
When the "Piccadilly Daisy"
Carried down the crew and captain in the sea;
And I think the water drowned 'em;
5 For they never, never found 'em,
And I know they didn't come ashore with me.

Oh! 'twas very sad and lonely
When I found myself the only
Population on this cultivated shore;
10 But I've made a little tavern
In a rocky little cavern,
And I sit and watch for people at the door.

I spent no time in looking
For a girl to do my cooking,
15 As I'm quite a clever hand at making stews;
But I had a fellow Friday,
Just to keep the tavern tidy,
And to put a Sunday polish on my shoes.

I have a little garden
That I'm cultivating lard in,
As the things I eat are rather tough and dry;
For I live on toasted lizards,
5 Prickly pears, and parrot gizzards,
And I'm really very fond of beetle-pie.

The clothes I had were furry,
And it made me fret and worry
When I found the moths were eating off the hair;
10 And I had to scrape and sand 'em,
And I biled 'em and I tanned 'em,
Till I got the fine morocco suit I wear.

I sometimes seek diversion
In a family excursion
15 With the few domestic animals you see;
And we take along a carrot
As refreshment for the parrot,
And a little can of jungleberry tea.

Then we gather as we travel,
20 Bits of moss and dirty gravel,
And we chip off little specimens of stone;
And we carry home as prizes
Funny bugs, of handy sizes,
Just to give the day a scientific tone.

If the roads are wet and muddy
We remain at home and study—
For the Goat is very clever at a sum—
And the Dog, instead of fighting,
5 Studies ornamental writing,
While the Cat is taking lessons on the drum

We retire at eleven,
And we rise again at seven;
And I wish to call attention, as I close,
10 To the fact that all the scholars
Are correct about their collars,
And particular in turning out their toes.

THE STUDY OF THE POEM

Something to think about. What things mentioned in the poem does the real Robinson Crusoe tell about? What is told in the poem that Robinson Crusoe certainly does not tell about?

Phrase study. Explain these phrases, using the Glossary for any of the words that you may not understand: only population, parrot gizzards, morocco suit, seek diversion, domestic animals, specimens of stone, scientific tone.

Oral reading. The poem is most delightful if read aloud rapidly. Which stanza do you think funniest?

Library hour. This poem is from *Davy and the Goblin*, a delightful nonsense book by C. E. Carryl, who is also the author of another nonsense book, *The Admiral's Caravan*. You would enjoy both of these books.

Who is the author of *Alice in Wonderland*? How are the names of these two authors different? Lewis Carroll, the author of the Alice books, is an English writer, while Charles E. Carryl lives in New York.

HANDY ANDY GOES FOR THE MAIL

✓ SAMUEL LOVER

Andy Rooney was an Irish boy who had the most singular knack of doing everything the wrong way; so the nickname the neighbors stuck upon him was Handy Andy. This story tells how Handy Andy went to the post-office to get mail for his new master, Squire Egan.

"Ride into the town and see if there's a letter for me," cried the Squire one day to our hero.

"Yes, sir."

"You know where to go?"

5 "To the town, sir."

"But do you know where to go in the town?"

"No, sir."

"And why don't you ask, you stupid?"

"Sure I'd find out, sir."

10 "Didn't I often tell you to ask what you're to do, when you don't know?"

"Yes, sir."

"And why don't you?"

"I don't like to be troublesome, sir."

15 "Well!" said the Squire, though he could not help laughing at Andy's excuse for remaining in ignorance, "go to the post-office. You know the post-office, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, where they sell gunpowder."

"You're right for once," said the Squire; for his Majesty's postmaster was the person who had the privilege of dealing in the aforesaid combustible. "Go, then, to the post-office, and ask for a letter for me. Remember—not gunpowder, but a letter."

"Yes, sir," said Andy, who got astride of his hack, and trotted away to the post-office. On arriving at the shop of the postmaster (for that person carried on a brisk trade in groceries, gimlets, broadcloth and
10 linen-drapery), Andy presented himself at the counter and said, "I want a letter, sir, if you please."

"Whom do you want it for?" said the postmaster. Andy thought the coolest contempt he could throw
15 upon the prying impertinence of this man was to repeat his request.

"I want a letter, sir, if you please."

"And whom do you want it for?" repeated the postmaster.

20 "What's that to you?" said Andy.

The postmaster, laughing at his simplicity, told him he could not tell what letter to give him unless he told him the direction.

"The direction I got was to get a letter here—
25 that's the direction."

"Who gave you that direction?"

"The master."

"And who's your master?"

"What concern is that of yours?"

"Why, you stupid rascal! if you don't tell me his name, how can I give you a letter?"

"You could give it if you liked; but you're fond of asking impudent questions, because you think I'm simple."

"Go along out of this! Your master must be as great a goose as yourself, to send such a messenger."

"Bad luck to your impudence," said Andy; "is it Squire Egan you dare to say goose to?"

10 "Oh, Squire Egan's your master, then?"

"Yes, have you anything to say against it?"

"Only that I never saw you before."

"Faith, then, you'll never see me again if I have my own consent."

15 "I won't give you any letter for the Squire unless I know you're his servant. Is there any one in the town knows you?"

"Plenty," said Andy; "it's not every one is as ignorant as you."

20 Just at this moment a person to whom Andy was known entered the house, who vouched to the postmaster that he might give Andy the Squire's letter. "Have you one for me?"

"Yes, sir," said the postmaster, producing one—
25 "four pence."

The gentleman paid the four pence postage, and left the shop with his letter.

"Here's a letter for the Squire," said the postmaster; "you've to pay me eleven pence postage."

"What would I pay eleven pence for?"

"For postage."

"Didn't I see you give Mr. Duffy a letter for four pence this minute, and a bigger letter than this? and now you want me to pay eleven pence for this scrap of a thing. Do you think I'm a fool?"

"No; but I'm sure of it," said the postmaster.

"Well, you're welcome to be sure, sure—but don't be delaying me now; here's four pence for you, and
10 give me the letter."

"Go along, you stupid!" said the postmaster, taking up the letter, and going to serve a customer with a mouse-trap.

While this person and many others were served,
15 Andy lounged up and down the shop, every now and then putting in his head in the middle of the customers, and saying: "Will you give me the letter?"

He waited for above half an hour, and at last left, when he found it impossible to get common justice
20 for his master, which he thought he deserved as well as another man; for, under this impression, Andy determined to give no more than the four pence.

The Squire, in the meantime, was getting impatient for his return, and when Andy made his appearance, asked if there was a letter for him.
25

"There is, sir," said Andy.

"Then give it to me."

"I haven't it, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"He wouldn't give it to me, sir."

"Who wouldn't give it to you?"

"That old cheat beyond in the town—wanting to charge double for it."

5 "Maybe it's a double letter. Why didn't you pay what he asked, sir?"

"Arrah, sir, why should I let you be cheated? It's not a double letter at all; not above half the size of one Mr. Duffy got before my face for four pence."

10 "You'll provoke me to break your neck some day, you vagabond! Ride back for your life, and pay whatever he asks, and get me the letter."

"Why, sir, I tell you he was selling them before my face for four pence apiece."

15 "Go back, you scoundrel! or I'll horsewhip you; and if you're longer than an hour, I'll have you ducked in the horse-pond!"

Andy vanished, and made a second visit to the post-office. When he arrived, two other persons
20 were getting letters, and the postmaster was selecting the epistles for each from a large parcel that lay before him on the counter; at the same time many shop customers were waiting to be served.

"I'm come for that letter," said Andy.

25 "I'll attend to you by and by."

"The master's in a hurry."

"Let him wait till his hurry's over."

"He'll murder me if I'm not back soon."

"I'm glad to hear it."

While the postmaster went on with such provoking answers Andy's eye caught the heap of letters which lay on the counter; so while certain weighing of soap and tobacco was going forward, he contrived
5 to become possessed of two letters from the heap, and then waited patiently enough till it was the great man's pleasure to give him the missive directed to his master.

Then did Andy bestride his hack, and in triumph
10 at his trick on the postmaster, rattled along the road homeward as fast as the beast could carry him. He came into the Squire's presence, his face beaming with delight, and an air of self-satisfied superiority in his manner quite unaccountable to his master,
15 until he pulled forth his hand, which had been grubbing up his prizes from the bottom of his pocket. Holding three letters over his head, while he said, "Look at that!" he next slapped them down under his broad fist on the table before the Squire, saying—
20 "Well! if he did make me pay eleven pence, I brought your honor the worth of your money anyhow!"

THE STUDY OF THE STORY

Questions to answer after silent reading. Do you think that Handy Andy, when told to go for a letter, knew what a letter was? Did he know where to go?

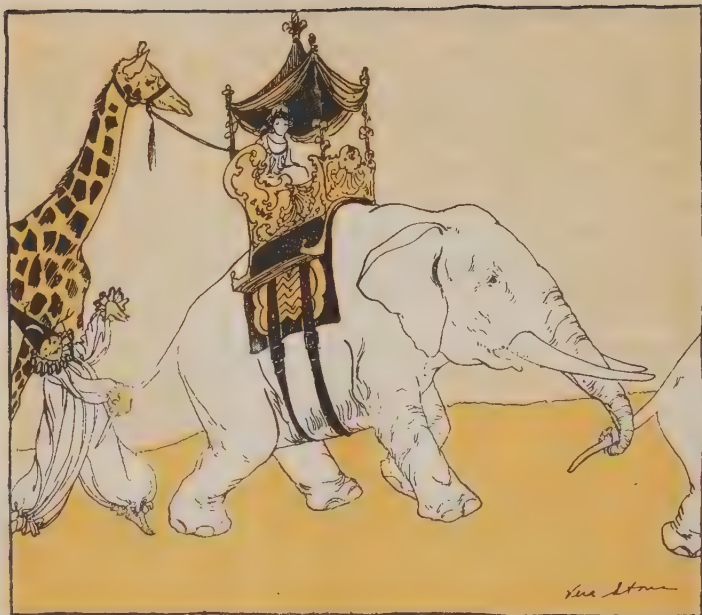
Why wouldn't he tell the postmaster his master's name? How did the postmaster learn it? Why wouldn't Handy Andy pay the postage due? How did he obey his master and get his money's worth at the same time?

Words and phrases to study. The Glossary explains the unusual words here. Look for those that you do not understand: the aforesaid combustible, astride of his hack, gimlets, prying impatience, vouched, lounged up and down, arrah, vagabond, epistles, self-satisfied superiority, quite unaccountable.

Oral reading. The amusing dialogue makes this an interesting story for oral reading. Try in your reading to express what the postmaster felt and what Handy Andy and his master felt.

The book. The book of the same name from which this story is taken is a tale of Irish life written many years ago by Samuel Lover. Much of the conversation is in Irish dialect, and is therefore somewhat hard for us to read.

Library hour. If you like funny stories about real people, then you will enjoy reading the amusing adventures of the Peterkin family in their efforts to become wise. They are told in *Peterkin Papers*, by Lucretia P. Hale.



THE CIRCUS-DAY PARADE

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Oh! The Circus-Day Parade! How the bugles played
and played!
And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes
and neighed,
As the rattle and the rime of the tenor drummer's
time
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody
sublime!

How the grand band wagon shone with a splendor
all its own,

And glittered with a glory that our dreams had
never known!

And how the boys behind, high and low of every
kind,

Marched in unconscious capture, with a rapture un-
defined!

5 How the horsemen, two and two, with their plumes
of white and blue,

And crimson, gold and purple, nodding by at me and
you,

Waved the banners that they bore, as the knights in
days of yore,

Till our glad eyes gleamed and glistened like the
spangles that they wore!

How the graceless-graceful stride of the elephant
was eyed,

10 And the capers of the little horse that cantered at
his side!

How the shambling camels, tame to the plaudits of
their fame,

With listless eyes came silent, masticating as they
came.

How the cages jolted past, with each wagon battened
fast,

And the mystery within it only hinted of at last

From the little grated square in the rear, and nosing
there

The snout of some strange animal that sniffed the
outer air!

And, last of all, the Clown, making mirth for all
the town,

With his lips curved ever upward and his eyebrows
ever down,

5 And his chief attention paid to the little mule that
played

A tattoo on the dashboard with his heels, in the
parade.

Oh! the Circus-Day Parade! How the bugles played
and played!

And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes
and neighed,

As the rattle and the rime of the tenor drummer's
time

10 Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody
sublime!

THE STUDY OF THE POEM

Mind pictures. Are you able to see in a mind picture this wonderful Circus-Day Parade? What different sorts of music do you hear? Who is marching behind the grand band-wagon?

What gives color to the parade? What receives most applause? What lends mystery? What is funniest?

Is this parade like any parades that you have really seen? What circuses can you name?

Words and phrases to explain. The unusual words here are found in the Glossary. Look for those that you do not understand: unconscious capture, rapture undefined, shambling camels, plaudits of their fame, masticating, battered fast.

The poem. Which stanza is repeated? How many words rhyme in each stanza? Find a line which contains a rhyme within itself.

After the poem has been read aloud, tell which stanza you like best.

The poet. What other poem in this book is by James Whitcomb Riley? In what state is his home? *The Bobbs-Merrill Fourth Reader* tells, after one of his poems, a little story of how Riley as a boy once followed a band-wagon for a whole summer. Who can tell that incident?

THE POLAR BEAR

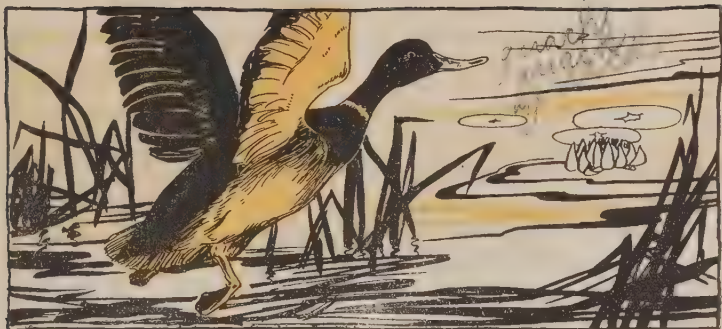
ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

The Polar Bear will make a rug
Almost as white as snow:
But if he gets you in his hug,
He rarely lets you go.
5 And polar ice looks very nice,
With all the colors of a prism:
But if you'll follow my advice,
Stay home and learn your catechism.

JOLLY BOOKS FOR HOME READING

These books contain poems and stories to laugh about.
How many have you read?

<i>Davy and the Goblin</i>	Carryl
<i>The Admiral's Caravan</i>	Carryl
<i>Alice in Wonderland</i>	Carroll
<i>Through the Looking-Glass</i>	Carroll
<i>Nonsense Books</i>	Lear
<i>Peterkin Papers</i>	Hale
<i>Anne's Terrible Good Nature</i>	Lucas
<i>Merry Tales</i>	Skinner
<i>Jolly Book for Boys and Girls</i>	Olcott
<i>Rhymes of Childhood</i>	Riley
<i>The Story of Dr. Dolittle</i>	Lofting
<i>The Voyages of Dr. Dolittle</i>	Lofting
<i>Dr. Dolittle's Post-Office</i>	Lofting
<i>The Story of Mrs. Tubbs</i>	Lofting
<i>Tales of Laughter</i>	Wiggin and Smith
<i>Nights With Uncle Remus</i>	Harris
<i>Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings</i>	Harris
<i>Uncle Remus Returns</i>	Harris



ALL OUT-OF-DOORS

All out-of-doors belongs to all of you—God's out-of-doors, it has sometimes been called. You may live in a palace or you may live in a cottage; you may have not so much as a blade of grass or a single posy on your own domain, but the great out-of-doors is yours if you will only claim ownership. To possess it you must see with your eyes and hear with your ears and touch with your fingertips.

There once lived a boy among the Sierra Nevada mountains of the Great Northwest where every evening the sky is aflame with color as the great sun sets beyond the snowy peaks. The boy when questioned by a tourist about the sunsets in those regions, confessed that he had never noticed the sky. That evening he stood agape as the flaming gold and yellow and rose covered the western heavens, really seeing his first sunset.

Here you will read many poems and a few stories that will help you recall the beautiful and wonderful things you have seen. You will here meet some of the greatest friends of Nature who will teach you to observe anew when next you all go out-of-doors.



MARCH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The cock is crowing;
The stream is flowing;
The small birds twitter;
The lake doth glitter;
5 The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
10 There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
15 The plowboy is whooping—anon—anon.
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing;
Blue sky prevailing;
20 The rain is over and gone!

THE STUDY OF THE POEM

Mind pictures. Can you fancy yourself in the country on a bright March morning as the clouds roll away after

a season of rain? Tell in the words of the poem what you see; what you hear.

Phrases for study. Explain what these phrases mean to you: doth fare ill, blue sky prevailing, anon—anon.

Oral reading. This charming little poem with its short rapid sentences seems to tell us in one breath everything that makes the day joyous. As you read it aloud, try to make those who hear feel the thrill of the bright warm sun after the season of storm.

This poem you will wish to memorize.

The poet. What other poem in this book was written by the same author? William Wordsworth lived most of his life in the beautiful lake region of northern England, and has written many poems of birds, flowers and the seasons. Perhaps the most loved of them all is that called *Daffodils*.

A VIOLET BANK

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows:
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine.

CAPTURING THE WILD HORSE

WASHINGTON IRVING

"Capturing the Wild Horse" is one of the incidents told by Washington Irving in *A Tour of the Prairies*. The book relates Irving's adventures in touring the region west of the Mississippi River in the days when buffalo and wild horses roamed in large numbers over the hills and the wide prairies.

We left the buffalo camp about eight o'clock and had a toilsome march of two hours over ridges of hills covered with a ragged forest of scrub-oaks and broken by deep gullies. Among the oaks I observed
5 many of the small size, some not above a foot high, yet bearing abundance of small acorns.

About ten o'clock in the morning we came to where this line of rugged hills swept down into a valley, through which flowed the north fork of the
6 Red River. A beautiful meadow about half a mile wide, colored with yellow autumnal flowers, stretched for two or three miles along the foot of the hills, bordered on the opposite side by the river, whose bank was fringed with cottonwood trees.

7 The meadow was dotted by groves and clumps of trees, so happily arranged that they seemed as if set out by the hand of art. As we cast our eyes over this fresh and delightful valley, we saw a troop of

wild horses quietly grazing on a green lawn about a mile distant to our right, while to our left, at nearly the same distance, were several buffaloes—some feeding, others reposing among the high, rich herbage under the shade of a clump of cottonwood trees. The whole had the appearance of a broad, beautiful tract of pasture land on the estate of some gentleman farmer, with his cattle grazing about the lawns and meadows.

10 A council of war was now held, and it was determined to profit by the present favorable opportunity and try our hand at the grand hunting maneuver which is called “ringing the wild horse.”

This requires a large party of horsemen, well
15 mounted. They extend themselves in each direction, singly, at certain distances apart, and gradually form a ring of two or three miles in circumference, so as to surround the game. This has to be done with extreme care, for the wild horse is the most
20 readily alarmed inhabitant of the prairie, and can scent a hunter at a great distance, if to windward.

The ring being formed, two or three ride toward the horses, which start off in an opposite direction. Whenever they approach the bounds of the ring,
25 however, a huntsman presents himself and turns them from their course. In this way they are checked and driven back at every point, and kept galloping round and round this magic circle, until, being completely tired down, it is easy for the hunt-

ers to ride up beside them and throw the lariat over their heads. The prime horses of most speed and courage, however, are apt to break through and escape, so that in general it is the second-rate horses that are taken.

Preparations were now made for a hunt of this kind. The packhorses were taken into the woods and firmly tied to trees, lest in a rush of the wild horses they should break away with them. Twenty-five men were then sent, under the command of a lieutenant, to steal along the edge of the valley within the strip of wood that skirted the hills. They were to station themselves about fifty yards apart, within the edge of the woods, and not advance or show themselves until the horses dashed in that direction.

Twenty-five men were sent across the valley to steal in like manner along the river bank that bordered the opposite side, and to station themselves among the trees. A third party of about the same number was to form a line stretching across the lower part of the valley, so as to connect the two wings. Beatte and our other half-breed, Antoine, together with the ever-officious Tonish, were to make a circuit through the woods, so as to get to the upper part of the valley in the rear of the horses, and to drive them forward into the kind of sack that we had formed, while the two wings should join behind them and make a complete circle.

The flanking parties were quietly extending themselves out of sight, on each side of the valley, and the rest were stretching themselves like the links of a chain across it, when the wild horses gave signs that they scented an enemy—snuffing the air, snorting, and looking about.

At length they pranced off slowly toward the river and disappeared behind a green bank. Here, had the rules of the chase been observed, they would have been quietly checked and turned back by the advance of a hunter from among the trees; unluckily, however, we had our wildfire Jack-o'-lantern little Frenchman to deal with.

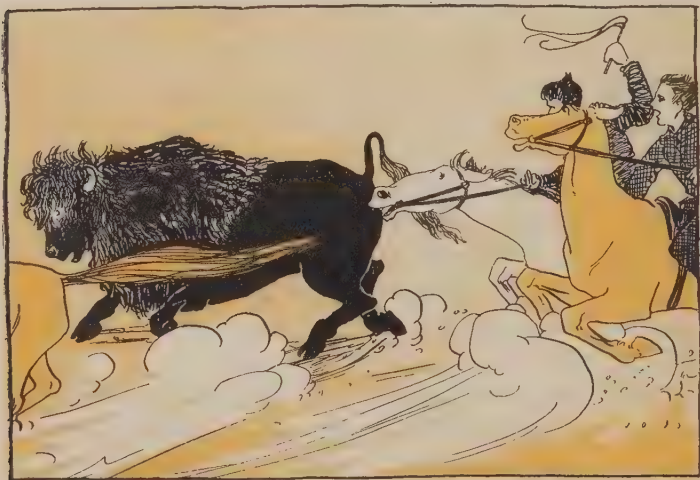
Instead of keeping quietly up the right side of the valley to get above the horses, the moment he saw them move toward the river he broke out of the thicket of woods and dashed furiously across the plain in pursuit of them, being mounted on one of the led horses belonging to the Count. This put an end to all system. The half-breeds and a half a score of rangers joined in the chase.

Away they all went over the green bank; in a moment or two the wild horses reappeared and came thundering down the valley, with Frenchman, half-breeds, and rangers galloping and yelling like mad behind them.

It was in vain that the line drawn across the valley attempted to check and turn back the fugitives. They were too hotly pressed by their pursuers;

in their panic they dashed through the line and clattered down the plain.

The whole troop joined in the headlong chase—some of the rangers without hats or caps, their hair flying about their ears; others with handkerchiefs tied round their heads. The buffaloes, which had been calmly ruminating among the herbage, heaved up their huge forms, gazed for a moment with astonishment at the tempest that came scouring down the meadow, then turned and took to heavy-rolling flight. They were soon overtaken; the mixed throng were pressed together by the sides of the valley, and away they went, pell-mell, hurry-scurry, wild buffalo, wild horse, wild huntsman, with clang and clat-



ter, and whoop and halloo, that made the forests ring.

At length the buffaloes turned into a green brake on the river bank, while the horses dashed up a narrow defile of the hills, with their pursuers close at their heels. Beatte passed several of them, having fixed his eye upon a fine Pawnee horse that had his ears slit, and saddle marks upon his back. He pressed him gallantly, but lost him in the woods.

10 Among the wild horses was a fine black mare. In scrambling up the defile she tripped and fell. A young ranger sprang from his horse and seized her by the mane and muzzle. Another ranger dismounted and came to his assistance. The mare struggled 15 fiercely, kicking and biting, and striking with her fore feet; but a noose was slipped over her head, and her struggles were in vain. It was some time, however, before she gave over rearing and plunging, and lashing out with her feet on every side. The 20 two rangers then led her along the valley by two long lariats, which enabled them to keep at a sufficient distance on each side to be out of the reach of her hoofs; and whenever she struck out in one direction, she was jerked in the other. In this way her 25 spirit was gradually subdued.

As to little Tonish, who had marred the whole scene by his rashness, he had been more successful than he deserved, having managed to catch a beautiful cream-colored colt about seven months old,

which had not strength to keep up with its companions. The little Frenchman was beside himself with joy. It was amusing to see him with his prize. The colt would rear and kick and struggle to get free, when Tonish would take him about the neck, wrestle with him, jump on his back, and cut as many antics as a monkey with a kitten.

Nothing surprised me more, however, than to see how soon these poor animals, thus taken from the unbounded freedom of the prairie, yielded to the control of man. In the course of two or three days the mare and colt went with the led horses and became quite docile.

THE STUDY OF THE STORY

Mind pictures from silent reading. The story presents three pictures, one a beautiful quiet scene, one a mysterious slow movement, the third full of thrilling motion.

1. Describe the scene that Irving saw as he looked into the valley. What are the colors? To what does he liken it?

2. Tell how the hunters prepared for capturing the wild horse. What was their plan? Who spoiled it?

3. Describe the headlong chase. Who was in it? Who won the prizes?

Phrases for study. What do these phrases tell about the place: deep gullies, high rich herbage, narrow defile, green brake?

What is meant by these terms: a score of rangers, half-breeds? What do these phrases tell about Tonish: the ever-officious Tonish; wildfire Jack-o'-lantern little Frenchman?



WILD GEESE

CELIA THAXTER

The wind blows, the sun shines, the birds sing loud,
The blue, blue sky is flecked with fleecy dappled
cloud,

Over earth's rejoicing fields the children dance and
sing,

And the frogs pipe in chorus, "It is spring! It is
spring!"

5 The grass comes, the flower laughs where lately lay
the snow,

O'er the breezy hilltop hoarsely calls the crow,

By the flowing river the alder catkins swing,

And the sweet song sparrow cries, "Spring! It is
spring!"

10 Hark what a clamor goes winging through the sky!
Look, children! Listen to the sound so wild and
high!

Like a peal of broken bells,—kling, klang, kling,—
Far and high the wild geese cry,—"Spring! It is
spring!"

Bear the winter off with you, O wild geese dear!
Carry all the cold away, far away from here;

THE FIFTH READER

Chase the snow into the north, O strong of heart
and wing,

While we share the robin's rapture, crying, "Spring!
It is spring!"

THE STUDY OF THE POEM

Sounds. On the first spring days it seems to us that all nature is glad, for everywhere we hear bursts of song.

Tell in the words of the poet who sings from the blue, blue sky; from earth's rejoicing fields; from the pond.

Whose cry do we hear over the breezy hilltop? by the flowing river?

What is the clamor that goes winging through the sky? How does it sound? Where are the wild geese flying? What does the poet call to them?

Phrases for study. Tell what pictures these phrases bring to you: fleecy dappled cloud, earth's rejoicing fields, breezy hilltop, alder catkins, the robin's rapture.

Oral reading. As you read the poem aloud, try to make those who listen feel the joy of spring.

Note the many words that rhyme with "spring." Which stanza do you think most beautiful? This is a charming poem to memorize.

Memory work. What other poems or parts of poems have you memorized from this book? These treasures you must not lose. If you repeat them from time to time, gradually lengthening the time between, they will become yours permanently.

The author. Celia Thaxter has written several pretty poems about birds. Three of them are *Piccola*, *Christmas in Norway* and *The Sandpiper*. Miss Thaxter's home was in New Hampshire.

AN APPLE ORCHARD IN THE SPRING

WILLIAM MARTIN

Have you seen an apple orchard in the spring?
In the spring?

An English apple orchard in the spring?
When the spreading trees are hoary
5 With their wealth of promised glory,
And the mavis sings its story
In the spring?

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?
10 And caught their subtle odors in the spring?
Pink buds bursting at the light,
Crumpled petals baby-white,
Just to touch them a delight —
In the spring?

15 Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?
Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?
When the pink cascades are falling,
And the silver brooklets brawling,
20 And the cuckoo bird soft calling,
In the spring?

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring,
 In the spring,
Half the color, beauty, wonder of the spring.
No such sight can I remember
5 Half so precious, half so tender,
As the apple blossoms render
 In the spring.

THE STUDY OF THE POEM

Pictures to see. Have you ever seen an apple orchard in the spring? If you have, then you know the beauty and the wonder of this poem.

What is the "wealth of promised glory" that makes the spreading branches "hoary"? What is the mavis that sings its story?

How do the blossoms feel as you touch them? Why are the odors called "subtle"? Which blossoms are pink, and which are "baby-white"?

What are the "pink cascades" that fall as you walk beneath the blossoms? What soft sounds do you hear?

Oral reading. When you read the poem aloud, you are able to hear the music of the lines. What phrase is repeated again and again—how many times in each stanza? How many words rhyme in each stanza?

Memorization. This poem, like the preceding, is delightful to memorize. There are three beautiful poems about spring in this section. Which of the three should you like best always to hold in your memory?

JOHNNY DARTER

DAVID STARR JORDAN

Any one who has ever been a boy and can remember back to the days of tag-alders, yellow cowslips, and an angleworm on a pin-hook, will recall an experience like this: You tried some time to put your
5 finger on a little fish that was lying, apparently asleep, on the bottom of the stream, half hidden under a stone or a leaf, his tail bent around the stone as if for support against the force of the current. You will remember that when your finger came near
10 the spot where he was lying, the bent tail was straightened, and you saw the fish again resting, head up-stream, a few feet away, leaving you puzzled to know whether you had seen the movement or not. You were trying to catch a Johnny Darter. Nothing
15 seems easier, but you did not do it.

In all clear streams from Maine to Mexico the Johnny Darters are found; and the boy who does not know them has missed one of the real pleasures of a boy's life. All of them are very little fishes,—some
20 not more than two inches long, and the very largest but six or eight. But small though they are, they are the most interesting in habits, the most graceful in form, and many of them the most brilliant in color of all fresh-water fishes. The books call them

"Darters," for one of the first species known was named in Greek "dart body,"—a name most appropriate to them all. The boys call them "Johnnies." Certainly the boys ought to know,—and Johnnies they are, and Darters they are; so Johnny Darters they shall be.

Rafinesque said of the Johnnies that he knew "they are good to eat fried." I suppose that he had tried them; but we have not. We should as soon think of filling our pan with wood warblers as to make a meal of them. The good man goes a-fishing, not for "pot-luck," but to let escape "the Indian within him."

The Johnny Darter deserves our special attention, for he is altogether an American product. He has all that ardent desire for perfect freedom that is supposed to be native to this continent. Unless all appearance of captivity be concealed in a well-kept aquarium, he will quickly lie on the bottom, dead. If our tank be so arranged that the conditions are nearly natural, there being an abundance of stones and weeds on the bottom, our Johnnies will cheerfully live with us, and we shall be ready to study their individual peculiarities.

For it must be known that while all fish are fish, they are so only as all men are men. The children of one family are not more unlike one another than the fishes of one brook might be if the sickly ones and the lazy ones were as carefully guarded as are ours. One is constantly darting over and among the

stones, never resting, moving his head from side to side when his body is for a moment still. Another will lie for hours motionless under a stone, moving only for a few inches when pushed out with a stick.

8 But we must tell the story of the Johnny Darters that live in our aquarium. All the species here mentioned, and some others, are well known.

First of these in size, and therefore in dignity, comes the Hog-fish. This is the giant of the family,
10—the most of a fish, and therefore the least of a darter. It may be readily known by its zebra-like colors. Its hue is pale olive,—silvery below, darker above. On this ground-color are about fifteen black vertical bars, or incomplete rings, alternating with
15 as many shorter bars which reach only half-way down the side. The hindmost bar forms a mere spot on the base of the tail, and there are many dots and speckles on the fins. The body is long and slender, spindle-shaped, and firm and wiry to the touch. The
20 head is flat on top, and tapers into a flat-pointed snout which is squared off at the end like the snout of a pig.

We next come to the fine gentleman of the family, the Black-sided Darter. This one we may know by
25 its colors. The ground hue is a salmon yellow; the back is regularly and beautifully marbled with black in a peculiar and handsome pattern. On the sides, from the head to the tail, runs a jet-black band, which is widened at intervals into rounded spots;

or we may say that on each side is a chain of round black blotches. Sometimes the fishes seem to fade out; these blotches grow pale, and no longer meet; but in an instant they may regain their original
5 form and shade. This latter change can be induced by the offer of food, and it is, of course, due to muscular action on the scales which cover the darker pigment.

One of the most simply beautiful of all fishes is the
10 Green-sided Darter. He has the beauty of green grass, wild violets, and mossy logs. During the ordinary business of the year he, like most sensible fishes and men, dresses plainly. But when the first blue-birds give warning by their shivering notes that
15 spring is coming, then he puts on his wedding-clothes, and becomes in fact the Green-sided Darter.

Gayest of all the darters, and indeed the gaudiest of all fresh-water fishes, is the Rainbow Darter. This is a little fish, never more than three inches
20 long, and usually about two. Everywhere, throughout the northern parts of the Mississippi Valley, it makes its home in the ripples and shallows of the rivers and in the shady retreats of all the little brooks. The male fish is greenish above, with darker
25 blotches, and its sides are variegated with oblique bands alternately of indigo-blue and deep orange.

When the Civil War broke out, there were some good people who were anxiously looking for a sign or omen, that they might know on which side the

"stars in their courses" were fighting. It so happened that in a little brook in Indiana, called Clear Creek, some one caught a Rainbow Darter. This fish was clothed in a new suit of the red, white, and blue of his native land, in the most unmistakably patriotic fashion. There were some people who had never seen a darter before, and who knew no more of the fishes in their streams than these fishes knew of them, by whom the coming of this little "soldier-fish" into their brooks was hailed as an omen of victory. Of course, these little fishes had really always been there. They were there when America was discovered and for a long time before, but the people had not seen them. When the day comes when history shall finally recount all the influences which held Indiana to her place in the Union, shall not, among greater things, this least of little fishes receive its meed of praise?

From "Science Sketches," (Abridged).

THE STUDY OF THE STORY

Silent reading test. This story tells us many interesting facts about the fish of the Darter family. After you have read the story through once silently, find how many of these facts you are able to tell correctly:

1. Where are Johnny Darters found?
2. Why does the author give them such a name?
3. How is the name fitting?
4. How is the Johnny Darter a true American?
5. What must be done to keep him in an aquarium?
6. Why is the Hog-fish Darter so called?
7. How may

the Black-sided Darter be induced to show the handsome black markings on his sides? 8. When does the Green-sided Darter put on his green wedding-clothes? 9. Why has the Rainbow Darter been called a "soldier-fish"? 10. How did a Rainbow Darter once give aid to the Union?

Word meanings. With the help of the Glossary, explain the meanings of these phrases: darker pigment, spindle-shaped, muscular action, variegated, an omen of victory, meed of praise.

Do you know tag-alder, yellow cowslips, wood-warblers?

Draw lines that are oblique, vertical, alternately long and short.

Drawing. From the description in the story draw or paint in color two of the Darter family.

The author. David Starr Jordan, one of the greatest scientists of America, was born in New York. He served for fourteen years on the United States Fish Commission. He was for some time a professor of zoology at the Indiana University, and later the president there. In 1891 he was made president of Leland Stanford Junior University, in California.

THE FOUNTAIN

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing,
From morn till night;

3 Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow;

10 Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day;

15 Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery
Still climbing heavenward,
Never weary;

20 Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

5

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;

10

Glorious fountain,
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

THE STUDY OF THE POEM

The picture. Have you ever stood by a beautiful fountain and watched it leap and play? How does it look in the sunshine? in the moonlight? when the wind blows?

Does it really change in darkness or light? Does it ever change? What does the poet say of its change? of its rest?

In what way does the poet wish to be like the fountain?

Words for study. What do these phrases mean to you? Use the Glossary for any words that you do not know: blithesome and cheerful, ceaseless aspiring, thy element, constant.

The poem. Note that all the poem is just one sentence. In what stanza is the fountain first mentioned?

Read the stanzas aloud so that those who listen may see the leaping and falling of the water.

THE BROOK

ALFRED TENNYSON

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

5 By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

10 Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

15 I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

20 With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

5 I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

10 And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel.

15 And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

20 I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

THE STUDY OF THE POEM

The picture. Are you able to see the little brook as it slips and slides and bickers along? What are some of the things that it passes? What does it carry along? Is it true that the water of the brook goes on forever?

Phrases for study. Explain what these phrases mean to you; look in the Glossary for those words that you do not know: haunts of coot and hern, bicker down a valley, twenty thorps, fairy foreland, silvery water-break, sudden sally, field and fallow, shingly bars, loiter round my cresses, brambly wilderness.

The poem. As we read the poem aloud, it seems to have the babbling, bubbling sound of the little brook. Which lines in each stanza rhyme?

The poet. Alfred Tennyson is one of the greatest of English poets. Some facts about his life are told in the *Bobbs-Merrill Fourth Reader*, following one of his poems. Like William Wordsworth and Robert Southey, he at one time held the office of poet laureate of England.

We have no poet laureate in America, but we wish nevertheless to honor our great poets. Can you name three great American poets?

FAIRY SHIPWRECK

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

One morning when the rain was done,
And all the trees adrip,
I found, all shining in the sun,
A storm-wrecked fairy ship.

5 Its hull was fashioned of a leaf,
A tiny twig its mast,
And high upon a green-branch reef
By winds had it been cast.

10 A spider's web, the fragile sail,
Now flying loose and torn,
Once spread itself to catch the gale
By which the ship was borne.

15 Its voyages at last were o'er,
And gone were all the crew;
And did they safely get ashore?
Alas, I wish I knew!

THE STUDY OF THE POEM

Something to see. Can you picture in your mind this tiny ship, with the sun shining through the rain-drops upon it? Of what is the hull made, the mast, the sail? Who do you think were the crew?

Something to do. Draw the little ship as you see it.

ISHMAEL

WALTER A. DYER

According to a story in the Bible Ishmael was a man of whom it was said, "His hand shall be against every man, and every man's hand against him." From that day it has been common to call any outcast whether among men or beasts "an Ishmael." As you read this story of a remarkable dog you will see why he was named Ishmael.

I

In the Atwaters' living room a frightful row suddenly broke loose. Sandy, the brown Irish terrier, leaped upon the couch by the window, barking furiously.

5 "What in the world is the matter?" demanded Mr. Atwater, hastening into the room. He glanced out the window and saw a big black dog busy with a bone that Sandy or one of his acquaintances had abandoned on the front lawn.

10 "Be quiet, Sandy," commanded Atwater. "It's only Ishmael. Haven't you got used to him yet?"

"Poor Ishmael," said Mrs. Atwater, stepping to the window. "I wish some one would adopt him. I suppose he isn't any particular kind of dog; but he's
15 gentle and affectionate. I hate to chase him out of the yard all the time; but if I pat him or speak to him he wants to hang around, and we simply can't have

him here. Besides, it makes Sandy furiously jealous."

They stood watching Ishmael. He was indeed no particular kind of dog. He had the long, black hair of a Newfoundland, while his noble head and a look about the face suggested a Great Dane. His big, thick tail, too, was a Dane's, except that it was somewhat hairy and was set on all wrong.

Sandy started up his indignant protest again, and because it was the peaceful Sabbath, Atwater was forced to go out and drive Ishmael off.

When Robert Sammis came with the Sunday paper Atwater said, "Your friend Ishmael has been around here again."

"Has he?" asked Robert, with interest.

"Why don't you take him home and have him for your dog?" asked Atwater. "If he had a home and plenty to eat, he wouldn't roam about so, and he'd make a good dog for you."

"I wish I could," replied Robert wistfully; "but father won't let me. He says dogs kill chickens, and he doesn't like them anyway. Besides, he says if he had any dog at all, it wouldn't be a stray one."

II

Death, silent and mysterious, stalked o' nights through the poultry yards of Hempstead. On the morning of October 24 Thomas Lange found seven of his best pullets dead in their house and yard. He

repaired his walls and fences and placed a trap before the door. The next morning it was Martin Sammis to whose Rhode Island Reds had come the terror by night. Within two weeks no less than ten
5 poultry houses, great and small, had been visited, and chickens killed there or in the open.

At first it was thought to be the work of a skunk, but no skunk entered the waiting traps, nor did any leave behind him the telltale scent. Rats it might
10 have been; but rats do not make a circuit of a village visiting now this farm and now that. Besides, the form of death was unusual. Each fowl was neatly nipped in the throat and abandoned, apparently after the murderer had taken his draft of
15 warm blood.

The Hempstead papers that second week published accounts of the mystery, and one contributor decided that the work must have been done by some fiendishly clever dog, which killed for the joy of
20 killing.

Thereafter two or three men sat up with guns, but to no avail. Those who shot at cats or dogs aimed widely in the dark, and death attacked the roosts of their neighbors. Then came the evening when Jack
25 Walsh, returning late, hurled a futile missile at a strange, small animal that streaked across the road, and found four of his best Wyandottes strangled back of his house. That gave rise to the weasel theory which the papers exploited; but most of the

farmers still suspected the mysterious and murderous dog.

"I believe it's that black tramp dog," said Martin Sammis. "If this thing don't stop pretty soon, I'll shoot him anyhow."

III

On a crisp November night Peter the mink stole out from his grassy retreat on the brown Hempstead plains and made his swift, silent way toward the scattered farms to the northeast of the town. A frightened field mouse scurried for cover, but Peter did not stop. Apparently he had a definite goal in mind. He did not turn in at Lange's place, nor did he take notice of a black form that rose quietly from its comfortless bed by the fence and took up his trail.

Peter was immediately lost to sight; but hunger roused in black Ishmael the latent hunting instinct inherited from some distant ancestor, and with his nose to the ground he padded steadily along. Close to the fence in front of Henderson's orchard the trail took him through the tall grass at the edge of Al Barkley's meadow—always where there was cover, always out of the bright moonlight. The ancient village was wrapped in peace; but death awaited some luckless brood.

In front of the Sammis place Ishmael hesitated; then he caught the scent again and followed the trail

along the fence toward the buildings back of the house. He moved quietly now—very quietly for such a clumsy brute. He stopped and lifted his big head. A slight scratching sound caught his ear; but ⁵he could see nothing, so he dropped his nose again to the ground, keeping his ears cocked the while.

Suddenly a great clamor arose among the chickens—squawks of terror and squeaks of death. Ishmael dashed forward and reached the chicken house just ¹⁰in time to see a sleek catlike head, with bright, beady eyes, thrust out from beneath the door of the scratching yard, and then hastily withdrawn. Ishmael stood watching the place, and then sniffed cautiously at it, the bristles rising at the back of his ¹⁵neck.

The house door was thrown open and a bar of yellow light shot across the yard. Martin Sammis, aroused by the racket, appeared, half dressed, bearing a shotgun, and followed by Robert. In the ²⁰bright moonlight big Ishmael was plainly visible by the chicken house, his nose to the ground.

“Holy Smoke!” cried Sammis. “It’s that black dog. I knew it.”

Bringing his gun quickly to his shoulder, he fired; ²⁵but Ishmael was not there. His quick sense had caught a noise at the other end of the yard, and with incredible speed for so bulky a creature he dashed round the corner just in time to catch sight of a swift, lithe body disappearing in the weeds. There

was a deep, growling roar from Ishmael's throat, a tremendous rush, a smothered cry among the burdocks, and then silence.

Martin Sammis came up on a run, and would have
5 fired his other barrel at the first movement his eye caught; but Robert was ahead of him.

"Don't shoot, Dad!" he cried. "There's something else." What, he did not know; but his sharp eyes had seen something beside Ishmael, and that some-
10 thing was not a hen.

As the man and boy approached, Ishmael lifted his head and stood his ground. Something had been awakened in his shaggy breast that, for the moment at least, drove all fear from him.

15 "You thieving, useless cur, I've got you now!" roared the man, eager for the final shot; but still Robert blocked his way.

"No, Dad, no!" he cried. "See here! It isn't a hen at all. It's a—oh, Dad, what is it?" He stood
20 wondering above the body of the strange little animal, his hand resting on Ishmael's shoulder.

Wondering why Ishmael neither ran nor showed fight, Martin Sammis joined his son and looked. Ishmael was wondering too—wondering what he had
25 done to provoke this latest torrent of wrath, wondering why the blow did not fall, wondering, with all the power of his pathetic dog's eyes, why the little man kept his hand so comforting upon him.

Martin Sammis lifted up the dead mink by its tail.



"Well, well!" said he. "I never saw one of these things before. I don't know what it is; but I guess it's it all right."

"Dad!" said Robert meekly.

5 His father was contemplating the remains of Peter in silence.

"You see Ishmael didn't kill the chickens."

"Ishmael? What's Ishmael?"

"This is Ishmael," said Robert, a sort of pride
10 crowding up into his throat. "Mayn't I keep him—
now—Dad?"

Martin Sammis glanced at the pair. Ishmael was sitting on his haunches, contemplating the face of Robert with that trusting look that only dog lovers
15 can know or believe in.

"Well," said he, "tie him out here by the chicken house. He may keep other dogs away." And he turned back to the house with the mysterious little carcass, thinking of the story he would have for his
20 neighbors, and not noticing the boy's arms that were thrown about the great dog's neck, nor the curly head buried in the shaggy coat.

THE STUDY OF THE STORY

Questions to answer after silent reading. We have here a little drama, or play, in three scenes. Choose a title for each of the scenes.

I. Where does the first scene take place? How long a time does it cover? What do we learn in this scene about Ishmael? about Robert Sammis?

II. The next scene includes the poultry yards of many farms. What were the different theories of the killing of the chickens? Which theory did you believe before you read the third scene?

III. Where does the third scene take place? At what hour of the day? Who are the four actors? Who solves the mystery? What is his reward?

Words for study. The Glossary will help you to understand any of these words that you may not know:

I. indignant protest, wistfully, abandoned.

II. fiendishly clever, futile missile, contributor, weasel theory, Wyandottes, exploited.

III. definite goal, latent hunting instinct, incredible speed, burdocks, torrent of wrath, contemplating.

Library hour. This story is taken from a book called *Gulliver the Great and Other Dog Stories*.

Marion Hamilton Carter is the author of several collections of animal stories retold from *St. Nicholas*. One is called *Stories of Brave Dogs*; another is called *Cat Stories*, and still another *Lion and Tiger Stories*.

V

THE WIND AND THE MOON

GEORGE MACDONALD

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out;

You stare

In the air

Like a ghost in a chair,

5 Always looking what I am about—

I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.

So deep

On a heap

10 Of clouds to sleep,

Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,

Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!

On high

15 In the sky,

With her one ghost eye,

The moon shone white and alive and plain;

Said the Wind, "I'll blow you out again."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.

20 "One puff

More's enough

To blow her to snuff!

One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the thread."

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone.

In the air,

8 Nowhere,

Was a moonbeam bare;

Far off and harmless the shy stars shone—

Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more;

10 On down,

In town,

Like a merry-mad clown,

He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar—

"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more!

15 He flew in a rage—he danced and blew;

But in vain

Was the pain

Of his bursting brain;

For still the broader the Moon-scrap grew,

20 The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,

And shone

On her throne

In the sky alone,

25 A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,

Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind: "What a marvel of power am I!
With my breath,
Good faith!

I blew her to death—

5 First blew her away right out of the sky,
Then blew her in. What strength have I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair;
For high
In the sky

10 With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

THE STUDY OF THE POEM

The picture. Have you ever on a windy night seen the great white Moon sailing through the clouds? Now she gleams full and round; now she grows dim in the rolling mist; now she is lost to sight. On such a night no doubt the poet fancied the huge Wind boasting of his power.

What is his reason for wishing to blow the Moon out? How many times does he cause her to disappear? How does he explain the fact that she appears again? What effect has his blowing on the Moon?

The poem. Part of our enjoyment of this poem lies in its odd form. Which lines in each stanza are longest? Which are shortest? Which lines rhyme?

Read the poem aloud, and see if you can make those who listen feel the rude bluffness of this great braggart, the Wind. Which stanza do you think most full of humor?

DAYBREAK

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners; the night is gone."

5 And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

10 It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

15 It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

THE STUDY OF THE POEM

The picture. What is the errand of the wind at day-break? What does it awaken on the sea? in the forest? on the farm? in the city? What does it arouse to action? What does it arouse to sound?

Words for study. What do these words mean: chan-ticleer, your clarion blow, proclaim?

The poem. As you read the poem aloud, think of the wind as the herald of the morning, and make his cry the cry of a herald. This poem you will like to memorize.

SPRING SONG

GEORGE ELIOT

Spring comes hither,
Buds the rose;
Roses wither,
Sweet spring goes.

Summer soars,—
Wide-winged day;
White light pours,
Flies away.

Soft winds blow,
Westward born;
Onward go,
Toward the morn.

A SONG OF PRAISE

PSALM 147

Praise ye the Lord; for it is good to sing praises unto our God.

He healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds.

5 He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names.

Great is our Lord, and of great power: his understanding is infinite.

The Lord lifteth up the meek: he casteth the
10 wicked down to the ground.

Sing unto the Lord with Thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp unto our God:

Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth, who maketh grass to grow
15 upon the mountains.

He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.

He giveth snow like wool: he scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes.

20 He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?

He sendeth out his word, and melteth them:

He causeth his wind to blow and the waters flow.

Praise ye the Lord.

OUT-OF-DOOR BOOKS FOR HOME READING

Interesting stories and essays of the forest, the birds and insects, and the different seasons may be found in the following books:

<i>The Fall of the Year</i>	Sharp
<i>The Spring of the Year</i>	Sharp
<i>Summer</i>	Sharp
<i>Winter</i>	Sharp
<i>First Book of Birds</i>	Miller
<i>Second Book of Birds</i>	Miller
<i>Butterfly and Moth Book</i>	Miller
<i>Hexapod Stories</i>	Patch
<i>The Story of the Forest</i>	Dorrance

Good stories of animals you will find in these books:

<i>Jungle Book</i>	Kipling
<i>Bears of Blue River</i>	Major
<i>Red Ben, the Fox of Oak Ridge</i>	Lippincott
<i>Biography of a Grizzly</i>	Seton-Thompson
<i>The Wonders of the Jungle</i>	Ghosh
<i>Stories of Brave Dogs</i>	Carter
<i>Story of a Cat</i>	Bédollière
<i>Black Beauty</i>	Sewell

Poems of the seasons and of the out-of-doors you will find in nearly every book of verse, for poets have always loved the out-of-doors. These books contain many poems of nature.

<i>Posy Ring</i>	Wiggin
<i>Nature in Verse</i>	Lovejoy
<i>Book of Verses for Children</i>	Lucas

GLOSSARY

ā as in ate	ō as in note	ē as in maker	û as in turn
ă as in bat	ö as in not	ē as in event	û as in unite
â as in care	ô as in or	ī as in king	ōō as in food
a as in ask	ô as in obey	ī as in pin	ōō as in foot
ä as in arm	ē as in eve	Û as in cut	
â as in senate	ē as in met	ū as in use	

a-ban'doned (ä-ban'dünd), given up for good; forsaken.
a-bat'ed (ä-bät'äd), decreased; diminished.
ab'bot (äb'üt), the head of an abbey or convent.
ab-sorbed (äb-sorbd), swallowed up; fully occupied.
ac'cess (äk'sës; äk-sës'), means, place or way of approach.
ac-cus'tomed (ä-küs'tümd), made familiar by use; in the habit of.
ad-dressed' (ä-drës'd'), directed; turned.
a-dept' (ä-dëpt'), one fully skilled or well versed.
ad-ven'tur-er (äd-vën'tür-ër), one who undertakes adventures, or risks.
ad'verse (äd'vërs), unfavorable; contrary.
adze (ädz), a tool, having a thin blade, used for cutting.
a-fore'said (ä-för'säd), said or named before.
a-gog' (ä-gög'), eager; anxious.
a-kim'bo (ä-kim'bō), with hand on the hip and elbow turned outward.
al'der (öl'dër), a kind of plant growing in moist places.
al-ter'na-tive (äl-tür'nä-tiv), a choice between two or more things.
al'ti-tude (äl'ti-tüd), height; distance up in the air.

a-maze'ment. (ä-mäz'mënt), great wonder; surprise.
am-bas'sa-dors (äm-bäs'sa-dërs), ministers representing their ruler at a foreign court.
am'mu-ni'tion (äm'ü-nish'ün), powder; shot; articles used in charging firearms.
a-non' (ä-nön'), soon; in a little while.
an'tic (än'tik), odd; merry.
ap-point'ed (a-point'äd), ordered; commanded.
ar'chi-tect (är'ki-tëkt), a designer; maker.
ar'mi-stice (är'mi-stis), a brief ceasing of hostilities by agreement of both sides; a truce.
ar'o-mat'ic (är'ô-mät'ik), fragrant; strong scented.
ar'rah (är'a), an exclamation showing surprise or impatience.
ar-til'ler-y (är-til'ër-i), that part of the army handling the small arms.
a-skance' (ä-skäns), sidewise.
as-pir'ing (äs-pir'ing), eager for excellence or advancement.
a-stride' (ä-strid'), with one leg on each side; astraddle.
a-sun'der (ä-sün'dër), separate from each other; apart.
at-tacked' (ä-täkd'), fell upon with force; assailed.

at-tend'ants (ă-tĕn'dănts), those who accompany or attend.

aye (ā), always; ever; continually.

A-zores' (ă-zōrz'), a group of islands in the Atlantic Ocean belonging to Portugal, 800 miles west of Portugal.

bal'sam (bôl'săm), a tree or plant from which flows a fragrant or spicy substance.

ban-dit'ti (băn-dit'ī), an outlaw; a robber.

ban'ished (băn'ish'd), driven out from; made to leave.

ban'quet (băn'kwĕt; kwĭt), a feast.

bar'ri-cade' (bă'rĭ-kăd'), to fortify or close; obstruct.

bars (bărs), banks of sand or gravel which hinder the course of a stream.

bas'es (băs'ĕs), places protected by fortification from which the operations of an army proceed.

bate (băt), lessen; lower.

bat'tened (băt'nd), fastened down.

beck'oned (bĕk'nd), made a sign by motion of hand or finger.

be-fall'en (bĕ-fôll'ĕn), come to pass; happened to.

be-strode' (bĕ-strôd), stepped over or across.

be-wil'der-ment (be-wil'dĕr-mĕnt), confusion.

bick'er (bĭk'ĕr), move quickly with a pattering noise.

blanched' (blănchd), whitened; colorless.

blight'ed (blĭt'ĕd), ruined; injured.

blithe'some (blĭth'sŭm), cheery; gay.

bon'ni-est (bôn'ĭ-ĕst), best looking; gayest; finest.

boulders (bŭl'dĕrs), worn or rounded masses of rocks.

bows'man (bous'măn), the man who rows the front oar in a boat.

brake (brāk), a thicket; a brush-wood.

bram'bly (brăm'blĭ), full of prickly shrubs.

brawn'y (brôn'ī), strong; powerful.

bril-liant-ly (brĭl'-yănt-lĭ), brightly; glitteringly.

brine (brĭn), very salty water; the ocean or sea.

brit'tle (brĭt' 'l), easily broken; fragile.

browse (brouz), twigs; shoots.

buck'ler (bŭk'lĕr), a kind of shield worn on the arm.

buff (bŭf), a sort of leather made of buffalo skin.

buoy (boi; bŏō'ī; bwŏi), a floating object moored to the bottom to mark a channel or rock.

bur'docks (bŭr'dŏks), coarse plants with burlike heads.

bur'nished (bŭr'nĭsh'd), polished; brightened.

bur'rowed (bŭr'ōd), made a hole in the earth.

cal'en-der (kăl'ĕn-dĕr), one whose business it is to press cloth or paper between rollers.

ca'lyph (kă'lĭf), the ruler of Turkey.

can'teen (kăn'tĕn), a small vessel or flask used by soldiers for carrying water.

car'ca-jou (kăr'kă-jŭ), the American badger.

car'ri-on (kăr'ĭ-ŭn), dead and decaying.

cat'a-ract (kat'ă-răkt), a large waterfall.

ca-the'dral (kă-thĕ'drăl), a church.

cat'kins (kăt'kĭns), scaly spikes of a plant such as the pussy willow.

cat'nip (kăt'nĭp), a common plant of the mint family.

cav'ern-ous (kăv'ĕr-nŭs), consisting of or containing caverns; hollow.

- cease'less** (sēs'lēś), without stop; incessant.
cel'e-brat'ed (sēl'ē-brāt'ed), famous; distinguished.
cen'tu-ries (sēn'tū-rēs), periods of one hundred years.
Cer'ber-us (sūr'bēr-ūs), a three-headed dog guarding the entrance to the lower world.
Ce'res (sē'rēz), the goddess of corn and harvests; the mother of Persephone.
chaise (shāz), a two-wheeled carriage.
chan'ti-cleer (chăn'tī-klēr), a cock, so called from the clearness and loudness of his voice in crowing.
charge (chārj), a duty or task laid on a person; responsibility.
char'i-ot (chār'ī-ōt), two-wheeled car for war or racing.
chee-maun' (chē-maun'), a birch bark canoe.
cir'cu-lar (sūr'kū-lār), round.
cit'ron (sit'rūn), fruit like a lemon or orange.
civ-il'ity (siv-īl'ī-ti), respectfulness; politeness.
clar'i-on (klār'ī-ūn), a kind of trumpet having clear, shrill tones.
cleft (klēft), crack; crevice.
cock'pit (kōk'pīt), a space in the front of a ship lower than the deck.
coff'ers (kōf'ērs), chests to hold money or valuables.
Co-los'sus (kō-lōs'ūs), a gigantic statue set upon the shore of the harbor of Rhodes.
com-bus'ti-ble (kōm-būs'tī-b'l), a substance that can be burned.
com-plied (kōm-plīd'), consented; conformed.
com-po'sure (kōm-pō'zhūr), calmness; quiet.
con-cer'to (kōn-chēr'tō), concert; musical composition.
con-clu'sion (kōn-klōō'zhun), final decision; result; outcome.
con-found'ed (kōn-found'ēd), confused; perplexed.
con'ger-eel (kōn'gēr-ēl), a kind of large sea eel.
con'se-quenc-es (kōn'sē - kwens-es), results.
con'se-quent-ly (kōn'sē-kwēnt-lī), therefore; because of this.
con'stant (kōn'stānt), firm; steadfast; faithful; true.
con'ster-na-tion (kōn'stēr-nā-shūn), amazement or horror; dismay.
con'tem-plat'ing (kōn'tēm-plāt'ing), looking at steadily; studying.
con'ti-nent (kōn'tī-nēnt), a large mass of land; mainland.
con'ti-nen'tal (kōn'ti-nēn'tāl), continental army, the army of the American colonists in the Revolution.
con-trib'u-tor (kōn-trib'ū-tēr), one who writes articles for a newspaper.
con-triv'ance (kōn-trīv'āns), plan; invention.
con'voy (kōn'voi), a protecting force accompanying goods or persons; an escort.
coot (kōōt), a kind of duck.
cord'age (kōrd'āj), a covering made of rope or cord.
cor'o-net (kōr'ō-nēt), a crown worn as the mark of high rank though lower than king.
cor'po-ra'tion (kōr'pō-rā'shūn), a political body acting as one person.
coun'cil (koun'sīl), an assembly for consultation or advice.
coun'te-nance (koun'tī-nāns), appearance of the face; the features.
count'er-pane (koun'tēr-pān), a coverlet for a bed.

cou-ra'geous-ly (kū-rā'jūs-lī), bravely; fearlessly.

cour'tier (kōrt'yēr), one who is in attendance at the court of a king.

cove (kōv), a small inlet or bay.

cre-den'tials (krē-dēn'shālz), giving a claim or title to credit.

cres'ses (krēs'es), plants growing on the banks of streams.

crown (kroun), top of the head; the head.

cruise (krōoz), a voyage in various directions.

cudg'el (kūj'el), a short club.

dap'pled (dăp'ld), spotted.

daunt'less (dănt'lēs; dōnt), fearless; courageous.

deal (dēl), a board of fir or pine.

de-file' (dē-fil'), a long pass or gorge.

def'i-nite (dēf'i-nīt), exact; certain; having fixed or distinct limits.

deft'ly (dēft'lī), handily; cleverly.

de-liv'er-ance (dē-liv'ēr-āns), rescue; release.

dem'o-crat'ic (dēm'ō-krăt'ik), believing in the equality of all; broad-minded.

des'ig-nat-ed (dēs'ig-năt-ēd), pointed out.

des'o-late (dēs'ō-lăt), lonely.

des'o-la'tion (dēs'ō-lă'shūn), a place wasted and forsaken; waste; ruin.

des'per-ate (dēs'pēr-at), hopeless.

de-tach'ment (dē-tăch'ment), troops sent from the main body for special service.

di-am'e-ter (dī-ăm'ê-tēr), the length of a line passing through the center of any object, from side to side.

dī'a-pa'son (dī'a-pă'zōn), the entire compass of tones.

dil'i-gent (dīl'i-jēnt), industrious; active.

di-min'ished (dī-mīn'-ish'd), reduced; lessened.

dis'ap-prov'al (dīs'ă-prōōv'ăl), the act of refusing assent to.

dis-as'ter (dīz-as'tēr), an unfortunate event; a calamity.

dis-cern' (dī-zŭrn'), distinguish; perceive and recognize.

dis-clos'es (dīs-klōz'ēs), uncovers; reveals.

dis-guised' (dīs-gīzd'), changed in appearance so as to conceal or mislead.

dis'mal (dīz'-măl), gloomy; sorrowful.

dis-pelled' (dīs-pēld'), cleared away; driven away.

dis-tinct'ly (dīs-tīkt'lī), clearly.

dis-tin'guish (dīs-tīn'gwish), to perceive clearly; to recognize.

dit'ty (dīt'ī), a song; a little simple poem.

di-ver'sion (dī-vŭr'-shŭn), that which amuses; entertainment.

di-vert'ed (dī-vŭrt-ēd), entertained; amused.

dog'ged (dōg'ēd), obstinate; stubborn.

dolts (dōlts), heavy, stupid fellows.

do-mes'tic (dō-mēs'tik), remaining much at home; living with man; not wild.

do-min'ions (dō-mīn'yuns), the lands under the control of one person.

doth (dŭth), the archaic form of does (dŭz).

doub'let (dŭb'let), a close-fitting coat worn in former years.

douse (dous), to duck; to plunge suddenly into water.

dow'er (dou'ēr), that with which some one is gifted.

draw'bridge (drō'brij), a bridge of which all or part is made to be raised to admit or hinder passage.

duc'ats (dŭk'ăts), former gold coins worth about \$2.28.

duch'ess (dŭch'es), the wife of a duke.

duke'dom (dūk'dŭm), the country ruled over by a duke.

dun'geon (dŭn'jŭn), a close, dark prison commonly underground.

dwin'dled (dwīn'dld), diminished; became less.

e-con'o-my (ē-kŏn'ō-mī), thrift; the regulation of resources.

ec'sta-sy (ĕk'stā-sī), delight.

ed'i-fice (ĕd'ī-fis), a building of large size; a splendid building.

eke (ĕk), also.

el'e-ment (ĕl'ē-mĕnt), natural environment or surroundings.

em'bas-sy (ĕm'bā-sī), an ambassador and his company; envoys.

e-mit' (ĕ-mit'), to throw or give out or off.

en-clo'sure (ĕn-klŏ'zhŭr), a space surrounded with a barrier.

en-deav'or (ĕn-dĕv'ēr), effort.

en-rapt'ured (ĕn-rāp'tŭrd), delighted beyond measure.

en'sign (ĕn'sīn), 1. the standard bearer of a company or regiment. 2. the national flag.

en-tranc'ing (ĕn-trāns'īng), delightful; wonderful.

e-pis'tles (ĕ-pis'ls), writings directed or sent to a person; letters.

er'mine (ŭr'mīn), the skin of a weasel which is pure white except for the black tip of the tail.

es-quire (ĕs-kwīr), a title of courtesy now written after the last name.

es-tab'lished (ĕs-tāb'lish'd), fixed firmly; placed.

es-tate' (ĕs-tāt'), property; fortune.

e'ther (ē'thĕr), a fluid lighter than air, which fills the upper regions of space.

ex-ceed'ing-ly (ĕk-sĕd'īng-lī), extremely.

ex'pe-di'tions (ĕks'pĕ-dīsh'ŭns), journeys; excursions.

ex-ploit'ed (ĕks-ploit'ĕd), explained at length.

ex-pres'sive (ĕks-prĕs'iv), full of meaning; forcible.

ex'qui-site-ly (ĕks'kwī-zīt-lī), delicately; nicely.

ex-trem'i-ty (ĕks-trĕm'ī-tī), the farthest limit or part.

fag'got (fāg'ŭt), a bundle of sticks or twigs.—*faggot band*, a bunch of faggots.

fain (fān), willingly.

fal'low (fāl'ŏ), land plowed but not seeded.

fal'low-deer (fāl'ŏ-dĕr), a pale yellow deer much smaller than the ordinary red deer.

fa'tal (fā'tāl), causing death or destruction; deadly.

fawn (fŏn), a young deer.

fee (fĕ), payment for services rendered.

fer-til'i-ty (fĕr-tīl'ī-tī), richness.

fes'ti-val (fĕs'tī-vāl), a time of feasting or celebration.

fi'brous (fī'brŭs), consisting of fibers or tough threads.

fiend'ish-ly (fĕnd'ish-lī), wickedly.

fil'tered (fīl'tĕrd), passed through.

fis'sure (fīsh'ŭr), a narrow opening.

fit'ful-ly (fīt'fŏl-lī), irregularly.

fleec'y (flĕs'ī), like the wool that is shorn from a sheep.

flor'ins (flŏr'īns), Austrian silver coins worth about forty-eight cents.

flo-til'la (flŏ-tīl'a), a fleet of small vessels.

for'ag-ing (fŏr'aj-īng), raiding; securing provisions.

fore-bod'ings (fŏr-bŏd'īngs), ideas or thoughts of coming evil.

fore'cas-tle (fŏr'kas-l), the forward part of a vessel where the sailors live.

fore'land (fŏr'lānd), headland; a point of land projecting into the sea.

for'lorn' (fŏr-lŏrn'), wretched; lost.

for-sak'en (fôr-sāk'ën), deserted; abandoned; left alone.

for-sooth (fôr-sôoth), in truth; indeed.

for-ti-fi-ca'tion (fôr-tî-fi-kā'shün), a work erected to defend a place against attack.

four'score (fôr'skôr), four times twenty; eighty.

fowl'ing piec'es (fowl'ing pēs'es), light guns especially for shooting birds.

fri'ar (fri'ër), a monk.

fur'long (fûrl'long), a measure of length; one-eighth of a mile.

fur'rows (fûr'ôz), trenches made by a plow.

fu'tile (fû'til), vain; of no use.

galled (gôld), annoyed.

gam'brel-roof (gām'brël), a roof having a double slope.

Gates of Her'cu-les (hûr'kû-lēz), the Strait of Gibraltar.

Gee'zis (gē'zis), the great sun.

ges'ture (gēs'tûr), a movement of the face, body or limbs to express ideas.

ghast'ly (gast'lî), horrible; ghost-like in appearance; deathly pale.

gid'dy (gîd'î), dizzy; having a feeling of whirling in the head.

gim'let (gîm'lêt), a small boring tool with a pointed screw at the end.

giz'zard (gîz'ârd), the second stomach of birds, having a horny lining for grinding food.

glacier (glā'shēr; glās'î-ër), a body of ice formed in a region of continual snow, moving slowly down a mountain slope.

glade (glād), a cleared space in a forest.

glare (glâr), a bright dazzling light; shine; luster.

goal (göl), the end aimed at.

goose-winged (goos'wingd), tipped with goose feathers.

gryph'on (grîf'ün), a monster, half lion and half eagle.

gul'der (gîl'dër), the gulden, an old German and Dutch coin worth about forty cents.

guise (gîz), shape; form.

gul'lies (gûl'ēs), small valleys or gorges; valleys made by small streams.

gun'wale (gûn'ël), the upper edge of a boat's side.

hab'i-ta'tion (hab'î-tā'shun), a place of abode; home.

hack (hāk), a horse for all kinds of work.

har'pies (här'pîs), monsters having a woman's head and upper part of the body, and a bird's wings, tail, legs and claws.

haunts (hôn'ts; hânts), places to which one often goes.

her'ald-ry (hër'âld-rî), pertaining to a herald, an officer who proclaimed war or peace.

herb'age (ûr'baij), green plants, especially those used for pasturage.

her'it-age (hër'î-tāj), goods that are passed from an ancestor to a descendant.

hern (hërn), short form for heron, a water bird.

hes'i-tat'ing-ly (hëz'î-tāt'ing-lî), falteringly; with uncertainty.

hilt (hîlt), the handle of a sword.

hire'ling (hîr'ling), a soldier serving for pay.

hos'tag-es (hös'tāj-ēs), people given as a pledge for the fulfillment of certain conditions.

hulk (hûlk), the body of an old vessel.

hu-mil'i-ty (hû-mîl'î-tî), freedom from pride; humbleness.

iden'ti-cal (î-dën'tî-kāl), the same; exactly alike or equal.

ill as-sort'ed (îl ä-sört'êd), badly matched; not well suited.

im-ag'i-na-ble (im-ăj'i-nă-b'l),
able to be imagined or thought
of.

im-bed'ded (im-bêd'êd), enclosed
in surrounding material.

im-pe'ri-al (im-pê'ri-ăl), supreme;
royal.

im-pet'u-ous (im-pêt'û-us), hasty
energetic; eager; ardent.

im-pe-tus (im'pê-tus), impulse;
the force with which any body
is driven.

im-plor'ing (im-plôr'-ing), beg-
ging; beseeching.

im-pulse (im'pûls), driving on-
ward with sudden force; motive.

in-ces'sant (in-sês'ant), unceas-
ing; continuing without inter-
ruption.

in-clined' (in-klînd'), disposed;
having a tendency.

in'con-ven'ient-ly (in'kôn-vên'-
yênt-lî), annoyingly; uncom-
fortably.

in-cred'i-ble (in-krêd'i-b'l), hard
to believe.

in-dig-na'tion (in-dîg-nă'shun),
disgust; anger.

In'do-stan; Hin'du-stan (hîn'dôo-
stan'), India.

In'fan-try (in'făn-trî), foot sol-
diers.

in-flam'ma-ble (in - flăm'a - b'l),
capable of being easily set on
fire.

in-hab'it-ant (in-hăb'it-ănt), a
permanent dweller in a place.

in'no-cent (in'ô-sent), blameless;
free from sin or guilt.

in-nu'mer-a-ble (i-nūmēr-ă-b'l),
not able to be numbered.

in'sig-nif'i-cant (in'sîg-nif'i-kant)
having no importance; small
trivial.

in-spec'tor (in-spêk'têr), one who
examines; an overseer.

in'stinct (in'stînt), natural in-
ward impulse or desire.

in-ter-posed (in-têr-pôzd), was
placed between.

in-tol'er-a-ble (in-tôl'êr-ă-b'l),
not able to be endured; unbear-
able.

in-trust'ed (in-trûst'êd), placed in
charge.

in-ven'tion (in-vên'shun), that
which is made up or not true.

in-ven-tor-y (in'vên-tô-rî), list of
goods in a certain place at any
particular time.

jer'kin (jûr'kîn), a jacket or short
coat.

joy'ance (joi-ăns), enjoyment; de-
light; gaiety.

Kagh (kăgh), the hedgehog.

kith and kin, -friends and rela-
tives.

la'tent (lă'tent), hidden; con-
cealed; not visible or apparent.

lau'rels (lô'rêls), honors; distinc-
tion.

lee (lē), that side of a ship far-
thest from the point from
which the wind blows.

lei'sure-ly (lē'zhûr-lî), not hur-
ried; characterized by ease.

Le'the (lē'thê), a river of the un-
derworld whose water when
drunk caused forgetfulness of
the past.

le'vers (lē'vêrs; lěv'êrs), bars of
metal used to control or regu-
late force and motion.

lev'y (lěv'î), raise or collect.

li'cense (li'sens), authority or per-
mission given to do an act.

light'foot' (lit'fôot'), [Old Slang],
the meat of a deer; venison.

limes (lims), fruit related to the
lemon, which are of a small
greenish yellow color.

lin'en dra'per (lîn'en dră'pêr), one
who deals in linen.

lithe (lith), easily bent; pliable.

loi'ter (loi'têr), be slow in mov-
ing; linger.

lo'tus (lô'tûs), flowering water
plants.

lounched (lounj'd), moved or acted in a lazy way; spent time lazily.
lu'cid (lū'sid), shining; bright; clear.
lus'ter (lūs'tēr), shine or sheen.

mag'is-trate (māj'is-trat), a person having power as a public officer.

mag-nif'i-cent (māg-nif'i-sēnt), glorious; splendid.

main-tain' (mān-tān'), support; defend.

mal'ice (māl'is), spite; ill will.

marks (märks), silver coins of the German Empire worth about twenty-three cents.

mas'sive (mas'iv), heavy; weighty; bulky.

mas'ti-cat-ing (mās'ti-kāt-ing), grinding with the teeth; chewing.

mas'tiff (mās'tif), a powerful, smooth coated dog.

me-chan'ics (mē-kān'iks), work involving manual skill; skilled workmen.

meed (mēd), a gift; that which is given in consideration of merit.

Mer'cu-ry (mūr'kū-rī), the god of commerce; the herald and messenger of the gods that led souls to the lower world.

me'te-or (mē'tē-or), a shooting star.

me-thinks' (mē-thinks'), it seems to me.

min'ster-clock (mīn'stēr-klōk), the clock of the church of a monastery.

mis'er-a-ble (mīz'ēr-a-b'l), wretched; poor.

mis-rep're-sent'ed (mīs-rēp'rē-zēnt'ēd), given an account falsely or incorrectly.

mis'sile (mīs'il), a weapon or object thrown.

moat (mōt), a ditch or trench around a castle, usually filled with water.

mold'er (mōl'dēr), to crumble into small pieces.

mole (mōl), a small animal that lives almost entirely under the ground.

moor (mōor), a large area of waste sandy ground, usually marshy.

mo-roc'co (mô-rōk'ō), a fine leather, commonly of goat skin.

mor'ti-fied (môr'ti-fid), vexed; humiliated.

mus'cu-lar (mūs'kū-lar), performed by a muscle or the muscles.

mus-tache' (mūs-tash'), old *mus-tache*, a soldier.

mu'ti-nous (mū'ti-nūs), not wishing to obey.

myr'tle (mūr'tl), a shrub having evergreen leaves and solitary white or rosy flowers, followed by black berries.

nav'i-ga'tion (nāv'i-gā'shun), a voyage by water; shipping.

neu'tral-ized (nū'trāl-īzd), counteracted; counterbalanced.

newt (nūt), a small lizard.

no'ble (nō'b'l), an English gold coin.

nod'dy (nōd'ī), a simpleton; a fool.

no'ta-ble (nō'tab'l), worthy of notice; distinguished.

old'fan'gled (ōld'-fān'g'ld), old-fashioned.

o'men (ō'mēn), an indication taken as a foreshadowing.

op-po'nent (ō-pō'nēnt), one who opposes or is set against.

op'por-tu-ni-ty (ōp'ōr-tū'nī-tī), fit or convenient time; chance.

or'a-tor (ōr'a-tēr), a public speaker.

o'sier (ōzhēr), any of various willows.

- pad'dock** (păd'ūk), a small enclosure for pasture, adjoining a stable.
- pal'i-sade** (pāl'ī-sād'), a fence or fortification formed by stakes driven into the ground and pointed.
- par-tic'u-lar** (pār-tīk'ū-lar), individual; personal; private.
- pass'port** (pas'pōrt), anything to secure admission or acceptance.
- pas'ty** (pās'ti), a pie, usually of meat, with a paste crust.
- pa-trol'** (pa-trōl'), a going of the rounds by a guard to insure greater security.
- peered** (pēr'd), looked narrowly or curiously; peeped.
- pelt** (pēlt), a skin of a beast; a skin used as clothing.
- per-cep'ti-bly** (pēr-sēp'ti-blī), so as to be observed or seen.
- per-mis'sion** (pēr-mīsh'ūn), consent; leave.
- Per-seph'o-ne** (pēr-sēf'ō-nē), daughter of Ceres; wife of Pluto and queen of the lower world.
- pet'u-lant-ly** (pēt'ū-lānt-lī), crossly; peevishly.
- Phœbus** (fē'būs), Phœbus Apollo, the sun god, giver of light and life.
- pie'bald** (pī'bōld), of different colors especially black and white.
- pied** (pid), with large blotches of two or more colors.
- pig'ment** (pig'mēnt), paint; coloring matter.
- pillion** (pil'yūn), a pad put behind a man's saddle as for a woman; a kind of light saddle.
- pin** (pīn), mood.
- pin'na-cles** (pīn'ā-k'ls), high points like spires; elevations above the rest of the building.
- planed** (plān'd), made smooth or even; leveled.
- plau'dits** (plō'dīts), the act of applauding, as by clapping the hands.
- pli'ant** (plī'ānt), bending without breaking.
- plight'ed** (plīt'ēd), bound by a pledge.
- plum'age** (plōom'āj), a bird's feathers.
- plun'dered** (plūn'dērd), that which was taken by force or robbery.
- Plu'to** (plōō'tō), the god of the lower world.
- pol-lu'tion** (pō-lū'shun), impurity; uncleanness.
- pome-gran'ate** (pōm-grān'āt), an orange-like fruit with a thick rind and numerous seeds.
- pon'der-ous** (pōn'dēr-ūs), very heavy; weighty.
- pop'u-lar-i-ty** (pop'ū-lar'ī-tī), being in favor with the people in general.
- pop'u-la'tion** (pōp'ū-lā'shun), all the people in a country.
- por'ce-lain** (pōr'sè-lān), a fine earthenware; china.
- por'tal** (pōr'tāl), a door; a gate.
- post'ing** (pōst'ing), at full speed.
- prat'ing** (prāt'ing), prattling; talking much and idly.
- prec'i-pic-es** (prēs'ī-pis-ēs), very steep places; cliffs.
- pre-scrip'tions** (prē-skrīp'shūns), written directions for the preparation and use of a medicine.
- pre-sume'** (prē-zūm'), venture without actual leave.
- pre-tense'** (prē-tēns'), a claim made; a false reason.
- pre-vail'ing** (prē-vāl-ing), most general; widespread.
- pri'or** (prī'ēr), the head of a priory or monastery; next in rank below an abbot.
- pro-claim** (prō-klām'), to announce; to publish.
- pro-dig'ious** (prō-dīj'ūs), very great; immense.
- prom'i-nence** (prōm'ī-nēns), the state or quality of being important or outstanding.

pro - por' tions (pró - pōr' shŭns), size; form; shape.

pros'trate (prös'trät), stretched out; lying with the body extended.

pros'trat-ing (prös'trät-ĭng), lying stretched out; lying flat.

pro'test (prō'tĕst), a declaration of opinion against something.

pru'dent (prōō'dĕnt), wise; sensible.

pry'ing (prī'ing), curious; peering; inquisitive.

qua-drille (kwā'dril), a dance by four sets of couples.

quaint (kwānt), strange in appearance.

quaked (kwāk'd), shuddered; shook with fear.

Quak'er (kwāk'ēr), a religious sect founded by George Fox, about 1650.

quan'ti-ty (kwōn'tī-tī), amount; extent.

quiv'er (kwiv'ēr), a case for arrows.

quoth (kwōth), said; spoke; uttered.

rab'ble (rāb'l), a noisy crowd or mob.

rack (rāk)—*on the rack*, suffering.

ram'part (rām'pärt), a protecting wall; a broad embankment around a place.

rap'ids (rāp'ids), the part of a river where the current moves with great swiftness.

rap'ture (rāp'tūr), extreme pleasure or delight.

re-cruit' (rē-krōōt), a newly enlisted soldier.

re-cruit'ed (rē-krōōt'ed), obtained as fresh supplies.

re-dou'ble (rē-dūb'l), to double in size; double again.

reek'ing (rēk'ing), sending forth vapor or smoke.

reel'ing (rēl'ing), staggering.

re-flect'ed (rē-flekt'éd), gave back an image; threw or cast back.

re-freshed' (rē-frĕshd), revived.

re'gent (rĕ'jĕnt), ruler.

re-gret'ful-ly (rĕ-grĕt'fŭl-lī), with grief or sorrow.

re-joic'ing (rĕ-jois'ing), delighted; glad.

re-pos'es (rĕ-pōz'ĕs), reclines; is at rest.

re-sem'bles (rĕ-zĕm'b'ls), to be like or similar to.

res'in (rez'in), a yellowish or brown substance obtained from trees, used in making varnishes.

re-solved' (rĕ-zolv'd), determined; decided.

re-spec'tive (rĕ-spĕk'tiv), relating to a particular person or thing; particular.

re - splen'dent (rĕ - splĕn'dĕnt), shining; splendid.

re-ver'ber-ant (rĕ-vŭr'b'r-ānt), resounding; re-echoing.

rib'ald (rĭb'āld), one who is low in character.

rods (rōds), a measure of length; five and one-half yards.

rum'bling (rŭm'blĭng), making a low, heavy, continued noise.

sad'dle-tree (sād'l-trĕ), the frame of a saddle.

sal'ly (sāl'ī), an excursion from the usual course.

sal'ver (sāl'vēr), a tray.

sam'pler (sām'plēr), a piece of needlework made as a sample of skill.

sap'phires (sāf'irs), blue transparent stones prized as gems.

scab'bard (skāb'ard), a sheath for a sword or dagger.

sci'en-tif'ic (sī'ĕn-tif'ik), accurate; exact; efficient.

scope (skōp), range or extent of view or action.

score (skōr), twenty; fivescore, one hundred.

- scor'pi-on** (skor'pī-ūn), an animal with a long tail having a sting at the tip.
- scrim'mage** (skrim'āj), a row or confused struggle.
- scud'ded** (skūd'ēd), moved or ran swiftly.
- sea nymphs** (sē nīmfs), beautiful maidens living in the water.
- self'-sat'is-fied** (sēlf'-sāt'is-fid), pleased with one's self or one's actions.
- ser'geant** (sār'jēnt), an officer in the army of rather low rank.
- shaft** (shaft), the stem of an arrow.
- sham'bling** (shām'blīng), walking awkwardly.
- sharp** (shārp), keen—**sharpshooters**, those who have keen eyes for shooting.
- shat'tered** (shāt'ērd), broken into pieces.
- shin'gle** (shīn'gl), coarse, round, water-worn gravel.
- shin'gly** (shīn'glī), covered with gravel or pebbles.
- shriv'eled** (shrīv'ld), drawn into wrinkles; withered.
- sig'ni-fy** (sig'ni-fi), show; declare; express; have meaning.
- sin-cere'** (sin-cēr'), honest; frank; real; genuine; true.
- sin'ew-y** (sīn'ū-ī), tough; strong.
- slack'ened** (slāk'nd), made less firm; loosed.
- soles** (sōls), certain flat fishes with a small mouth and small eyes placed close together.
- sol'i-ta-ry** (sōl'i-ta-rī), lonely; uninhabited.
- som'ber** (sōm'bēr), gloomy; sad; grave.
- soothe** (sōōth), quiet; calm; comfort.
- sor'cer-er** (sōr'sēr-ēr), a magician; a wizard or enchanter.
- sov'er-eign** (sōv'ēr-in), ruler; monarch.
- spars** (spārs), round pieces of wood used on the masts of ships.
- spat'ter-dash'es** (spāt'ēr-dāsh'ēs), leggings or gaiters extending to the knee.
- spec'i-men** (spēs'ī-mēn), a part or one of a number, intended to show the kind and quality of the whole.
- spec'ters** (spēk'tērs), ghosts.
- spin'dle-shaped'** (spīn'dl-shāp'd), long and slender.
- sprats** (sprāts), small herrings.
- spurned** (spūrn'd), kicked; drove away or back.
- squad'ron** (skwōd'rūn), any body of men in regular formation.
- stag'gered** (stāg'ēr'd), swayed; tottered.
- stal'wart** (stōl'wērt), brave; strong.
- sti'ver** (stī'vēr), a Dutch coin worth about two cents.
- sto'ic** (stō'īk), one who shows indifference to pain or pleasure.
- stoke** (stōk), to tend; to supply with fuel.
- strand'ed** (strānd'ēd), run aground.
- straths** (straths), river valleys of great size.
- strict'est** (strikt'ēst), most severe or careful.
- stur'dy** (stūr'dī), strong; firm.
- sub-mis'sion** (sūb-mīsh'ūn), a yielding to power or authority.
- sub-mis'sive** (sūb-mīs'iv), yielding to authority; obedient; humble.
- suc-cess'ful** (sūk-sēs'fōōl), having success.
- suf-fice'** (sū-fīs'; fiz), satisfy; be enough.
- suf-fi'cient** (sū-fīsh'ēnt), enough; ample.
- sump'tu-ous** (sūmp'tu-ūs), expensive; costly; splendid.
- su'per-hu'man** (sū'pēr-hū'man), above or beyond what is human.

su-pe'ri-or'i-ty (sû-pě'ri-ôr'î-tî), the state or quality of being higher or greater.

sup'pli-ca'tion (sûp' lî - kâ'shûn), humble petition; entreaty.

su-preme' (sû-prēm'), highest; extreme; utmost.

surf (sûrf), the swell of the sea breaking upon the shore.

surge's (sûrj's), belonging to a large wave or billow.

sur'mised (sûr'mîz'd), suspicioned; imagined without certain knowledge.

sur-mount'ed (sûr-mount'êd), rose above.

sur'vey (sûr'vâ; sûr-vâ'), particular view or examination; review.

swarth'y (swôr'thî), being of a dark or dusky complexion.

swoon (swōon), faint.

sym'bol (sîm'bôl), sign; type.

Ta-qu-a-me'naw (tà-quâ-mē'naw), a river in northeastern Michigan.

tar'nished (târ'nîsh'd), soiled; dull; stained.

tar-pau'lin (târ-pô'lîn), canvas made waterproof with tar or paint.

taunt'ing (tânt'îng; tônt'îng), scornful; mocking.

taw'ny (tô'nî), dull yellowish brown, like things tanned.

ter'race (têr'âs), a raised level space of earth with sloping sides.

ter-rif'ic (tê-rîf'îk), terrible; exciting.

tes'ti-ly (tês'tî-lî), fretfully; in a peevish manner.

the'o-ry (thê'o-rî), an idea; a plan.

thorps (thôrps), small villages.

threat'en-ings (thrêt' 'n-ings), words declaring an intention of inflicting injury or punishment.

thresh'old (thrêsh'ôld), entrance; door; gate.

toll (tôl), a tax paid for passing over a highway or bridge.

tor'rent (tôr'ênt), an abundant flow of words like a stream of water.

tor'toise (tôt'tûs; tîs), a turtle.

trac'er (trâs'êr), a bullet that gives out smoke so that its course may be seen.

trans-par'ent (trâns-pâr'ent), clear; able to see through.

trans'port (trâns'pôrt), great feeling or emotion.

trav'erse (trâv'êrs), move across or over.

troth (trôth; trôth), faith; fidelity.

turn'pike (tûrn'pîk), tollgate; a road on which there are numerous tollgates.

tur'rets (tûr'êts), little towers.

tyr'an-ny (tîr'â-nî), the government or conduct of a tyrant or oppressor; severity.

un'ac-count'a-ble (ûn'ă-kount-i-b'l), strange; mysterious.

un-con'scious (ûn-kôn'shus), not realizing; not aware.

unc'tu-ous (ûnk'tû-ûs), insincerely gushing; bland.

un-daunt'ed (ûn-dân'têd; - dô'n-'), fearless.

un'de-fined' (ûn'dê-fînd), not able to describe the nature of.

un-ex-pect'ed (ûn-êks-pêkt'êd), not expected or looked for; sudden.

un-sul'lied (ûn-sûl'id), not soiled; without a stain.

u'surped (ûzûrp'd), seized and kept by force or without right.

vag'a-bond (văg'ă-bônd), one idle; one who wanders about with no fixed home.

val'or (vâ'êr), bravery; heroism.

vam'pire-bats (văm'pîr-bâts), certain bats supposed to suck blood.

van'quished (văn'kwish'd), conquered; overpowered.

va'ri-e-gat'ed (vā'ri-è-gat-ěd), streaked; shaded with various colors.

vaunt'ing-ly (vānt'ing-lī; vōnt), boastfully.

ve'hi-cle (vē'hī-k'l), that in or on which a thing is carried.

ven'i-son (vēn'ī-z'n), the flesh of a deer.

ver'dure (vûr'dûr), greenness and freshness of plants.

ver'min (vûr'min), disgusting animals of small size, as flies, fleas, rats, etc.

ves'ture (vēs'tûr), that with which one is clothed; covering.

vis'i-ble (vīz'ī-b'l), capable of being seen.

vis'ta (vīs'ta), a view as between rows of trees.

vi-vac'i-ty (vī-vās'ī-tī), liveliness; sprightliness.

vouched (vouchd), answer for; attested.

waft'ed (waft'ěd), moved; caused to move or go by.

wan (wōn), pale; gloomy.

war'rior (wōr'yēr; ī-ēr), a soldier.

wa'ter-break (wō'tēr-brāk), a little wave; ripple.

wea'sel (wē'z'l), a small flesh-eating animal, which kills rats, mice and many birds.

whit'ing (whīt'ing), a sea fish used as food.

wil'der-ness (wīl'dēr-nēs), a region uninhabited by human beings; a wild; waste.

wist'ful-ly (wīst'fōōl-lī), with longing or desire.

withes (withs; wīths), flexible twigs or branches used as bands.

won'drous (wūn'drūs), astonishing; wonderful.

wrath (rāth; rath), violent anger; rage; fury.

writh'ing (rīth'ing), twisting.

wrought (rôt), worked.

Wy'an-dotte (wī'ān-dôt), a kind or breed of chicken.

yoo'men (yō'měn), attendants.

yon (yōn), that or those yonder, in a distant place.

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~~Sweet Sweet Sweet dreams~~
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June

